Beginning "The Oriole" by BOOTH TARKINGTON

PICTORIAL REVIEW

JUNE 1919
TWENTY CENTS

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Three Splendid Features in Pictorial Review for July

MOST timely is Rheta Childe Dorr's big fact story entitled "America Must be Americanized," in the July number. This is the third article in PICTORIAL REVIEW'S campaign for public schools that really educate. Mrs. Dorr points out the deplorable conditions that exist throughout the country, and, more particularly, the deplorable results they have produced. Much of this agitation and unrest with which our institutions of to-day are threatened can be laid to the fact that we haven't properly educated our alien population. And if America is to continue American, it will be necessary for our schools to foster American ideals as they never have done before. Every father and every mother should read this stirring article.

"The New Four Hundred" is a splendid article by Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, the well-known New York society leader. Like many other wealthy women, Mrs. Vanderbilt entered the service of her country when war broke out, and sailed for France. The Red Cross appointed her Directrice of Canteen Service where she had complete control of the canteen workers.

She writes glowingly of the democratic spirit and devotion to duty displayed by the American Society Girl in France who deemed it a privilege to serve that prince among men—the American soldier boy.

Four More Wonderful Pictures in Full Color

IN PICTORIAL REVIEW for July will be full-page portraits in color of the great peacemakers of the Paris conference—those three great men upon whom the hopes of Humanity rest—President Wilson, Lloyd George of England, and France's fighting Premier, Clemenceau.

In addition to these, there will be a remarkable aviation picture entitled "The Battle of the Clouds." All four pictures ready for framing.

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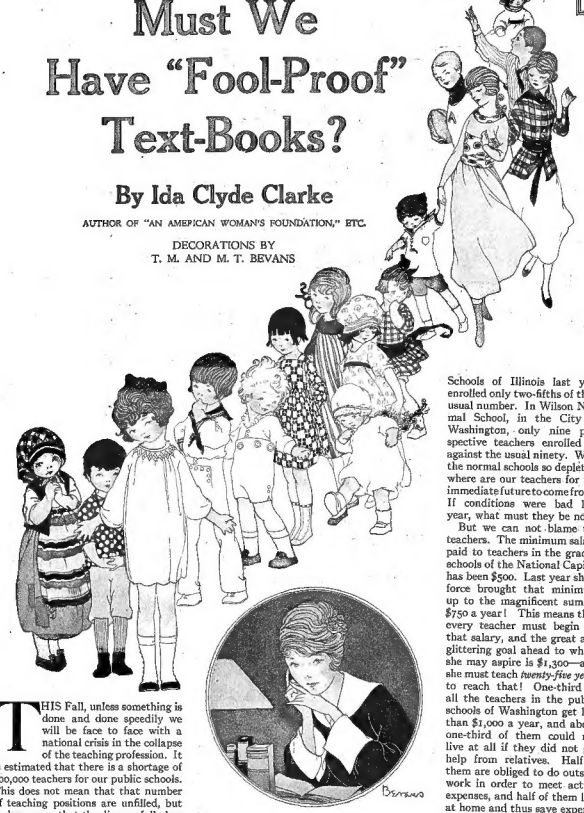
EDITOR'S NOTE—Show this article to your local school board, and make sure they read it. It strikes the nail on the head by pointing out the fundamental defect in our public-school system; that the reason we can't get better school-teachers is because they don't receive money enough to live on under modern conditions. And this problem seems to exist all over the whole country.

Must We Have "Fool-Proof" Text-Books?

By Ida Clyde Clarke

AUTHOR OF "AN AMERICAN WOMAN'S FOUNDATION," ETC.

DECORATIONS BY
T. M. AND M. T. BEVANS



THIS Fall, unless something is done and done speedily we will be face to face with a national crisis in the collapse of the teaching profession. It is estimated that there is a shortage of 100,000 teachers for our public schools. This does not mean that that number of teaching positions are unfilled, but it does mean that the disgracefully low salaries paid to teachers have forced thousands of the more efficient ones into positions where they can earn a living wage. Frequently their places do remain vacant, but more frequently they are filled with inexperienced and untrained recruits. So many such teachers have been placed in the public schools of the country that at least one publisher of text-books has declared that only "fool-proof" text-books must be published in America for the present. A representative of a publishing firm, delegated especially to visit college and university professors and ascertain what texts they were producing or could be induced to write, was recently met with the query, "What sort of books does your firm want?" To this the agent replied,

"We are not in the slightest doubt as to what kind of text-books we want for the near future. We want the most elementary treatises that can be written. We want A-B-C books. Books that pre-suppose a minimum of intelligence on the part of the teachers. Books that will teach themselves. In short, fool-proof books. And we want this kind of text-book because we realize that with present prices and present salaries we are going to have to deal with just that type of teacher for the next ten or fifteen years."

Are we to expect raw recruits from the high schools, using "fool-proof" text-books, to turn out statesmen capable of grappling with the problems of the critical period our country is facing?

If the number of teachers available for the public schools of America this Fall should be sufficient, what of their fitness?

But the number threatens to be insufficient. The Normal Schools of Illinois last year enrolled only two-fifths of their usual number. In Wilson Normal School, in the City of Washington, only nine prospective teachers enrolled as against the usual ninety. With the normal schools so depleted, where are our teachers for the immediate future to come from? If conditions were bad last year, what must they be now?

But we can not blame the teachers. The minimum salary paid to teachers in the graded schools of the National Capital has been $500. Last year sheer force brought that minimum up to the magnificent sum of $750 a year! This means that every teacher must begin on that salary, and the great and glittering goal ahead to which she may aspire is $1,300—and she must teach *twenty-five years* to reach that! One-third of all the teachers in the public schools of Washington get less than $1,000 a year, and about one-third of them could not live at all if they did not get help from relatives. Half of them are obliged to do outside work in order to meet actual expenses, and half of them live at home and thus save expense of room and board. Children in the lower grades have frequently boasted to their teachers that they earn more after school hours than the teachers earn, and they can not see why they need an education at all.

A high-school girl was encouraged by her aunt to continue her education in college so as to prepare for teaching. The aunt had been teaching some twenty years and was getting only about $500 a year as a salary. The young high-school girl replied to her aunt, "Why should I go to college to prepare to be a teacher when I can get right now by working in a mill more than you are making when you have been teaching for twenty years?" The high-school girl might have added that she could get employment the year around in a mill and could get employment for only eight or nine months in school teaching. The superintendent of schools at Benld, Ill., reports that he excuses two or three boys in the grades at three o'clock every day to work on the "second shift" at the mines. They work from 3:30 to 11:30 P.M., make $3 to $5, and attend school also. Mr. Elmer Coatney, a teacher in the Benld Township high school, recently urged a boy who had left school to work at the mine to return to school. He endeavored to convince the boy of the need and value of an education. But the boy replied, "Mr. Coatney, I am making more money without an education than you are making with one."

A real estate agent hung a sign in his office, "No Apartments Available for Teachers," and when questioned about it, he replied that there were no apartments on his list that teachers could afford.

The Washington situation is typical, not unusual. The same or worse conditions exist in other cities. The minimum salary in Chicago is $600, and it takes a teacher *seventeen* years to reach the maximum of $1,100. The purchasing power of that $600 has shrunk until it is now only $250. In the State of Illinois 3,000 teachers get less than $400 a year.

There are in the United States approximately 800,000 public-school teachers, and the average salary paid them in 1915 was $543. The increase since then has been small. In twenty-three cities there has been no increase whatever. Yet it has been estimated that the amount of wealth for each teacher employed in the public schools of the United States in 1916, was $280,754.08. Three years ago, when the latest statistics were gathered, there was not a single State in the Union in which the average salary of teachers was as much as $1,000. There were only two States—California and New York—in which the average salary of the teachers exceeded $900. There were only three States—Washington, New Jersey, and Massachusetts—in which the average salary of the teachers was between $800 and $900. There were only three States—Nevada, Arizona, and Rhode Island, in which the average salary of the teachers of each was between $700 and $800.

But that is not the worst of the story—a story that should arouse every parent in America. There were twenty-nine States in which the average salary of the teachers was below the average for the United States ($543.31). There were twenty-three States in which the average salary was below $300, and one in which the average daily wage was 64 cents!

If these are averages of all teachers, including principals and superintendents, what must be the economic condition of more than 350,000 of the poorest-paid teachers of the United States?

STATISTICS for the present year are not available. The most optimistic say that the increase in wages of teachers has probably been 10 per cent. If this is true, the average daily wage of the teachers of the United States is now $1.63 instead of $1.48 as it was in 1915.

While definite figures for the present year are lacking regarding the salaries of the lower-grade teachers, we have accurate information concerning the élite of the profession. The National Education Association Commission on the National Emergency has collected data on teachers in 320 cities. This data is particularly significant. It shows that the best-paid group of teachers in the United States is bordering on bankruptcy. Here are the facts:

The median salary for 59,020 elementary teachers in the city schools is $816.19.

The median salary for 3,779 intermediate teachers in the city schools is $899.42.

The median salary for 13,976 high-school teachers in the city schools is $1,249.59.

There are 19,017 teachers, including 338 high-school teachers, in the city schools who receive less than $700 a year.

There are 2,931, including 33 high-school teachers, in the city schools who receive less than $500 a year.

The Railroad Wage Commission, in its recent report on the cost of living, says, "Roughly it may be said that the man who received $85 a month on January 1, 1916, now needs 40 per cent. additional to his wage to give him the same living as he had then." This report gives the "typical earnings of a freight engineer" as "around $180 a month," and of a freight brakeman as "around $100 a month." The skill required and the degree of intelligence necessary to become a railroad brakeman can not compare with the skill and intelligence of a teacher: and a comparison of the earnings of the two classes, if unfair at all, is unfair to the teacher. If the wages of a typical freight brakeman are around $100 a month, is it unfair to assume that the typical teacher ought to receive at least $85 a month? On the basis suggested, teachers should have received, not $543, but $1,020 a year; and on the same basis, according to the Railroad Wage Commission, they should receive now an average of $1,428.

The shortage of teachers is due to no sudden turn of fortune, nor to any phase of the war. It is due to the fact that teachers' salaries have been kept so low that persons with qualifications for teaching have gone into other work.

An authority has said that the teachers are falling into three classes. First, there will be what may be called "the endowed class," small and confined in the main to the higher branches of education. Second, there will be the "part-time class." This will consist of an immense number who will give only a share of their time and energy to teaching—who will teach but who will not expect their teaching salary to support them.

It is impossible to calculate the degree to which the efficiency of education in this country is already impaired through the necessity under which thousands of teachers suffer of doing two things at once. What sort of work could we expect of our executives and our legislators, or of our soldiers and our sailors, if, after they had fulfilled

CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

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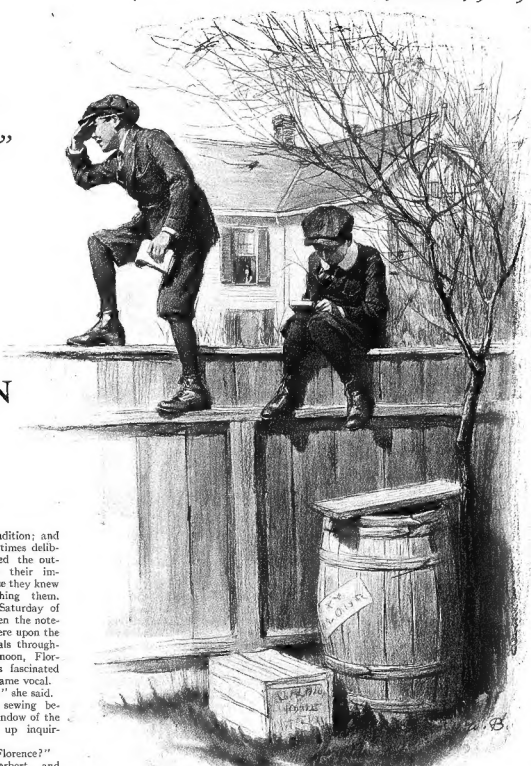
Beginning a Delightful Story of Boy Life by the Author of "Penrod"

THE ORIOLE

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

ILLUSTRATIONS *by* WORTH BREHM

In Three Instalments
PART ONE



"They Sometimes Deliberately Increased the Outrageousness of Their Importance Because They Knew She Was Watching Them"

BY THE end of October, with the dispersal of that foliage which has served all Summer long as a pleasant screen for whatever small privacy may exist between American neighbors, we begin to get our Autumn high tides of gossip. At this season of the year, in our towns of moderate size and ambition, where apartment houses have not yet condensed and at the same time sequestered the population, one may secure visual command of back yard beyond back yard, both up and down the street; especially if one takes the trouble to sit for an hour or so, daily, upon the top of a high board fence at about the middle of a block.

Of course an adult who followed such a course would be thought peculiar; no doubt he would be subject to undesirable comment, and presently might be called upon to parry severe if, indeed, not hostile inquiries; but boys are considered so inexplicable that they have gathered for themselves many privileges denied their parents and elders; and a boy can do such a thing as this to his full content, without anybody's thinking about it at all. So it was that Herbert Illingsworth Atwater, Jr., aged thirteen and a few months, sat for a considerable time upon such a fence, after school hours, every afternoon of the last week in October; and only one person particularly observed him or was stimulated to any mental activity by his procedure. Even at that, this person was affected only because she was Herbert's relative, and of an age sympathetic to his—and of a sex antipathetic.

In spite of the fact that Herbert Illingsworth Atwater, Jr., thus seriously disporting himself on his father's back fence, attracted only this audience of one (and she hostile at a rather distant window) his behavior really should have been considered piquantly interesting by anybody. After climbing to the top of the fence he would produce from interior pockets a small memorandum-book and a pencil; seldom putting these implements to immediate use. His expression was gravely alert, his manner more than business-like; yet nobody could have failed to comprehend that he was enjoying himself, especially when his attitude became tenser—as at times it certainly did. Then he would rise, balancing himself at adroit ease, his feet alined one before the other on the inner rail, a foot below the top of the boards, and with eyes dramatically shielded beneath a scoutish palm, he would gaze sternly in the direction of some object or motion which had attracted his attention; and then, having satisfied himself of something or other, he would sit again and decisively enter a note in his memorandum-book.

He was not always alone; he was frequently joined by a friend, male, and tho shorter than Herbert, quite as old; and this companion was inspired, it seemed, by motives precisely similar to those from which sprang Herbert's own actions. Like Herbert he would sit upon the top of the high fence, usually at a little distance from him; like Herbert he would rise at intervals, for the better study of something this side the horizon; then, also concluding like Herbert, he would sit again and write firmly in a little note-book. And seldom in the history of the world have any sessions been invested by the participants with so intentional an appearance of importance.

That was what most injured their lone observer at the somewhat distant back window, up-stairs at her own place of residence; she found their importance almost impossible to bear without screaming. Her provocation was great; the important importance of Herbert and his friend, impressively maneuvering upon their fence, was so extreme as to be all too plainly visible across four intervening broad back yards; in fact, there was almost reason to suspect that the two performers were aware of their audience and even of her goaded condition; and that they sometimes deliberately increased the outrageousness of their importance because they knew she was watching them. And upon the Saturday of that week, when the note-book writers were upon the fence at intervals throughout the afternoon, Florence Atwater's fascinated indignation became vocal.

"Vile things!" she said.

Her mother, sewing beside another window of the room, looked up inquiringly.

"What are, Florence?"

"Cousin Herbert and that nasty little Henry Rooter."

"Are you watching them again?" her mother asked.

"Yes, I am," said Florence, tartly. "Not because I care to, but merely to amuse myself at their expanse."

Mrs. Atwater murmured deprecatingly, "Couldn't you find some other way to amuse yourself, Florence?"

"I don't call this amusement," the inconsistent girl responded, not without chagrin. "Think I'd spend all my days starin' at Herbert Illingsworth Atwater, Junior, and that nasty little Henry Rooter, and call it *amusement?*"

"Then why do you do it?"

"Why do I do *what*, Mamma?" Florence inquired, as in despair of Mrs. Atwater's ever learning to put things clearly.

"WHY do you 'spend all your days' watching them? You don't seem able to keep away from the window, and it appears to make you irritable. I should think if they wouldn't let you play with them you'd be too proud——"

"Oh, good heavens, Mamma!"

"Don't use expressions like that, Florence, please."

"Well," said Florence, "I got to use *some* expression when you accuse me of wantin' to 'play' with those two vile things! My goodness mercy, Mamma, I don't want to 'play' with 'em! I'm more than four years old I guess; tho you don't ever seem willing to give me credit for it. I don't haf to 'play' all the time, Mamma; and anyway, Herbert and that nasty little Henry Rooter aren't playing, either."

"Aren't they?" Mrs. Atwater inquired. "I thought the other day you said you wanted them to let you play at being a newspaper reporter, or editor, or something like that, with them, and they were rude and told you to go away. Wasn't that it?"

Florence sighed. "No, Mamma, it cert'nly wasn't."

"They weren't rude to you?"

"Yes, they cert'nly were!"

"Well, then——"

"Mamma, *can't* you understand?" Florence turned from the window to beseech Mrs. Atwater's concentration upon the matter. "It isn't '*playing!* I didn't want to 'play' being a reporter; *they* ain't 'playing'——"

"*Aren't* playing, Florence?"

"Yes'm. They're not. Herbert's got a real printing-press; Uncle Joseph gave it to him. It's a *real* one, Mamma, can't you understand?"

"I'll try," said Mrs. Atwater. "You mustn't get so excited about it, Florence."

"I'm not!" Florence turned vehemently. "I guess it'd take more than those two vile things and their old printin'-press to get *me* excited! *I* don't care what they do; it's far less than nothing to me! All *I* wish is they'd fall off the fence and break their vile ole necks!"

With this manifestation of impersonal calmness, she turned again to the window; but her mother protested. "Do find something else to amuse you, Florence; and quit watching those foolish boys; you mustn't let them upset you so by their playing."

Florence moaned. "They don't 'upset' me, Mamma! They have no effects on me by the slightest degree! And I *told* you, Mamma, they're not 'playing'."

"Then what are they doing?"

"Well, they're having a newspaper. They got the printing-press and an office in Herbert's ole stable, and everything. They got somebody to give 'em some ole banisters and a railing from a house that was torn down somewheres, and they then got it stuck up in the stable loft, so it runs across with a kind of a gate in the middle of these banisters, and on one side is the printing-press, and the other side they got a desk from that nasty little Henry Rooter's mother's attic; and a table and some chairs, and a map on the wall; and that's their newspaper office. They go out and look for what's the news, and write it down in lead pencil; and then they go up to their office and write it in ink; and then they go through the gate to the other side the railing where the printing-press is, and print it for their newspaper."

"But what do they do on the fence so much?"

"THAT'S where they go to watch what the news is," Florence explained morosely. "They think they're so grand, sittin' up there, pokin' around! They go other places, too; and they ask people. That's all they said *I* could be!" Here the lady's bitterness became strongly intensified. "They said, maybe I could be one o' the ones they asked if I knew anything, sometimes, if they happened to think of it! I just respectf'ly told 'em I'd decline to wipe my oldest shoes on 'em to save their lives!"

Mrs. Atwater sighed. "You mustn't use such expressions, Florence."

"I don't see why not," the daughter objected. "They're a lot more refined than the expressions *they* used on *me!*"

"Then I'm very glad you didn't play with them."

But at this, Florence once more gave way to filial despair. "Mamma, you just *can't* see through anything! I've said

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anyhow fifty times they ain't—aren't—playing! They're getting up a *real* newspaper, and have people *buy* it and everything. They been all over this part of town and got every aunt and uncle they have, besides their own fathers and mothers, and some people in the neighborhood, and Kitty Silver and two or three other colored people besides, that work for families they know. They're going to charge twenty-five cents a year, collect-in-advance because they want the money first; and even papa gave 'em a quarter last night; he told me so."

"HOW often do they intend to publish their paper, Florence?" Mrs. Atwater inquired absently, having resumed her sewing.

"Every week; and they're goin' to have the first one a week from to-day."

"What do they call it?"

"*The North End Daily Oriole.* It's the silliest name *I* ever heard for a newspaper; and I told 'em so. I told 'em what *I* thought of it, I guess!"

"Was that the reason?" Mrs. Atwater asked.

"Was it what reason, Mamma?"

"Was it the reason they wouldn't let you be a reporter with them?"

"Poot!" Florence exclaimed airily. "*I* didn't want anything to do with their ole paper. But anyway I didn't make fun o' their callin' it *The North End Daily Oriole* till after they said I couldn't be in it. *Then* I did, you bet!"

"Florence, you don't say——"

"Mamma, I got to say somep'm! Well, I told 'em I wouldn't be in their ole paper if they begged me on their bented knees; and I said if they begged me a thousand years I wouldn't be in any paper with such a crazy name; and I wouldn't tell 'em any news if I knew the President of the United States had the scarlet fever! I just politely informed 'em they could say what they liked if they was dying I declined so much as wipe the o'dest shoes I got on 'em!"

"But why *wouldn't* they let you be on the paper?" her mother insisted.

Upon this Florence became analytical. "Just so's they could act so important!" And she added, as a consequence: "They ought to be arrested."

Mrs. Atwater murmured absently, but forbore to press her inquiry; and Florence was silent, in a brooding mood. The journalists upon the fence had disappeared from view, during the conversation with her mother; and presently she sighed, and quietly left the room. She went to her own apartment, where, at a small and rather battered little white desk, after a period of earnest reverie, she took up a pen, wet the point in purple ink, and without great effort or any critical delayings, produced a poem.

It was, in a sense, an original poem; tho, like the greater number of all literary offerings, it was so strongly inspirational that the source of its inspiration might easily become manifest to a bold-blooded reader. Nevertheless, to the poetess herself, as she explained later in good faith, the words just seemed to *come* to her—doubtless with either genius or some form of miracle involved; for sources of inspiration are seldom recognized by inspired writers themselves. She had not long ago been party to a musical Sunday afternoon at her great-uncle Joseph Atwater's house, where Mr. Clairdyce, that amiable and robust baritone, sang some of his songs over and over again, as long as the requests for them held out. Florence's poem may have begun to coagulate within her then.

THE ORGANEST

By Florence Atwater

The organest was seated at his organ in a church,
In some beautiful woods of maple and birch,
He was very weary while he played upon the keys,
But he was a great organest and always played with ease,
When the soul is weary,
And the wind is dreary,
I would like to be an organest seated all day at the organ,
Whether my name might be Fairchild or Morgan,
I would play music like a vast amen,
The way it sounds in a church of men.

FLORENCE read her poem over seven or eight times, the deepening pleasure of her expression being evidence that repetition failed to denature this work, but on the contrary, enhanced an appreciative surprise at its singular merit. Finally she folded the sheet of paper with a delicate carefulness unusual to her, and placed it in her skirt pocket. Then she went downstairs and out into the back yard. With thoughtful and determined eyes she obliqued her gaze over the intervening fences to the repellent skyline formed by the too-simple profile of her cousin Herbert's father's stable. Her next action was straightforward and anything but prudish; she climbed the high-board fences, one after the other, until she came to a pause at the top of that whereon the two journalists had lately made themselves so odiously impressive.

Before her, if she had but taken note of them, were a lesson in history and the markings of a profound transition in human evolution. Beside the old frame stable was a little brick garage, obviously put to the daily use intended by its designer. Quite as obviously the stable was obsolete; anybody would have known from its outside that there was no horse within it. Here, visible was the end of the pastoral age, it might be called, from the Heidelberg jaw-bone to Marconi. The new age begins with machines that do away with laboring animals and will proceed presently to machines doing away with laboring men, altho it is true that cows may remain in vogue for some time. In spite of the fact that they are already milked by electricity the milk itself must yet be constructed by the cow.

All this was lost upon Florence. She sat upon the fence, her gaze unfavorably thro wistfully fixed upon a sign of no special esthetic merit above the stable door.

THE NORTH END DAILY ORIOLE
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The inconsistency of the word "daily" did not trouble Florence; moreover she had found no fault with "Oriole" until the "Owners & Propreitors" had explained to her in the plainest terms known to their vocabularies that she was excluded from the enterprise. Then, indeed, she had been reciprocally explicit in regard not only to them and certain personal characteristics of theirs which she pointed out as fundamental, but in regard to any newspaper which should deliberately call itself an "Oriole." The partners remained superior in manner, tho unable to conceal a natural resentment; they had adopted "Oriole" not out of a sentiment for the distant city of Baltimore, nor, indeed, on account of any ornithologic interest of theirs, but as a relic from an abandoned club, or secret society, which they had previously contemplated forming, its members to be called "The Orioles" for no reason whatever. The two friends had talked of their plan at many meetings throughout the Summer, and when Herbert's great-uncle, Mr. Joseph Atwater, made his nephew the unexpected present of a printing-press, and a newspaper consequently took the place of the club, Herbert and Henry still entertained an affection for their former scheme and decided to perpetuate the name. They were the more sensitive to attack upon it by an ignorant outsider and girl like Florence, and her chance of ingratiating herself with them, if that could be now her intention, was not promising.

It would be inaccurate to speak of her as hoping to placate them, however; her mood was inscrutable. She descended from the fence with pronounced inelegance, and, approaching the old double doors of the "carriage-house," which were open, paused to listen. Sounds from above assured her that the editors were editing—or at least that they could be found at their place of business. Therefore, she ascended the cobwebby stairway to the loft, and made her appearance in the printing-room of *The North End Daily Oriole.*

Herbert, frowning with the burden of composition, sat at a table beyond the official railing, and his partner was engaged at the press, painfully setting type. This latter person, whom Florence for several months had named not once otherwise than as "that nasty little Henry Rooter," was of strangely clean and smooth-fair-haired appearance, for his age. She looked him over.

Photo by Nicholson Bros.

His profile was of a symmetry he had not himself yet begun to appreciate; his dress was scrupulous and modish; and tho he was short, nothing outward about him explained the more sinister of Florence's two adjectives. Yet she had true occasion for it, because on the day before she began its long observance, he had made her uneasy lest an orange seed she had swallowed would take root and grow up within her to a size inevitably fatal. Then, with her cousin Herbert's stern assistance, Florence had realized that her gullibility was not to be expected in anybody over seven years old, after which age such legends are supposed to be encountered with the derision of experienced people.

Her fastidiousness roused, she decided that Henry Rooter had no business to be talking about what would happen to her insides, anyhow; and so informed him at their next meeting, adding an explanation which absolutely proved him to be no gentleman. And her opinion of him was still perfectly plain in her expression as she made her present intrusion upon his working hours. He seemed to reciprocate.

"Here! Didn't I and Herbert tell you to keep out o' here?" he demanded, even before Florence had developed the slightest form of greeting. "Look at here, Herbert! She's back again!"

"You get out o' here, Florence," said Herbert, abandoning his task with a look of pain. "How often we haf to tell you we don't want you around here when we're in our office like this?"

"For heaven's sake!" Henry Rooter thought fit to add. "Can't you quit runnin' up and down our office stairs once in a while, long enough for us to get our newspaper work done? Can't you give us a little *peace?*"

THE pinkiness of Florence's altering complexion was justified; she had not been *near* their old office for four days. She stated the fact with heat, adding, "And I only came then because I knew somebody ought to see that this stable isn't ruined. It's my own uncle and aunt's stable, I guess, isn't it? Answer me that, if you'll kindly please to do so!"

"It's my father and mother's stable," Herbert asserted emphatically. "Haven't I got a right to say who's allowed in my own father and mother's stable?"

"You have not," the prompt Florence replied. "It's my own uncle and aunt's stable, and I got as much right here as anybody."

"You have not!" Henry Rooter protested hotly. "This isn't either your ole aunt and uncle's stable."

"It *isn't!*"

"No, it is not! This isn't anybody's stable. It's my and Herbert's Newspaper Building, and I guess you haven't got the face to stand there and claim you got a right to go in a Newspaper Building and say you got a right there when everybody tells you to stay outside of it, I guess!"

"Oh, haven't I?"

"No, you haven't—I!" Mr. Rooter maintained bitterly. "You just walk down-town and go in one the Newspaper Buildings down there and tell 'em you got a right to stay there all day long when they tell you to get out o' there! Just try it! That's all I ask!"

Florence uttered a cry of derision. "And pray, whoever told you I was bound to do everything you ask me to, Mister Henry Rooter?" And she concluded by reverting to that hostile impulse, so ancient, which, in despair of touching an antagonist effectively, reflects upon his ancestors. "If you got anything you want to ask, you go ask your grandmother!"

"Here!" Herbert sprang to his feet, outraged. "You try and behave like a lady!"

"Who'll make me?" she inquired.

"You got to behave like a lady as long as you're in our Newspaper Building, anyway," Herbert said ominously. "If you expect to come up here after you been told five dozen times to keep out——"

"For heaven's sakes!" his partner interposed. "When we goin' to get our newspaper *work* done? She's your cousin; I should think you could get her out!"

"Well, I'm goin' to, ain't I?" Herbert protested, plaintively. "I *expect* to get her out, don't I?"

"Oh, do you?" Miss Atwater inquired, with severe mockery. "Pray, how would you expect to accomplish it, pray?"

Herbert looked desperate, but was unable to form a reply consistent with some rules of etiquette and gallantry which he had begun to observe during the past year or so. "Now, see here, Florence," he said. "You're old enough to know when people tell you to keep out of a place, why, it means they want you to stay away from there."

Florence remained cold to this reasoning. "Oh, Poot!" she said.

"Now, look here!" her cousin remonstrated, and went on with his argument. "We got our newspaper work to do, and you ought to have sense enough to know newspaper work like this newspaper work we got on *our* hands here isn't—well, it ain't any child's play."

His partner appeared to approve of the expression, for he nodded severely and then used it, himself. "No, you *bet* it isn't any child's play!" he said.

"No, sir," Herbert continued. "This newspaper work we got on our hands here isn't any child's play."

"No, sir," Henry Rooter again agreed. "Newspaper work like this isn't any child's play at all!"

"It isn't any child's play, Florence," said Herbert. "It ain't any child's play at all, Florence. If it was just child's play or something like that, why it wouldn't matter so much your always pokin' up here, and——"

"Well—" the partner interrupted, judicially. "We wouldn't want her around, even if it was child's play."

"No, we wouldn't, that's so," Herbert agreed. "We wouldn't want you around, anyhow, Flor-

EVERY one who reads "The Oriole" will want to know what Booth Tarkington looks like. Well, here he is with one of his best friends. Without doubt Booth Tarkington stands foremost among American novelists. In addition to his masterpieces of grown-up fiction, he has the distinction of having written stories of boy life that will live alongside those of the immortal Mark Twain. He has done his very best work in this fascinating new serial. Begins this month, ends in August. Complete in three generous instalments.

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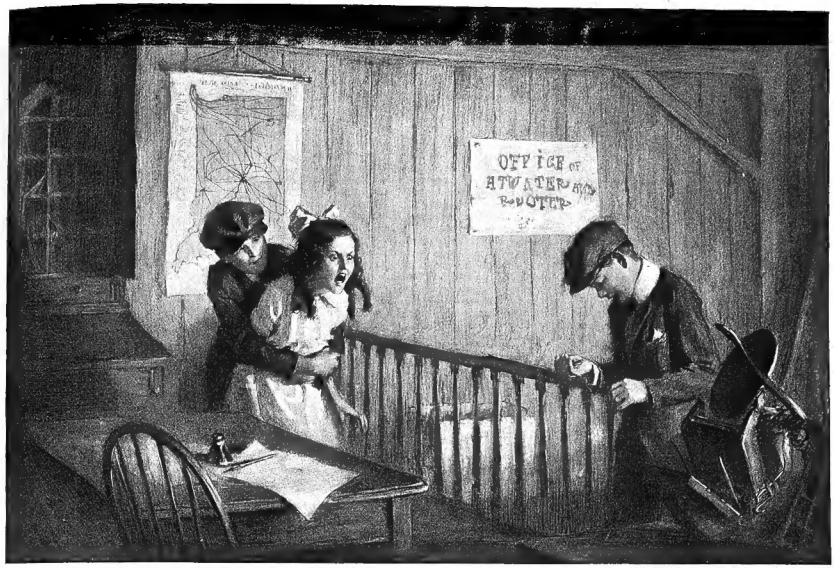

"'Well, All Right; It Isn't Much, but You Can Have Your Poem in Our Newspaper for Twenty Cents, Florence. If You Don't Want to Pay that Much, why Take Your Ole Twenty Cents and Go on Away'"

ence." Here his tone became more plaintive. "So, for mercy's sakes can't you go on home and give us a little rest? What you want, anyhow?"

"Well, I guess it's about time you was askin' me that," she said, not unreasonably. "If you'd asked me that in the first place, instead of actin' like you'd never been taught anything, and was only fit to associate with hoodlums, perhaps my time is of *some* value, myself!"

The lack of rhetorical cohesion was largely counteracted by the strong expressiveness of tone and manner: at all events, Florence made perfectly clear her position as a person of worth, dealing with the lowest of all her inferiors. She went on, not pausing:

"I thought being as I was related to you, and all the family and everybody else goin' to haf to read your ole newspaper, anyway it'd be a good thing if what was printed in it wasn't *all* a disgrace to the family, because the name of our family's got mixed up with this newspaper;—so here!"

Thus speaking, she took the poem from her pocket and with dignity held it forth to her cousin.

"What's that?" Herbert inquired, not moving a hand. He was but an amateur, yet already enough of an editor to have his suspicions.

"It's a poem," Florence said. "I don't know whether I exackly ought to have it in your ole newspaper or not, but on account of the family's sake I guess I better. Here, take it."

Herbert, at once withdrew a few steps, placing his hands behind him. "Listen here," he said:—"you think we got time to read a lot o' writin' in your ole hand-writin' that nobody can read anyhow, and then go to work and toil and moil to print it on our printin'-press? I guess we got work enough printin' what we write for our newspaper our own selves! My goodness, Florence, I *told* you this isn't any child's play!"

Florence appeared to be somewhat baffled. "Well—" she said. "Well, you better put this poem in your ole newspaper if you want to have anyhow one thing in it that won't make everybody sick that reads it."

"I won't do it!" Herbert said, more than firmly.

"What you take us for?" his partner added convincingly.

"ALL right, then," Florence responded, with apparent decisiveness. "I'll go and tell Uncle Joseph and he'll take this printing-press back."

"He will not take it back. I already did tell him how you kept pokin' around, tryin' to *run* everything, and we just worried our lifes out tryin' to keep you away. He said he bet it was a hard job; that's what Uncle Joseph said: So go on tell him anything you want to. You don't get your ole poem in *our* newspaper!"

"Not if she lived to be two hundred years old!" Henry Rooter added. Then he had an afterthought. "Not unless she pays for it."

"How do you mean?" Herbert asked, puzzled.

Henry's brow had become corrugated with no little professional impressiveness. "You know what we were talkin' about this morning," he said. "How the right way to run our newspaper, we ought to have some advertisements in it and everything. Well, we want money, don't we? We could put this poem in our newspaper like an advertisement; that is, if Florence has got any money, we could."

Herbert frowned. "If her ole poem isn't too long. I guess we could. Here, let's see it, Florence." And, taking the sheet of paper in his hand, he studied the dimensions, of the poem, tho without paining himself to read it. "Well, I guess, maybe we can do it," he said. "How much ought we to charge her?"

This question plunged Henry Rooter into a state of calculation, while Florence observed him with veiled anxiety; but after a time he looked up, his brow showing continued strain. "Do you keep a bank, Florence—for nickels and dimes and maybe quarters, you know?" he inquired.

IT WAS her cousin who impulsively replied for her. "No, she don't," he said.

"Not since I was about seven years old!" Florence added sharply, tho with dignity. "Do *you* still make mud pies in your back yard, pray?"

"Now, see here!" Henry objected. "Try and be a lady anyway for a few minutes, can't you? I got to figure out how much we got to charge you for your ole poem, don't I?"

"Well, then," Florence returned, "you better ask *me* somep'm about that, hadn't you?"

"Well," said Henry Rooter, "have you got any money at home?"

"No, I haven't."

"Have you got any money with you?"

"Yes, I have."

"How much is it?"

"I won't tell you."

Henry frowned. "I guess we ought to make her pay about two dollars and a half," he said, turning to his partner.

Herbert felt deferential; it seemed to him that he had formed a business association with a genius, and for a moment he was dazzled; then he remembered Florence's financial capacities, always well known to him, and he looked depressed. Florence, herself, looked indignant.

"Two dollars and a half!" she cried. "Why, I could buy this whole place for two dollars and a half, printing-press, railing, and all—yes, and you thrown in, Mister Henry Rooter!"

"See here, Florence," Henry said earnestly, "haven't you got two dollars and a half?"

"Of course she hasn't!" his partner assured him. "She never had two dollars and a half in her life!"

"Well, then," said Henry, gloomily, "What we goin' to do about it? How much *you* think we ought to charge her?"

Herbert's expression became noncommittal. "Just let me think a minute," he said; and with his hand to his brow, stepped behind the unsuspicious Florence.

"I got to think," he murmured; then with the straightforwardness of his age, he suddenly seized his damsel cousin from the rear and held her in a tight but far from affectionate embrace, pinioning her arms. She shrieked, "Murder!" and "Let me go!" and "Help! Hay-yulp!"

"Look in her pocket," Herbert shouted. "She keeps her money in her skirt pocket when she's got any. It's on the left side of her. Don't let her kick you! Look out!"

"I got it!" said the dexterous Henry, retreating and exhibiting coins. "It's one dime and two nickels—twenty cents. Has she got any more pockets?"

"No, I haven't!" Florence fiercely informed him, as Herbert released her. "And I guess you better hand that money back if you don't want to be arrested for stealing!"

Henry was unmoved. "Twenty cents," he said calculatingly. "Well, all right; it isn't much, but you can have your poem in our newspaper for twenty cents, Florence. If you don't want to pay that much, why take your ole twenty cents and go on away."

"Yes," said Herbert. "That's as cheap as we'll do it, Florence. Take it or leave it."

"Take it, or leave it," Henry Rooter agreed. "That's the way to talk to her; take it, or leave it, Florence. If you don't take it you got to leave it."

Florence was indignant, but she decided to take it. "All right," she said coldly. "I wouldn't pay another cent if I died for it."

"Well, you haven't got another cent, so that's all right," Mr. Rooter remarked; and he honorably extended an open palm, supporting the coins, toward his partner. "Here Herbert; you can have the dime, or the two nickels, whichever you rather have. It makes no difference to me; I'd as soon have one as the other."

Herbert took the two nickels, and turned to Florence. "See here, Florence," he said, in a tone of strong complaint. "This business is all done and paid for now. What you want to hang around here any *more*, for?"

"Yes, Florence," his partner faithfully seconded him, at once. "We haven't got any more time to waste around here to-day, and so what you want to stand around in the way and everything for? You ought to know yourself we don't want you."

"I'm not in the way," said Florence hotly. "Whose way am I in?"

"Well, anyhow if you don't go," Herbert informed her, "we'll carry you down-stairs and lock you out."

"I'd just like to see you!" she returned, her eyes flashing. "Just you dare to lay a finger on me again!" And she added, "Anyway, if you did, those ole doors haven't got any lock on 'em: I'll come right straight in and walk right straight up the stairs again!"

Herbert advanced toward her. "Now you pay attention to me," he said. "You've paid for your ole poem, and we got to have some peace around here. I'm goin' straight over to your mother and ask her to come and get you."

Florence gave up. "What difference would *that* make, Mister Taddletale?" she inquired mockingly. "*I* wouldn't be here when she came, would I? I'll thank you to notice there's some value to my time, myself; and I'll just politely ask you to excuse me, pray!"

WITH a proud air, she crushingly departed; and returned to her own home, far from dissatisfied with what she had accomplished. Moreover, she began to expand with the realization of a new importance; and she was gratified with the effect upon her parents, at dinner that evening, when she informed them that she had written a poem which was to be published in the prospective first number of *The North End Daily Oriole*.

"Written a *poem?*" said her father. "Well, I declare! Why, that's remarkable, Florence!"

"I'm glad the boys were nice about it," said her mother. "I should have feared they couldn't appreciate it, after being so cross to you about letting you have anything to do with the printing-press. They must have thought it was a very good poem."

"Where is the poem, Florence?" Mr. Atwater asked. "Let's read it and see what our little girl can do."

Unfortunately Florence had not a copy, and when she informed her father of this fact, he professed himself greatly

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"'You'll Come and Beg Me to Put Poems or Anything I Want to on Your Ole Newspaper'"

disappointed as well as anxious for the first appearance of *The Oriole*, that he might felicitate himself upon the evidence of his daughter's heretofore unsuspected talent. Florence was herself anxious for the newspaper's début, and she made her anxiety so clear to Atwater & Rooter, Owners & "Propreitors," every afternoon, after school, during the following week, that by Thursday further argument and repartee on their part were felt to be indeed futile; and in order to have a little peace around there, they carried her down-stairs. At least they defined their action as "carrying," and, having deposited her in the yard, they were obliged to stand guard at the doors, which they closed and contrived to hold against her until her strength was worn out for that day.

Florence consoled herself. During the week she dropped in on all the members of "the family"—her grandfather, uncles and aunts and cousins, her great-aunts and great-uncles—and in each instance, after no protracted formal preliminaries, lightly remarked that she wrote poetry now; her first to appear in the forthcoming *Oriole*. And when Great-Aunt Carrie said, "Why, Florence, you're wonderful! I couldn't write a poem to save my life. I never *could* see how they do it," Florence laughed, made a deprecatory little side motion with her head, and responded, "Why, Aunt Carrie; that's nothing! It just kind of comes to you."

This also served as her explanation when some of her school friends expressed their admiration, after being told the news in confidence; tho to the teachers she said, smiling ruefully, as in remembrance of midnight oil, "It *does* take work, of course!"

WHEN opportunity offered, upon the street, she joined people she knew—and even rather distant acquaintances—and walked with them a little way, and, with unaffected directness, led the conversation to the subject of poetry, including her own contribution to that art. Altogether, if Florence was not in a fair way to become a poetic celebrity it was not her own fault but entirely that of *The North End Daily Oriole*, which was to make its appearance on Saturday, but failed to do so, on account of too much enthusiasm on the part of Atwater & Rooter in manipulating the printing-press. It broke, had to be repaired; and Florence, her nerves upset by the accident, demanded her money back. This was impossible, and the postponement proved to be but an episode; moreover it gave her time to let more people know of the treat that was coming.

Among these was Noble Dill, Florence's Ideal. Until the Friday following her disappointment she had found no opportunity to acquaint this being with the news; and but for an encounter, partly due to chance, he might not have heard of it. Mr. Dill was twenty-two, but that was his only perceptible distinction. He was kind, usually, and not unpleasant in appearance or attire; yet he had neither beauty nor that look of power which is said to joggle women from their natural poise. He was the most every-day young man in all the town; and Florence's selection of him to be her Ideal still awaits a precise explanation. Nevertheless, it had happened; and a sentimental enrichment of color in her cheeks was the result of her catching sight of him, as she was on the point of opening and entering her own front door, that Friday afternoon, on her return from school. He was passing the house, walking somewhat dreamily.

Florence stepped into the sheltering vestibule, peeping round it with earnest eyes to watch him as he went by; obviously he had taken no note of her. Satisfied of this, she waited until he was at a little distance, then ran lightly down to the gate, hurried after him, and joined him.

"Why, Mr. Dill!" she exclaimed, in her mother's most polished manner. "How supprizing to see you! I presume as we both happen to be walking the same direction we might just's well keep together."

Noble looked puzzled. "'Surprizing to see me?'" he said vaguely. "I haven't been away anywhere in particular, Florence." Then, at a thought, he brightened, hopefully, "I'm glad to see you, Florence. Do you know if any of your family or relatives have heard when your Aunt Julia is coming home?"

"Aunt Julia? Why, she's out of town," said Florence. "She's visiting different people she used to know when she was away at school."

"Yes, I know," Mr. Dill returned. "She's been gone six weeks."

"Oh, I don't believe it's that long," Florence said, casually; then with more earnestness: "Mr. Dill, I was goin' to ask you somep'm—it's kind of a funny question for *me* to ask, but——"

"Yes, she has," Noble interrupted, tho not sensible that his remark was an interruption, for he had been unaware of Florence's voice in action after the word "long." "Oh, yes, she has!" he said. "It was six weeks, day-before-yesterday afternoon. I saw your father down-town this morning, and he said he didn't know that any of the family had heard just when she was coming home. I thought maybe some of your relatives had a letter from her by this afternoon's mail, maybe."

"I guess not," said Florence. "Mr. Dill, there was a question I thought I'd ask you—it's kind of a funny question for *me* to——"

"Are you *sure* nobody's heard from your Aunt Julia to-day?" Noble insisted.

"I guess they haven't. Mr. Dill, I was goin' to ask you——"

"It's strange," he murmured, "I don't see how people can enjoy visits that long. I should think they'd get anxious about what might happen at home."

"Oh, grandpa's all right; he says he kind of likes to have the house nice and quiet to himself; and anyway Aunt Julia enjoys visiting," Florence assured him. "Aunt Fanny saw a newspaper from one the places where Aunt Julia's visiting her school room-mate, that had her picture in it and called her 'the famous Northern Beauty'; it was down South somewhere. Well, Mr. Dill, I was just sayin' I believed I'd ask you——"

But a sectional rancor seemed to affect the young man, all at once. "Oh, yes. I heard about that," he said. "Your Aunt Fanny lent my mother the newspaper. Those people in that part of the country—well——" He paused, remembering that it was only Florence he addressed; and he withheld from utterance his opinion that the Civil War ought to be fought all over again. "Your father said your grandfather hadn't heard from her for several days, and even then she hadn't said when she was coming home."

"No, I expect she didn't," said Florence. "Mr. Dill, I was goin' to ask you somep'm—it's kind of a queer kind of question for *me* to ask, I guess—" She paused. However, he did not interrupt her, seeming pre-occupied with gloom; whereupon Florence permitted herself a deprecatory laugh, and continued, "It might be you'd answer yes, or it might be you'd answer no; but anyway I was goin' to ask you—it's kind of a funny question for *me* to ask, I expect—but do you like poetry?"

"What?"

"Well, as things have turned out lately I guess it's kind of a funny question, Mr. Dill, but do you like poetry?"

Noble's expression took on a coldness; for the word brought to his mind a thought of Newland Saunders. This was a poet of Noble's age, who wrote verses to Julia—that too lovely, absent aunt of Florence's. "Do I like poetry?" said Noble. "No, I don't."

Florence was momentarily discouraged, but at her age people usually possess an invaluable faculty which they lose, later in life; and it is a pity they do lose it. At thirteen—especially the earlier months of thirteen—they are still able to set aside and dismiss from their minds almost any facts, no matter how audibly those facts have asked for recognition. Children superbly allow themselves to become deaf, so to speak, to undesirable circumstances; most frequently, of course, to undesirable circumstances in the way of mental direction; so that fathers, mothers, nurses, or governesses, not comprehending that this mental deafness is for the time being entirely genuine, are liable to hoarseness both of throat and temper. Thirteen is an age when the fading of this gift or talent—one of the most beautiful of childhood—begins to impair its helpfulness, under the mistaken stress of discipline; but Florence retained something of it. In a moment or two Noble Dill's disaffection seemed to have altogether as if it did not exist.

She coughed, inclined her head a little to one side, in her mother's manner of politeness to callers, and, repeating her deprecatory laugh, remarked, "Well, of course it's kind of a funny question for *me* to ask, of course."

"What is, Florence?" Noble inquired absently.

"Well—what I was saying was that 'course it's sort of queer we askin' if you liked poetry, of course, on account of my writing poetry the way I do now."

SHE looked up at him with a bright readiness to respond modestly to whatever exclamation his wonder should dictate; but Noble's attention had straggled again. He failed to comprehend what she had set before him.

"Has she written your mother lately?" he asked.

Florence's expression denoted a mental condition slightly disturbed. "No," she said. "It's goin' to be printed in *The North End Daily Oriole*."

"What?"

"My poem. It's about a vast amen—anyhow that's prob'ly the best thing in it, I guess—and they're goin' to have it to-morrow, or else they'll have to settle with *me;* that's one thing certain! I'll bring one over to your house and leave it at the door for you, Mr. Dill."

Noble had but a confused notion of what she thus generously promised. However, he said, "Thank you," and nodded vaguely.

"Of course, I don't know as it's so awful good," Florence admitted insincerely. "The family all seem to think it's something pretty much; but I don't know if it is or not. *Really*, I don't!"

"No," said Noble, still confused. "I suppose not."

"I'm half way through another one I think myself'll be a good deal better. I'm not goin' as fast with it as I did with the other one, and I expect it'll be quite a ways ahead of this one." She again employed the deprecatory little laugh. "I don't know how I do it, myself. The family all think it's sort of funny; I don't know how I do it, myself; but that's the way it is. They all say if they could do it they're sure they'd know how they did it; but I guess they're wrong. I presume if you can do it, why, it just *comes* to you? Don't you presume that's the way it is, Mr. Dill?"

"I guess so." They had reached his gate, and he stopped. "You're sure none of your family have heard anything to-day?" he asked anxiously.

"From Aunt Julia? I don't think they have."

He sighed, and opened the gate. "Well, good evening, Florence."

"Good evening." Her eyes followed him wistfully as he passed within the enclosure; then she turned and walked quickly toward her own home; but at the corner of the next fence she called over her shoulder, "I'll leave it with your mother for you, if you're not home when I bring it."

"What?" he shouted; from the vicinity of his front door. "I'll leave it with your *mother*."

"Leave what?"

"The *poem*!"

"Oh!" said Noble.

His mother handed him a copy of the first issue of *The North End Daily Oriole*, the next day when he came home to lunch. He read it without edification; there was nothing about Julia in it.

"'Oh, Florence, Say Not So! Say Not So, Florence! Say Not So!'"

The NoRth End daily Oriole

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NEwS OF THE cITY

The Candidates for mayor at the election are Mr. P. N. Gordon and John T. Milo. The contest is very great between these candidates.

Holcombs chickens get in MR. Joseph Atwater's yard a god deal lately. He says chickens are out of place in a city of this size.

Minnie the cook of MR. F. L. Smith's residisence goes downtown every Thrusday afts about three her regular day for it.

A new ditch is being dug accross the MR. Henry D. Vance backyrad. 'Tis about dug but nobody is working there now. Patty Fairchild received the highest mark in declamation of the 7A atSumner School last Friday.

Ball's grorcey wagon ran over a cat of the Mr. Rayfort family. Geo. the drixer of the wagon stated he had not but was willing to take it away and burg it somewheres Geo. stated regret and claimed nothing but an accident which could not be helped and not his team that did the damage.

Miss Colfield teacher of the 7 A at Sumner School was reported on the sick list. We hope she will soon he well.

There were several deaths in the city this week.

MR. Fairchild father of Patty Fairchild was on the sick list several days and did not go to his office but is out now.

Ben Kriso the cHauffeur of the Mr. R. G. Atwater family washes their car on Monday. In using the hose he turned water over the fence accidently and hit Lonnie the washWOman in back of MRS. Bruffs who called him some low names. Ben told her if she had have been a man he would strike her but soon the distrubance was at an end. There is a good deal more of other news which will be printed in our next NO.

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Such, as is sometimes said, was the first issue, complete, of *The North End Daily Oriole*. Florence was not immediately critical of some distortions of meaning in the body of her poem, due partly to Atwater & Rooter's natural lack of experience in a new and exacting trade; partly to their enviable unconsciousness of any necessity for proof-reading; and somewhat to their haste in getting through the final and least interesting stage of their undertaking, Florence's poem being, in fact, as far as the printers were concerned, mere hack work anti-climax.

And as they later declared, under fire, anybody that could make out more than three words in five of her ole handwriting was welcome to do it. Besides, what did it matter if a little bit was left out at the end of one or two of the lines? They couldn't be expected to run the lines out over their margins, could they? And they never knew anything crasher than makin' all this fuss because: What if some of it wasn't printed just exactly right, who in the world was goin' to notice it, and what was the difference of just a few words different in her ole poem, anyhow?

For, by the time these explanations (so to call them) took place, Florence was indeed makin' a fuss. Her emotions, at first, had been happily stimulated at sight of "By Florence Atwater." A singular tenderness had risen in her—a tremulous sense as of something almost sacred coming at last into its own; and she had hurried to distribute, gratis, among relatives and friends, several copies of *The Oriole*, paying for them, too (tho not without injurious argument) at the rate of two cents a copy. But upon returning to her *own* home, she became calm enough (for a moment or so) to look over the poem with attention to details. She returned hastily to the Newspaper Building, but would have been wiser to remain away, since all subscribers had received their copies by the time she got there; and under the circumstances little reparation was practicable.

She ended her oration—or professed to end it—by declaring that she would never have another poem in their ole vile newspaper as long as she lived.

"You're right about that," Henry Rooter agreed heartily. "We wouldn't *let* another one in it. Not for fifty dollars! Just look at all the trouble we took moiling and toiling to get your ole poem printed as nice as we could, so it wouldn't ruin our newspaper, and then you comin' over here and goin' on this way, and all this and that, why, I wouldn't go through it again for a *hundred* dollars. We're makin' good money anyhow, with our newspaper, Florence Atwater. You needn't think we depend on *you* for our living!"

"That's so," his partner declared. "We knew you wouldn't be satisfied anyway, Florence. Didn't we, Henry?"

"I should say we did!"

"Yes, sir!" said Herbert. "Right when we were havin' the worst time tryin' to print it and make out some o' the words, I said right then, we were just throwing away our time. I said, 'What's the use? That ole girl's bound to raise Cain anyhow, so what's the use wastin' a whole lot of our good time and brains like this, just to suit *her*? Whatever we do, she's certain to come over here and insult us.'—Isn't that what I said, Henry?"

"Yes, it is; and I said then you were right, and you *are* right!"

"Cert'nly I am," said Herbert. "Didn't I tell you she'd be just the way some the family say she is? A good many of 'em say she'd find fault with the undertaker at her own funeral. That's just exackly what I said!"

"Oh, you did?" Florence burlesqued a polite interest. "How *very* considerate of you! Then, perhaps you'll try to be a gentleman enough for one simple moment to allow me to tell you my last remarks on this subject. I've said enough——"

"Oh, *have* you?" Herbert interrupted with violent sarcasm. "Oh, no! Say not so! Florence, say not so!"

At this Henry Rooter loudly shouted with applausive hilarity; whereupon Herbert, rather surprised at his own effectiveness, naturally repeated his *mot*.

"Say not so, Florence! Say not so! Say not so!"

"I'll tell you one thing!" his lady cousin cried, thoroughly infuriated. "I wish to make just one last simple remark that I would care to soil myself with in *your* respects, Mister Herbert Illingsworth Atwater and Mister Henry Rooter!"

"Oh, say not so, Florence!" they both entreated. "Say not so! Say not so!"

"I'll just simply state the simple truth," Florence announced. "In the first place you're goin' to live to see the day when you'll come and beg me on your bented knees to have me put poems or anything I want to on your ole newspaper, but I'll just *laugh* at you! *'Indeed!'* I'll say! 'So you come beggin' around *me*, do you? Ha, ha! I'll say!'—'I guess it's a little too late for that! Why, I wouldn't——'"

"Oh, say not so, Florence! Say not so!"

"'Me allow you to have one of my poems?' I'll say, 'Much less than *that!* I'll say, 'because even if I was wearing the oldest shoes I got in the world I wouldn't take the trouble to——'"

Her conclusion was drowned out. "Oh, *Florence*, say not so! Say not so, Florence! Say not so!"

THE hateful entreaty still murmured in her resentful ears, that night, as she fell asleep; and she paused into the beginnings of a dream with her lips slightly dimpling the surface of her pillow, in belated repartee. And upon waking, tho it was Sunday, her first words, half slumbrous in the silence of the morning, were, "Vile things!" Her faculties became more alert, during the preparation of a toilet which was to serve not only for breakfast, but with the addition of gloves, a hat, and a blue-velvet coat, for Church and Sunday-school as well; and she planned a hundred vengeances. That is to say, her mind did not occupy itself with plots possible to make real;—rather it dabbled among those fragmentary visions that love to overlap and displace one another in the shifty retina of the mind's eye.

But in all of these pictures, wherein prevailingly she sensed some sort of deathly powerful Queen of Poetry, the postures assumed by the figures of Messrs. Atwater and Rooter (both in an extremity of rage) were miserably suppliant. So she soothed herself a little—but not long. Herbert in the next pew, in church, and Henry in the next beyond that, were perfect compositions in smugness. They were cold, contented, aristocratic; and had an imperturbable understanding between themselves—quite perceptible to the sensitive Florence—that she was a nuisance now capably disposed of by their beautiful discovery of "Say not so!" Florence's feelings were unbecoming to the place and occasion.

"Florence Sang, to the Air of 'Rock of Ages,' 'Henry Rooter—Herbert, too—They Make Me Sick!—That's What They Do!'"

But at four o'clock, that afternoon, she was assuaged into a milder condition by the arrival, according to an agreement made in Sunday-school, of the popular Miss Patty Fairchild.

Patty was thirteen and a half; an exquisite person with gold-dusted hair, eyes of singing blue, and an alluring air of sweet self-consciousness. Henry Rooter and Herbert Illingsworth Atwater, Jr., out gathering news, saw her entering Florence's gate, and immediately forgot that they were reporters. They became silent, and gradually moved toward the house of their newspaper's sole poetess.

Florence and Patty occupied themselves indoors, for half an hour; then went out into the yard to study a mole's tunnel that had interested Florence recently. They followed it across the lawn at the south side of the house, discussing the habits of moles and other matters of zoology; and finally lost the track near the fence, which was here the "back fence," higher than their heads. Patty looked through a knot-hole to see if the tunnel was visible in the next yard; but without reporting upon her observations she turned, as if carelessly, and leaned back against the fence, covering the knot-hole.

"Florence," she said, in a tone softer and lovelier than she had been using heretofore—"Florence, do you know what I think?"

"N-n. Could you see any more tracks over there?"

"Florence," said Patty—"I was just going to tell you something—only maybe I better not."

"Why not?" Florence inquired. "Go on and tell me."

"No," said Patty, gently. "You might think it was silly."

"No, I won't."

"Yes, you *might*."

"I promise I won't."

"Well, then—oh, Florence I'm *sure* you'll think it's silly!"

"I *promised* I wouldn't."

"Well—I don't think I better say it."

"Go on," Florence urged. "Patty, you *got* to."

"Well, then, if I got to," said Patty. "What I was going to say, Florence: Don't you think your cousin Herbert and Henry Rooter have got the nicest eyes of any boy in town?"

"*Who?*" Florence was staggered.

"I do," Patty said in her charming voice. "I think Herbert and Henry've got the nicest eyes of any boy in town."

"You do?" Florence cried incredulously.

"Yes, I rely do, Florence. I think Herbert Atwater and Henry Rooter have got just the nicest eyes of any boy in town."

"Well, I never heard anything like *this* before!" Florence declared.

"But *don't* you think they've got the nicest eyes of any boy in town?" Patty insisted, appealingly.

"I think," said Florence, "their eyes are just horrable!"

"What?"

"*Herbert's eyes*," continued Florence, ardently, "are the very worst lookin' ole squinty eyes I ever saw, and that nasty little Henry *Rooter's eyes*——"

But Patty suddenly became fidgety; she hurried away from the fence. "Come over here, Florence," she said. "Let's go over to the other side of the yard and talk."

AND it was time for her to take some such action if she wished to show any tact. Messrs. Atwater and Rooter, seated quietly together upon a box on the other side of the fence (tho with their backs to the knot-hole) were beginning to show signs of upward disturbance. Already flushed with unexpected ineffabilities, their complexions had grown even pinker upon Florence's open-hearted expressions of opinion. Slowly they turned their heads to look sternly at the fence, upon the other side of which stood the maligner of their eyes. Not that they cared what *that* ole girl thought—but she oughtn't to be allowed to go around talking like this and perhaps prejudicing everybody that had a word to say for them.

"Come on over here, Florence," called Patty huskily, from the other side of the yard. "Let's talk over here."

Florence was puzzled, but consented. "What you want to talk over here for?" she asked.

"Oh, I don't know" said Patty. "Let's go out in the front yard."

She led the way round the house, and a moment later uttered a cry of surprize as the firm of Atwater & Rooter, passing along the pavement, hesitated at the gate. Their celebrated eyes showed some doubt for a moment, then a brazenness:

Herbert and Henry decided to come in,

"Isn't this the funniest thing?" cried Patty. "After what I just said a while ago—*you* know, Florence. Don't you dare to tell 'em!"

"I cert'nly won't!" her hostess promised, and, turning inhospitably to the two callers, "What on earth you want round here?" she inquired.

Herbert, chivalrously took the duty of response upon himself. "Look here; this *is* my own aunt and uncle's yard, isn't it? If I want to come in it I got a perfect right to."

"I should say so," his partner said warmly.

"Why, of course!" the cordial Patty agreed. "We can play some nice Sunday games, or something Let's sit on the porch steps and think what to do."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 85

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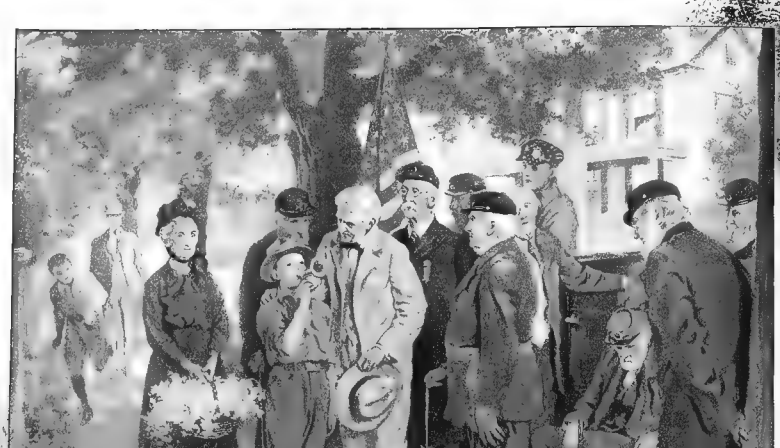

ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. J. SCHEINBEUTE

"The Notes Swelled, Madly Imploring, Shaking with a Boy's Worship of the Heroes"

The Kidnapped Memorial

No North nor South, no Yank nor Johnny Reb: only America!

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

WAKAMIN is a town without a soul. It used to have a healthy sentimental soul which got thrills out of neighborliness and "The Star Spangled Banner," but now it wavers between two generations, with none of the strong, salty ambition of either. The pioneering generation has died out, and of the young men, a hundred have gone to that new brave pioneering in France. Along the way they will behold the world, see the goodness and eagerness of it, and not greatly desire to come back to the straggly ungenerous streets of Wakamin.

Those who are left, lords of the dead soul of Wakamin, go to the movies and play tight little games of bridge, and aspire only to own an automobile, because a car is the sign of respectability.

Mr. Gale felt the savorlessness of the town within ten minutes after he had arrived. He had come North to wind up the estate of his cousin, the late proprietor of the Wakamin Creamery. Mr. Gale was from the pine belt of Alabama, but he did not resemble the stage Southerner. There was a look of resoluteness and industry about his broad red jaw. He spoke English very much like a man from New York or San Francisco. He did not say "Yessuh," nor "Ah declah"; he had neither a large white hat nor a small white imperial; he was neither a Colonel nor a Judge. He was Mr. Gale, and he practised law, and he preferred lemonade to mint-juleps.' But he had fought clear through the War for the Southern Confederacy; and once, on a gray wrinkled morning before a cavalry battle, he had spoken to Jeb Stuart.

While he was settling up the estate, Mr. Gale tried out the conversational qualities of the editor and the justice of the peace, and gave up his attempt to get acquainted with the Wakaminites—except for Mrs. Tiffany, at whose house he went to board. Mrs. Captain Tiffany was daughter and widow of Territorial Pioneers. She herself had teamed it from St. Paul, with her young husband, after the war. The late Captain Tiffany had been the last commander of the Wakamin G. A. R. Post, and Mrs. Tiffany had for years been president of the Women's Relief Corps. After the barniness of the Wakamin Hotel, Mr. Gale was at home in her cottage, which was as precise and nearly as small as the whitewashed conch-shell at the gate. He recovered from the forlorn loneliness that had obsessed him during walks on these long, cold, blue twilights of Spring. Nightly he sat on the porch with Mrs. Tiffany, and agreed with her about politics, corn-raising, religion, and recipes for hot biscuits.

When he was standing at the gate, one evening of April, a small boy sidled across the street, made believe that he was not making-believe soldiers, rubbed one shin with the other foot, looked into the matter of an electric-light bug that was sprawling on its foolish back, violently chased nothing at all, walked backward a few paces, and came up to Mr. Gale with an explosive, "Hello!"

"Evening, sir." Mr. Gale did not speak to him as a grown-up to a child, but as a clubman to another, or a small boy to the boy next door, which is much the same thing.

"You staying with Mrs. Tiffany?"

"Yes, for a while."

"Where do you come from?"

"I'm from Alabama."

"Alabama? Why, gee, then you're a Southerner!"

"I reckon I am, old man."

The small boy looked him all over, dug his toe into the leaf-mold at the edge of the curb, whistled, and burst out, "Aw, gee, you aren't either! You don't wear gray, and you haven't got any darkey body servant. I seen lots of Confederuts in the movies, and they always wear gray, and most always they got a body servant, and a big sword with a tossel on it. Have you got a sword with a tossel?"

"No, but I've got a suit of butternuts back home."

"Gee, have you? Say, were you ever a raider?"

"No, but I know lots about raiders, and once I had dinner with Colonel Mosby."

"Gee, did you? Say, *what's* your name? Say, are you a gen'rul?"

"No, I was a high private. My name is Gale. What is your name, if I may ask you, as one man to another?"

"I'm Jimmy Martin. I live across the street. My Dad's got a great big phonograph and seventy records. Were you a high private? How high? Gee, tell me about the raiders!"

"But James, why should a loyal Northerner like you desire to know anything about the rebel horde?"

"Well, you *see*, I'm the leader of the Boy Scouts, and we haven't any Scout Master, at least we did have, but he moved away, and I have to think up games for the Scouts, and gee, we're awfully tired of discovering the North Pole, and being Red Cross in Belgium, and I always have to be the Eskimos when we discover the North Pole, or they won't play, and I thought maybe we could be raiders and capture a Yankee train."

"Well, you come sit on the porch, James, and we will make revel. It occurs to me that you are a new audience for my stories. Let us proceed to defend Richmond, and do a quick dash into Illinois, to our common benefit. Is it a bargain?"

It was, and Jimmy listened, and Mrs. Tiffany came out and listened also, her tuberose face shining; and the three lovers of the Heroic Age sat glowing at one another till from across the village street, long and thin and drowsy, came the call, "Jim—m—m—eee Mar—r—r—tin!"

Later, Jimmy's mother was surprized to discover her heir leading a Confederate raid, and she was satisfied only when she was assured that the raid was perfectly proper, because it was led by General Grant, and because all the raiders had voluntarily set free their slaves.

It was Jimmy Martin who enticed Mr. Gale to go spearing pickerel, and they two, the big slow-moving man and the boy who took two skips to his one solid pace, plowed through the willow thickets along the creek all one Saturday afternoon.

At the end of the trip, Jimmy cheerfully announced that he would probably get a whale of a licking, because he ought to have been chopping stove-wood. Mr. Gale suggested strategic measures; he sneaked after Jimmy, through a stable door to the Martins' wood-shed, and cut wood furiously for an hour, while Jimmy scrabbled to pile it.

In the confidences of Jimmy and in Mrs. Tiffany's stories of her Vermont girlhood and pioneer days in Minnesota, Mr. Gale found those green memories of youth which he had hoped to discover, on coming North, in comradely talks with veterans of the Wakamin G. A. R.

But now there was no G. A. R. at all in Wakamin.

DURING the past year, the local post had been wiped out. Of the four veterans remaining on Decoration Day a year before, three had died, and one had gone West to live with his son, as is the Midwestern way. Of the sturdy old men who had marched fifty strong to Woodlawn Cemetery a decade before, not one old man was left to leaven the land.

But they did live on in Mrs. Tiffany's gossip, as she begged Mr. Gale to assure her that there would be a decorating of the graves, even tho the comrades were gone. This assurance Mr. Gale always gave, tho upon sedulous inquiry at the barber-shop he discovered that there was very little chance for a celebration of the Day. The town band had broken up when the barber, who was also the band-leader, had bought a car. The school-principal had decided that this year it was not worth while to train the girls to wear red-white-and-blue cheesecloth, and sing "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" from a decked-over hay-wagon.

Mr. Gale endeavored to approve this passing of Decoration Day. He told himself that he was glad to hear that all of his old enemies had gone. But no matter how often he said it, he couldn't make it stick. He felt that he, too, was a derelict, as he listened to Mrs. Tiffany's timid hopes for a celebration. To her, the Day was the climax of the year, the time when all her comrades, living and dead, drew close together. She had a dazed faith that there would be some sort of ceremony.

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She went on retrimming the blue bonnet which she had always worn in the parade, at the head of the W. R. C. Not till the day before the holiday did she learn the truth. That evening, she did not come down to supper. She called in a neighbor's daughter to serve Mr. Gale. The young woman giggled, and asked idiotic questions about Society Folks in the South, till Mr. Gale made his iron-gray eyebrows a line of defense. He tramped out the road eastward from town, after supper, growling to himself, between periods of vacuous unhappiness:

"Feel's if it's me and the boys I fought with, not them I fought against, they're going to neglect to-morrow. Those Yanks were lively youngsters. Made me do some tall jumping. Hate to think of 'em, lying there in the cemetery, lonely and waiting, trusting that we—that the Damyanks—will remember them. Look here, J. Gale, Esq., you sentimental old has-been, what do you mean, whimpering about them? You know good and well you never did like Yanks—killed your daddy and brother. But—poor old codgers, waiting out there——"

His walk had brought him to a fenced field. He peered across. It was set with upright and ghostly stones. He had come to the cemetery. He stopped, prickly. He heard creepy murmurs in the dusk. He saw each white stone as the reproachful spirit of an old soldier robbed of his pension of honor. He turned away with a measured calmness that was more panicky than a stumbling retreat.

As he went up to bed he heard from Mrs. Tiffany's room the hum of her voice, like a fevered pulse. It made him lonely, frightened. He would have fought men for her, but he could not fight the slippery indifference of a new age.

The morning of the empty Decoration Day was radiant as sunshine upon a beech-trunk. But nowhere was the old-time bustle of school-girls in bunting, of mothers preparing lunch-baskets, of shabby and halting old civilians magically transformed into soldiers. A few families mechanically hung out flags. Mrs. Tiffany did not. When Mr. Gale came down to breakfast, he found her caressing an ancient silken flag. She thrust it into a closet, locked the door, hastened out to the kitchen. She was slow in the serving of breakfast, looked dizzy, often pressed her hand against her side. Mr. Gale begged her to let him help. She forbade him, sternly. She seemed to have a calm and embittered control of herself.

He hastened out of the house. There was no business to which he could attend, on this holiday. He made shameless overtures for the company of Jimmy Martin, who was boisterous over the fact that Summer vacation had begun, and his dear, dear teachers gone away. The Martin family was not going to any of the three or four picnics planned for the day, and Jimmy and Mr. Gale considered gravely the possibility of a fishing trip. They sat in canvas chairs on the tiny lawn, and forgot a certain difference in age in a competition as to which could whistle the louder on his fingers.

The door of the Tiffany house slammed. They stopped, listened. Nervous footsteps were crossing the porch, coming along the grave walk. They looked back. Running toward them, like a woman fleeing from a bombarded city, was Mrs. Tiffany. She wore no hat. Her hair was like a shell-torn flag, thin gray over the yellowed skin of her brow. Her hands dabbled feebly in the air, before her glaring eyes. She moaned:

"Oh, Mr. Gale, I can't stand it! Don't they know what they're doing? My boy lies there, my husband, and he's crying for me to come to him and show I remember him. I tell you I can hear him, and his voice sounds like a rainy wind. I told him I'd go to Woodlawn all by myself, I said I'd fill my little basket with flowers, with crab-apple blossoms, but he said he wanted the others to come too, he wanted a Decoration Day parade, that would honor all the graves—Oh, I heard him——"

MR. GALE had sprung up. He put his arm about her shoulder. He cried, "There will be a parade, ma'am! We'll remember the boys, every one of them, every grave. You go in the house, honey, and you put on your bonnet, and pack a little snack for you and me to eat after the ceremony, maybe you'll have time to bake a batch of biscuits, but anyway, in an hour or so, maybe hour and a half, you'll hear the parade coming, and you be all ready." Mr. Gale's voice had something of the ponderous integrity of distant cannon. He smoothed her disordered hair. He patted her, like the soft pawing of a fond old dog, and led her to the paint-blistered door of the house.

He went back to his canvas chair, scratching his scalp, shaking his head. Jimmy, who had edged away, returned and sighed, "Gee, I wisht I could do something."

"I bet you would, if you were a little older, James, but—better run away. This old Rebel has got to stir up his sleepy brain and conjure up a Federal parade, with a band and at least twenty flags, out of the sparrows in the street. Good-by."

After five minutes, or it may have been ten, of clawing at his chin, Mr. Gale looked happy. He hastened down the street. He entered the drug-store, and from the telephone booth he talked to hotel-clerks in three different towns within ten miles of Wakamin.

He hurried to the livery-stable which operated the two cars in town that were for hire. One of the cars was out. The second was preparing to leave, as he lumbered up to the door.

"I want that car," he said to the stableman-chauffeur.

"Well, you can't have it." The stableman bent over, to crank up.

"Why not?"

"Because I'm going to take a skirt out for a spin, see?"

"Look here. I'm Mr. Gale who——"

"Aw, I know all about you. Seen you go by. You out-of-town guys think we have to drop everything else, just to accommodate you——"

Mr. Gale puffed across the floor, like a steam-roller. He said gently, "Son, I've been up all night, and I reckon I've had a lee-tle mite too much liquor. I've taken a fancy to going riding. Son, I've got the peacefulest heart that a grown-up human ever had; I'm like a little playing pussy-cat, I am; but I've got a gun in my back pocket that carries the meanest .44-40 bullet in the South. Maybe you've heard about us Southern fire-eaters, heh? Son, I only want that car for maybe two hours. Understand?"

He bellowed. He was making vast, vague, loosely swinging gestures, his perspiring hands very red. He caught the stableman by the shoulder. The man's Adam's-apple worked grotesquely up and down. He whimpered,

"All right. I'll take you."

Mr. Gale pacifically climbed into the car. "Joralemon, son, and fast, son, particular fast," he murmured.

IN THE speeding car he meditated, "Let's see. Must be forty years since I've toted any kind of a gun—and twenty years since I've called anybody 'son.' Oh well."

Again, "Let's see. I'll be a Major. No, a Colonel; Colonel Gale of the Tenth New York. Private Gale, I congratulate you. I reckon the best you ever got from a darkey was 'Cap'n' or 'boss'. You're rising in the world, my boy. Poor woman! Poor, faithful woman——"

When they reached the town of Joralemon, Mr. Gale leaned out from the car and inquired of a corner loafer, "Where's the Decoration Day parade? The G. A. R.?"

"At the exercises at Greenwood Cemetery."

"Greenwood, son," he blared, and the stableman made haste.

At the entrance to the cemetery Mr. Gale insinuated, "Now wait till I come back, son. I'm getting over that liquor, and I'm ugly, son, powerful ugly."

"All right," growled the stableman. "Say, do I get paid——?"

"Here's five dollars. When I come back with my friends, there'll be another five. I'm going to steal a whole Decoration Day parade."

"How?"

"I'm going to surround them."

"My—Gawd!" whispered the stablemen.

The Southerner bristled at the sight of the Northern regimental flag among the trees of the cemetery. But he shrugged his shoulders and waddled into the crowd. The morning's radiance brought out in hot primary colors the red and yellow of flowers in muddy glass vases upon the graves. Light flashed from the mirrory brown surfaces of polished granite headstones, with inscriptions cut in painfully white letters. The air was thick with the scent of dust and maple-leaves and packed people. Round a clergyman in canonicals were the eight veterans now left in Joralemon; men to whose scrawny faces a dignity was given by their symbolic garb. From their eyes was purged all the meanness of daily grinding. The hand of a sparse-bearded Yankee, who wore an English flag pinned beside his G. A. R. button, was resting on the shoulder of a Teutonic-faced man with the emblem of the Sigel Corps.

Round the G. A. R. were ringed the Sons of Veterans, the Hose and Truck Company, the Women's Relief Corps, and the Joralemon Band; beyond them a great press of townspeople. The road beside the cemetery was packed with cars and buggies, and the stamp of horses' feet as they restlessly swished at flies gave a rustic rhythm to the pauses in the clergyman's voice.

Here in a quiet town, unconscious of the stir of the world beyond, was renewed the passion of their faith in the Union.

Mr. Gale shoved forward into the front row. Every one glared at the pushing stranger. The voice of the gray, sunken-templed clergyman sharpened with indignation, for a second. Mr. Gale tried to look unconcerned. But he felt hot about the spine. The dust got into his throat. The people about him were elbowing and sticky. He was not happy. But he vowed, "By thunder I'll pull this off if I have to kidnap the whole crowd."

As the clergyman finished his oration, Mr. Gale pushed among the G. A. R. He began loudly, cheerfully, "Gentlemen——"

The clergyman stared down from his box rostrum. "What do you mean, interrupting this ceremony?"

The crowd was squeezing in, like a street-mob about a man found murdered. Their voices united in a swelling whisper. Their gaping mouths were ugly. Mr. Gale was rigid with the anger that wipes out all fear of a crowd, and leaves a man facing them as tho they were one contemptible opponent.

"Look here," he bawled. "I had proposed to join you in certain memorial plans. It may interest you to know that I am Colonel John Gale, and that I led the Tenth New York through most of the war!"

"Ah?" purred the clergyman, "you are Colonel—Gale, is it?"

"I am." The clergyman licked his lips. With fictitious jocularity Mr. Gale said, "I see you do not salute your superior officer. But I reckon a dominie isn't like us old soldiers. Now, boys, listen to me. There's a little woman——"

The clergyman's voice cut in on this lumbering amiability as a knife cuts butter. "My dear sir, I don't quite understand the reason for this farce. I am a 'dominie,' as you are pleased to call it, but also I am an old soldier, the present commander of this post, and it may interest you to know that I fought clear through the war, in the Tenth New York! And if my memory is still good, you were not my commanding officer for any considerable period!"

"NO!" bellowed Mr. Gale, "I wa'n't! I'm a Southerner. From Alabama. And after to-day I'm not even sure I'm reconstructed! I'm powerful glad I never was a blue-bellied Yank, when I think of that poor little woman dying of a broken heart up in Wakamin!"

With banal phrases of sentimental touches, with simple words and no further effort to be friendly, he told the story of Mrs. Captain Tiffany, tho he did not satisfy the beggar ears of the crowd with her name.

His voice was at times almost hostile. "So," he wound up, "I want you-all to come to Wakamin and decorate the graves there, too. You, my dear sir, I don't care a damaged Continental whether you ever salute me or not. If you boys do come to Wakamin, then I'll know there's still some *men*, as there were in the '60's. But if you eight or nine great big husky young Yanks are afraid of one poor old lone Johnny Reb, then by God, sir, I win another scrimmage for the Confederate States of America!"

Silence. Big and red, Mr. Gale stood among them like a sandstone boulder. His eyes were steady, and hard as his clenched fist. But his upper lip was trembling and covered with a triple row of sweat-drops.

Slowly, as in the fumbling stupor of a trance, the clergyman drew off his canonicals and handed them to a boy. He was formal and thin and rather dry of aspect in his black frock-coat. His voice was that of a tired, polite old gentleman, as he demanded of Mr. Gale, "Have you a car to take us to Wakamin."

"Room for five."

To a man beside him the clergyman said, "Will you have another car ready for us?" Abruptly his voice snapped, "Tention. Fall in. Form twos. B' th' right flank. For'ard. March!"

As he spoke he leaped down into the ranks, and the veterans tramped toward the gate of the cemetery, through the parting crowd. Their faces were blurred with weariness and dust and age, but they stared straight ahead, they marched stolidly, as tho they had been ordered to occupy a dangerous position and were too fagged to be afraid.

The two rear-line men struck up with life and drum. The fifer was a corpulent banker, but he tootled with the agility of a boy. The drummer was a wisp of humanity. Tho his clay-hued hands kept up with the capering of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again," his yellowish eyes were opening in an agonized stare, and his chin trembled.

"Halt!" the clergyman ordered. "Boys, seems to me the commander of this expedition ought to be Colonel Gale. Colonel, will you please take command of the post?"

"W—why, I wouldn't hardly call it regular."

"You old rebel, I wouldn't call any of this regular!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

"When Mr. Gale Came Down to Breakfast, He Found Her Caressing an Ancient Silken Flag"

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FACING IT

BY EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

ILLUSTRATIONS AND DECORATIONS BY J. SCOTT WILLIAMS

"In the Dugouts or the Faded Grandeurs of Château Billets He Had Seen These Long, Strong Hands at Their Natural Work"

IN THE hospital they had taken one another's mutilation lightly enough. Sophistication of discipline still invested them. Having looked at Death with cool measuring, they now looked at Life with calm indifference. Sharing cigarets, crouched over their ragging card games, they, considering themselves forever out of the great game of civilized existence, turned unanalytically to any forgetfulness.

The day Bloudon came back to the reading-room, one brother officer looking up, merely remarked, "Hello—got your mug fixed? Some phiz—Not?" Other men, purposely mispronouncing French greetings, asked him why and where he had bought his hat. Some one in a far corner howled longingly, "Any mail?" A man prone on a wheeled couch, swathed in mummy bandages, called with grave faintness, "Say, Cap, got any gum?"

If they noticed it, they certainly didn't show it; in such days it was hardly likely they noticed much. Horror?—these returned soldiers were fed up with that. There would be no more bugbears for them. Their mouths would be forever closed as to what they had seen and endured, simply because there would be no words for its presentation. Words, as most of these fighters had discovered, had been coined merely for the things humanity dared remember, the wordless things they themselves had been through were to be forgotten as soon as frayed nerves and taut brain-cells could settle back to forgetfulness.

Brent and Bloudon had never mentioned their disabilities to each other. This more from inadvertance than from purpose. Brent chose to regard his armlessness as ludicrous—he spoke of his two stumps as "the twins." "Funny, this new bandage stuff smells like home," he would remark interestedly, "that heavenly clean antiseptic smell of the American drug-store? There is no such delicious smell in all Europe!"

It was not until their faces were actually turned homeward, when as Americans they felt the salt dry on their lashes and with grim lips tasted the sea, that they tried to face things. The freedom and expanse of the hulking, slamming ocean somehow spilled the thing from the fastnesses of their locked breasts as at once it spilled the coffee out of racked cups; as they paced the clean, scrubbed decks they spoke, guardedly, of probabilities. But it seemed to Brent that they talked exactly as women talk, skirting carefully around the thing hidden in their minds, alluding to this and that abstract proposition; Kennerly's blindness and what he might do for a living, Macrasy's shell-shock, Brent's crushed shoulder that had bent his tall form double—never once did they touch on the problem of their own rehabilitation, their own relinking to that civilization that had sent them forth, and to which they now returned; strange commentaries on a fate that picks out certain men for a longer agony than death.

NOT until the last day out did they tackle their own problems. It was late afternoon, a little raw, and exactly in proportion to their other idiosyncrasies, they, the brown devils, who had braved the vilest, deepest mud and seeping trenches, who had scuttled over frozen duck-boards between the splattering shots of snipers, who had stood hazardous outpost duty through long nights of aching cold, who had slept in clothes heavy with wet, filth, and vermin, under other snorting, sneezing, muddy sleepers—just so did these heroes of every sort of bodily and mental wretchedness now cling to the softness and warmth of saloon and smoking-room. Some of the officers read, others dozed or played games—Brent, sitting by the big felt-covered table, was smoking. He had perfected a way of scratching the match held between his teeth on the toe of his boot, of licking a cigaret out of his silver case, shoving it with his tongue onto the table then mouthing it to the edge where he could light it and catch it up. The chaplain would allow no one to help him. His big British teeth gleamed as he remarked, "I don't want to *seem* to miss my hands too much, and anyway we don't work the rest of our bodies hard enough, the hands are always overworked. I'd like to have mine back, God rest their souls, to apologize to 'em for the way I made them play tennis and golf, whether they liked it or not. The funny old pals! Always on the go, typewriting and telephoning and writing and shaking the hands of *hoi polloi* and spanking my sister's kids."

Captain Bloudon was at the piano where the other officers always liked to have him. The young soldier fondled the keys in a kind of luxurious power of familiarity that was at times sensuous, like a sort of libertinism, and at other times, ascetic, brooding, like a monk counting the knots in his flagella. As the young officer bowed his masked face over the keyboard, the steamer slanted to a billow and the slap of green sea toppled past the ports. The strange calm profile of the young captain's face suddenly turning to the room, its mechanical soullessness lit by the mournful fire of the one tragic living eye. That glance now turned upon Brent, licking at his cigaret on the table. There was an instant crashing of discordant keys and the young officer with the mask burst out impatiently:

"For God's sake, Brent, stop that queer lapping. Can't you see how like a dog it looks—it's really not funny any more. Why don't you give up smoking—you can't *want* to be seen making such a rotten show of yourself!"

Brent, the older man, raised his eyebrows good-naturedly. The young fellow at the piano stammered nervously as he tried to explain— "You get me? It's all right now, damned clever and plucky, but when we get home we have to remember—" he ran a feverish pair of hands over chromatic chords, his voice, cracked and strained, like that of an old man, went high; he burst into a short hysterical laugh, twitching irritably away from the piano, muttering in the idiom of the day— "*I* should worry."

Brent, who had been groveling to get the cigaret neatly between composed lips, now turned with it triumphantly cocked in his broad mouth, and cast an observing brotherly eye upon the speaker. There was no extra color under his trench tan, his gaze was deep and steady as he mumbled, "Looks don't count any more for me, *mon vieux*—" he grinned—"all a clergyman needs is a jaw." The older man's inquiry rested on the face of his friend, a half-flesh face with its missing part restored and welded on with the uncanny cleverness that is the terrible attestation of the destructive and constructive muddle war has made of life to-day. The chaplain shifted his unlit cigaret between suddenly compressed lips, then a thought seeming to strike him, he walked over to a receiver and spat it forth. He laughed at his own squalid action with good-humored patience.

One of the officers reading nearby, looked up. "You can afford to waste 'em now. What? I've seen you when you would have sold your soul for a smoke, and you with the right to wear a straight collar that fastens in the back!"

Brent grinned down on him. "I do not forget," he remarked coolly. "When I am swept with that hunger—when the fit comes on, I shall claim the army's right to grab cigarets out of the mouths of my very best friends even at their clubs, but, for the present, I have given up smoking.' He went back to the piano, raised a putteed leg and administered a loving kick at the back of the young fellow sitting there, his face buried in his arms. Brent's voice was purposely trifling, "Hardy, my good little elephant, I promise not to smoke until I get me a pair of steel and papier-mâché arms and can do it beautifully. Come on out and deck-walk. We don't want to go home and be heroized with politician stomachs on us?" He smiled his rare challenging smile into the averted face of the boy officer, and the younger man sprang up and dove for the starboard companionway, Brent following.

"With a Burst of Swelling Passion and Devotion They Shouted Their Loyal Love and Allegiance to That Distorted Face"

AS THEY went out, a lieutenant with fever-wasted face and one leg gone turned to another young captain of artillery whose paralyzed body kept him stretched straight on a couch. "Good thing Hardy has Brent for a punching-ball. Did you hear him last night? he was *trop* 'émotionée' all right."

The other craned his neck to question curiously, "Not Hardy?"

"Yep. The Shock-willies again. I could hear him gulping; might have been a dream began it. There was a deuced queer moaning and choking, something like that woman we saw whom our cultured friend Fritzie outraged before her dying husband. Brent crawled around to his bunk and Hardy blurted out something. Honest, I thought the young beggar was croaking. They were still talking when I dropped off to sleep again."

Another man, overhearing, gave a long whistle. "Hardy Bloudon, the particular steel-skinned and copper-gutted Hellboy of Hill Z. Say, what do you know about that? Some shell-shock when Hardy 'agitée!'"

They shook their heads gloomily. Men that knew Bloudon called up the proper look of astonishment. Then these devotees of the smoking-room said no more, until an ungroomed young person with a curious manner of flabby importance looked up drawling. "The cha—ap seems to have quite a feeling for his sliced face."

There was a moment's glassy silence: the soldiers, flung about in chairs and on couches, seemed to scorn answering. No one spoke until a senior officer, who had been poring over an illustrated copy of Beau Brummel, brought down the closed book with a bang.

"It was Lieutenant Parcy that just spoke, wasn't it?" This elder man with maddening air of reflective deliberation repeated—"Lieutenant Parcy, who is going home without a wound because of some exceedingly impotent registry of what I now fear is an undersized heart. Ah, yes, I could not have been mistaken,

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"She Went White, Staring, and Then an Expression Came into Her Face of Utter Love and Longing"

Parcy." The officer fastened a pair of meditative eyes, eyes that seemed to have stared into incredible abysses of human weakness and terror, on the indolent youth before he remarked quietly, "I want to mention to this man Parcy that Captain Bloudon's face was a decent, clean gentleman's face, and that it *was beautiful*—and now that he looks like a squashed tomato and knows it, he has given up the woman who loved it and him." The officer looked at another man smoking near by, explaining in an undertone, "The poor devil has broken his engagement."

But something perverse in the young officer's triviality kept him obstinately unsympathetic, "Oh, La, La!" he ejaculated. The underbred American's assumed British accent sat insolently upon his unpleasantly full lips. "Oh, La, La! What emotional swank! For what reason shall he give the lady up?"

"No reason, perhaps," the other's voice was coldly reflective and his somber eyes narrowed with disgust— "No reason at all, my dear boy, except that there are a good many people left in the world who have in their actinic beings strong streaks of a saffron cynicism card-cadged under the name of 'Parcy.' It is conceivable that a gentleman like Hardy Bloudon would not care to have his wife suffer from these and their asinine comments."

The young officer did not rise to this; his plump hands played with a monogrammed gold cigar-cutter, his small, sensuous mouth drawling, "The kiss-the-cross sort of thing for them!"

AT THE accumulated insolence the other men looked helplessly bored, but red fire sprang into the authoritative eye of the man who had undertaken to correct Parcy.

"Well, it was his face he gave to his country," he remarked dryly, "you've jolly well kept yours." After a few moments' significant silence, this man rose and strode with the lean of the ship toward Parcy, who, lolling upon his cushioned seat, whistled provocative airs. The Colonel's voice rasped through his mustache, but he spoke calmly. "You're a little young for this mess; we don't quite follow you. You'd like to change, I think—rough-house with the kids and—er—all that. You can get out; now!"

The sun set, night gathered, and still Brent and Bloudon walked the decks, talking very good talk, still skirting around the one topic that lay heavily on their souls. It was not until they paused on the hurricane deck to watch the slow stars appear that they tried clumsily to focus their doubt and misgiving so that they might face it. Tendrils of constellations budded in the skies. They noted the difference in the time of rising of their old friends, Orion and the Bull. The Pleiades, like sweet little sisters, reminded them of incredibly lonely nights on far-off outpost duty, when these tiny star maidens had halted in a gauzy dance over fouled trenches, and they, looking up with sleep-sodden eyes, had all but kissed and clasped those fair, friendly little figures of home.

The two were still laughing over the game of Sky Chess they had once played in whispers, lying on their backs in a dugout staring out at a patch of night, where the big stars were kings and castles and knights and the little twinklers were multitudinous pawns; they chuckled indulgently over their quarreling efforts to remember which star had been jumped and which not and the difficulty of effectually removing captured pieces from that sky-chessboard. At last they went back to the almost hypothetical subject of Bloudon's future. Brent who had thought the thing out from almost every point of view, knew that there were things a true friend might say; he tried his dogged best to say them.

"Why not face it right now, Bunky," he pleaded. They stood, backs to a lifeboat, looking out over the starlight fields of ocean. "Face it, that you're damaged but not done for. Don't let yourself do the morbid moving-picture kind of thinking. You're a little shop-worn, we have to admit, but not spoiled! Yes, it's true that until people drop their silly nonsense about looks, that children will run from you, and others stop and stare. Human nature is invariably cheap and feeble along these lines.

"And"—Brent hated himself for saying this, for he knew the train of thought in his friend's mind and it's the women that will hurt most, they are the wobbliest about these things. I suppose it's their tenderness, but I rather resent their postulate that they are too dainty to endure anything malformed—or ugly—they are, under other cloaks of orthodoxy, such rotten Pagans, sure that their rightful mates should be Adonises."

"And right they are," came suddenly from the listless figure slung along the davits. Brent was instantly aware that the younger man resented this criticism of the sex. Young Bloudon rallied to the defense.

"They—they hold the tradition for selection, for race perfection—beauty, health, strength," the mutilated youth declared shortly.

THE older man looked questioningly at the moveless, glassy eye set in the masked part of his friend's face, then caught the somber softness of that dark eye that, try as it would, never succeeded in looking other than hauntedly and sensitively out upon the changed expressions of the faces it must meet. To see horror and aversion on every face who had once met only looks of love and admiration! The older man thought of the woman who must have gloried in the mere beauty of this head and face that now even the dark night and the grave sea could not touch into complete humanness.

"Yes, it may be all right," Brent agreed slowly. "Nature puts her treasure in beautiful caskets—sometimes, however, she spends too much time on the caskets and they are apt to be empty within." The thing was said lightly, with the quaint and patient flippancy of the professional man who has learned to distrust exteriors.

As they talked, staring up at that night sky-arbor pendant with clusters of star-fruit, Brent found himself wishing that they two might exchange disabilities, he wear Bloudon's wrecked face and Bloudon swing his own problem of life without arms. For the chaplain knew that his own path lay comparatively easy. He would go straight into rehabilitation work. With humorous eyes he saw himself taking off newly installed artificial arms to show his classes how clever he had been without any arms. Oh, Brent could do for *them*, the other maimed fellows, that rather perky trick of licking up the cigaret—not sanitary, perhaps, but apt; this man, now so much more soldier than priest, felt already a certain warmth over his own ability to maintain in down-and-out men the pride of fight. For it was going to be a bitter fight for them all; scrambling along through life like stepped-on spiders, braving indifference and clumsy tolerance, perhaps the disgust of the very people whom they had gone forth to protect and justify.

SOMETHING that Bloudon was saying cut into this reverie. "You see, your're different," the nerve-rasped voice came quickly, "it's not likely you could understand. Please don't think me a cad, I've got to get the thing analyzed somehow— Your case is different. You've had the woman you loved—you've known life, that basic experience, the great tidal thing that floats us out beyond this dirty little world of compromises. That experience has been yours—the only thing that besides Death is real—not faked up—and—and right. Which, if we can only experience it rightly, makes us feel like kings and prophets."

"You mean human passion," returned Brent very quietly.

The other winced irritably away, querulously complaining: "Ah, you get it down into those two cold words, you—you monk! You're done with it all; you've realized yourself—a—a man!" Something miserable crept into the young captain's voice. "Gad, what a skunk I'm getting to be."

But Brent took the thing without self-consciousness—yes, he had been yoked in the unconstitutional fellowship of marriage with a woman who, if indeed she ever had truly cared, had certainly ceased to care. Their one child, a boy of hardly a year, had died—the older man tore himself away from the consideration of these things buried deep in his own life history to witness with pained eyes the agony of the superb frame stretched in listless abandon on the lifeboat, the doctored face turned like Punchinello to the implacable sky.

Brent, with a half groan, returned obstinately to their argument. "Spirit's the thing that in your case has got to count for more, that's all," he retorted sharply. "There are lots of men, French, English, Canadian, all other nationalities, in just your fix, veritably a noble army of martyrs! Oh! Hardy Bloudon, just put that in your pipe and smoke it and it'll help more than anything else. You're not alone, and you must in some way start straight out *because* of your own particular hell and pull them out of their hells. In other words, you're not the only tragic hero," the older man teased. Then, as the other flinched like flesh under the whip, he went on with less harshness— "Steady, Buddy, just let me get this out, will you, and then you can knife me if you want."

Brent dug the toe of his army boot into the meshes of the wire-cabled railing as he said slowly, "Spirit is the great new force that the world has in its throes set free. And spirit isn't a pale sort of mushroom that the New Thoughtists have dug up either, it is the untried quality of us—within us and about us. Christ, that scholar and gentleman, who, it is quite likely, could not get elected to any New York club if he were to appear to-day, understood spirit; he kept out of politics and had convictions. He was the kind of man people liked to have come to their houses. I believe he had humor and he certainly understood prompt action. This man simply eliminated the outer web of a man's or woman's personality, he looked at everybody, hump-backs, palsied, epileptics, the blind and afflicted, and spoke to that one thing he recognized, which was Spirit!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 35

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Containers Ready for Automobile Delivery from the Kitchen of New York's Largest Cooked Food Service

TAKING THE WORK OUT OF HOUSEWORK

Let's Tackle the World-Old Problem With New-World Methods

By KATHERINE GLOVER

EDITORIAL NOTE: Eighteen million women in America devote themselves exclusively to the business of housekeeping, yet this largest and most important of human industries is operated with no standardized methods, with workers for the most part untrained, under conditions unsanitary, with tools inadequate and antiquated, and without the incentive of competition or comparison of methods.

Largely as a result of bad housekeeping, our domestic closet reveals these social skeletons:

A cemetery of 300,000 babies under five years every year; more than one dying out of every five babies born.

A constant sick-list of three million persons.

An annual bill for sickness and death of three billion dollars. Seventy-five per cent. of all workers physically under par.

An increasing divorce roster—one in every nine marriages ends in divorce, according to recent statistics, the divorce rate having more than doubled in twenty-five years.

Delayed marriages, decreased child-bearing among the native American women, waste of money, waste of food, waste of human energy.

To what extent must the housewife bear the responsibility for these ills and what is to be the remedy she demands?

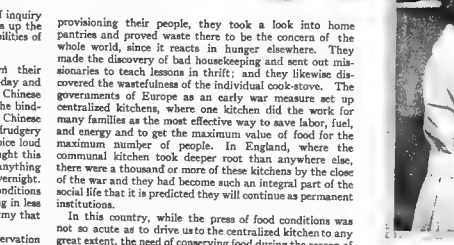
Will it be centralization of the work of the home, with a few skilled workers to replace the many untrained volunteers?

Will it be revolutionized home-building and revolutionized domestic tools?

Let us have more light on the subject—a blaze of inquiry and inventiveness. The writer in this article holds up the mirror to reflect present happenings and the possibilities of the future.

Putting Up a Dinner to Send Out from the Co-operative Kitchen in Montclair, New Jersey (at the Left)

The Neighborhood Kitchen in St. Louis, Missouri, Is Doing a Fine Piece of Community Work and Solving Many Problems for the Numerous Families who Patronize It (at the Left)



In Five Months the St. Louis Kitchen Served Twenty-one Thousand Cooked Meals

THE women of America have outgrown their woman's job of housekeeping as it is to-day and the drudgery of it binds them like a Chinese woman's shoe. They are conscious of the binding, but they do not yet see that, like the Chinese woman, the binding need not be. To be rid of the drudgery of housework, they have only to demand it in a voice loud enough to catch the ear of science, for war has taught this one thing, that if a sufficient number of people want anything badly enough, they can have it, and that almost overnight. Eighteen million housewives on strike against the conditions of their job would mean revolutionized housekeeping in less time than it took for this country to turn out an army that amazed the world.

The first gun that was sounded in the food conservation campaign two years ago was the statement fired straight into the ranks of the American housewives that twenty per cent. of all food used in American homes is wasted. That statement angered the women of the country, but it galvanized them into immediate action. (The figures might have been more accurate if they had said from five to twenty per cent., but they served the aims of the moment.)

The result was that women, once having sputtered their anger, took a look into their individual garbage-pails, analyzed the waste registered there in the light of world needs, and settled down to the national job of saving food. And no one can deny that the American housewife did her job well, as long as the emergency lasted, or at least as long as it was effectively enough dramatized to catch her sympathies. In many places, dealers who had hitherto made large profits from the wastefulness of home kitchens canceled contracts and went out of business.

That look into the garbage-pail was a beginning. Now that the acute food emergency is passed, one wonders whether the American housewife will divert her new-found energies and awakened consciousness to the larger business of completely reorganizing the domestic machinery, seeing in the job an undertaking of as great national importance as the winning of the war.

Governments have led the way for her. When, like provident housewives, they went into the business of provisioning their people, they took a look into home pantries and proved waste there to be the concern of the whole world, since it reacts in hunger elsewhere. They made the discovery of bad housekeeping and sent out missionaries to teach lessons in thrift; and they likewise discovered the wastefulness of the individual cook-stove. The governments of Europe as an early war measure set up centralized kitchens, where one kitchen did the work for many families as the most effective way to save labor, fuel, and energy and to get the maximum value of food for the maximum number of people. In England, where the communal kitchen took deeper root than anywhere else, there were a thousand or more of these kitchens by the close of the war and they had become such an integral part of the social life that it is predicted they will continue as permanent institutions.

In this country, while the press of food conditions was not so acute as to drive us to the centralized kitchen to any great extent, the need of conserving food during the season of surplus, in order to share with others, called into existence all over the country hundreds of community canning centers. Women centralized their efforts and did their large scale canning with modern labor-saving machinery purchased with co-operative funds.

IN THOSE community canning centers which sprang up so spontaneously in your town and mine, East, West, North, and South, more happened than the turning of green beans into glass jars. The average, home-keeping housewife came out of her individual kitchen for the first time. She learned something of standardized methods. She learned to work in groups. She found a new valuation for the contents of her pantry-shelf and of her own labor which enters into their manufacture. These things, and many others she learned, which are among the unrecorded victories of war.

The war did not, as a matter of fact, bring anything new into the world, it merely focused and threw into telescopic relief conditions that already existed. And one of the things it threw its revealing searchlight on was the waste of the food and of human energy in the average home. It proved the relation of that waste to world affairs and that it is a sin which must be paid for with a great price whether or not those who waste themselves and their substance follow through the causes they generate to the deadly effects which result.

Five Minutes from Kitchen to Customer Is this New York Woman's Delivery Schedule

The human energy of women in their homes has been a cheap and unestimated commodity since the day when it ceased to be an actual productive factor. Women have gone on in homes very much the same as those of their grandmothers, doing tasks which should have been outgrown with the days of candle-making and home-weaving. A few years ago some one thought to put a pedometer on a farmwife to find out how many steps she took in her day's work, and it was found that traveling from stove to wood-yard and kitchen sink, out to the well and the chicken-yard, the pedometer registered twelve miles during the course of the day's work.

The intelligent wife of a university professor who had reduced her work to a minimum, recently kept a daily chart of the time devoted to the care of her household of five members. She found that housework took three hours and forty-five minutes, cooking two hours, and care of the children five hours, so that her day's work summed up to ten hours and forty-five minutes. And to her own work was added thirty-five hours of work weekly by outside help, or an average of five hours daily—nearly sixteen hours a day of labor to manage a simple home for five people.

Between the wife of the university professor and the woman on the farm lies the woman industrial worker who

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must put in an eight, nine, or ten-hour day in the office or factory and keep house and manage a family in the fatigued scraps of time before and after factory hours. What of the home-keeping of these women under present conditions? They do not live unto themselves alone. If their children have tuberculosis from under-nourishment they take it to the same school which the child of the university professor's wife attends.

The exhaustion of the farmwife who travels like a treadmill within her small radius doing the same thing over and over; the wearing down of the energies of the university professor's wife with work for which she is perhaps unfitted; the draining of the strength of the industrial worker, all these things lay the foundation of social ills. And to these women must be added the growing number of those who are helping to carry on the affairs of business and the arts and who also are home-makers.

Homes and housekeeping must be adapted to the women and the demands of a newer day, instead of women being cramped into outgrown conditions. The energies of the eighteen million women who devote themselves exclusively to housekeeping have an economic valuation of fifty-four billion dollars, since each citizen of the United States represented a value of $2,900 according to a conservative pre-war estimate and that may surely be said to have increased to $3,000 since then. If that fifty-four billion dollars of human energy translated itself into the happiness and well-being of the families in eighteen million homes, it could not be called an economic crime and there would be no argument for change. But one can hardly claim that, in the face of our present toll of preventable infant mortality and sickness, divorces, and general unrest resulting largely from wasted energies and inefficient homes.

The relation of the social skeletons in our domestic closet to bad housekeeping is not hard to trace. Infant mortality is highest where homes are worst. Divorces are rarely nurtured in homes where the wheels run smoothly and there is a working partnership between the man and wife. The youth's postponement of marriage is due largely to the inordinate demands of home-making in these days when the wife no longer contributes commodities to the home but is merely an untrained executive manager who sometimes does the work. Sickness, epidemic, it is estimated, could be reduced at least a third if homes were well built and sanitarily kept and food wisely chosen and prepared.

With the wealth of the world depleted by war, it is time to realize the vast resources that lie in the better ordering of the homes of America, through the conservation of energies, health, and the diverting of enormous sums of money from wasteful spending to productive channels.

CHANGES are already beginning to take shape. Here and there one sees light on the horizon. Turn for a moment to St. Louis and see what is happening to Mrs. Schmaltz, who lives in the foreign quarter near the river front and works in the chemical factory around the corner. The light of publicity has never fallen upon Mrs. Schmaltz. She is not a feminist, she has no theories about the independence of women nor would she have much use for it, were it explained to her. And yet in her humble life, Mrs. Schmaltz expresses concretely many of the theories for which others have stood upon platforms and megaphoned the world. She has even gone them one better by adding to economic independence, co-operative home-making. Progress, either through accident or intention, has caught Mrs. Schmaltz in its current.

It was after the second baby came that she went to work in the factory, or went back to it rather, for she had worked in the same factory before she was married. She went back, because the price of groceries at the corner store and of shoe-leather and cotton cloth soared beyond the stretching power of her man's pay-envelop, even tho its contents were supplemented by fourteen hours a day of her own work in the home.

When the babies came, three more after the second—the next to the last born dead—Mrs. Schmaltz had three weeks, sometimes a month off from the factory, without pay. She managed to get along somehow. The children under school age were left each morning at the day nursery, where they were cared for for a small sum. But cooking was the rub. It had to be done by short-cut methods and supplemented by ready-made, delicatessen dishes. The costliness of this kind of living did not come home to Mrs. Schmaltz until Rosika and Sonia, the two little girls, began to droop so visibly that the doctor at the dispensary packed them off to the hospital. When they came home it was with a warning that they must have good care and carefully prepared food that would bring back strength: cereals cooked a long time, milk soups, and custards.

The thin faces of the two little ones often got between Mrs. Schmaltz and the powders she sifted endlessly, so that the foreman began to fume over her lack of speed and efficiency.

It was just at this time that the current of progress swept into the crowded river front neighborhood. Mrs. Schmaltz heard the workers in the factory talking about a place called a Neighborhood Kitchen just opened on South Street. One evening she walked a few blocks out of her way coming home from the factory to have a look at it. Over the door was a sign "This is your kitchen. We do Your Cooking for You."

She paused, held by the timidity of the new and the untried. It had been a hard day at the factory and that sign sank into her tired soul. Was it possible they made here all the things the doctor said Rosika and Sonia must have?

SHE watched the stream of people trickle out of the door carrying pails and covered dishes. There were many children in the crowd. Then a neighbor came and she stopped a minute to chat.

"It's the grand food you get, Mrs. Schmaltz," said the neighbor. "Just like having my own cook. No more work or trouble, and cheaper meals than I could fix myself."

Mrs. Schmaltz's hesitancy vanished. She went home for a pail and came back.

Since that day, life in the Schmaltz home has been different. And Mrs. Schmaltz, through her patronage, has put to the test and proved that new venture on the social horizon, the communal kitchen.

In the morning the oldest Schmaltz boy runs down to the Neighborhood Kitchen and brings back a big dish of cereal. With bread, coffee, and milk, that is the morning breakfast. At night the one substantial dish for supper, and a dessert when there is one, comes from the Kitchen. At noon the three older children, instead of coming home for cold scraps, go to the cafeteria of the Neighborhood Kitchen and, for ten cents each, have a full, hot meal. As to Mrs. Schmaltz and Mr. Schmaltz, at noon the community kitchen comes to them. The canteen service of the Kitchen provides a hot lunch in the factory, replacing the cold lunch of delicatessen sandwiches or the saloon "free lunch" which used to tide over the midday hunger.

Rosika and Sonia have graduated from the doctor's care, their cheeks are beginning to show pink. And what the Schmaltzes pay out is actually less than they used to pay to the delicatessen store and the grocer. In returns of strength, health, and comfort, the difference between the old way and the new is scarcely to be calculated. No more hasty, ill-prepared meals at the end of the day. The stove in the flat is used only for the morning coffee, to re-heat the dishes from the Kitchen which may be a little cold, and to cook the Sunday dinner or an occasional emergency dish.

Mrs. Schmaltz's neighbor was right. She has her own cook, only not a private cook, but a co-operative cook, for the Schmaltzes and several hundred of their neighbors; a cook who is under the direction of some one who knows what Rosika and Sonia need to make them strong and who, in her large, central kitchen, can cook for them for less money and with infinitely less energy and effort than if Mrs. Schmaltz and each of her neighbors did their own cooking in their own kitchens, lighting several hundred stoves for hastily prepared, unsatisfactory meals at the end of the day in the factory.

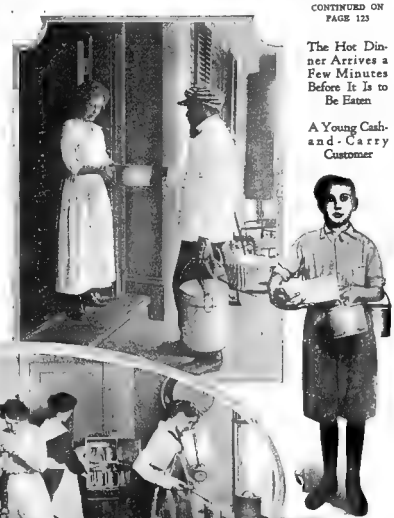
But it is not here that the communal center ends its contact with the family life of the Schmaltzes. Next to the problem of food comes the problem of clothing. Youngsters have a way of popping out of elbows and spurting beyond hems and sleeve-lengths. And sewing and "doing over" is beyond the strength of the mother who spends a nine-hour day in the factory.

So the Neighborhood Kitchen has an "old clothes clinic," where Mrs. Schmaltz can take her basket of sick and worn-out clothes, have them diagnosed, and either leave them to be remedied, or under the guidance of a teacher from the extension service of a university, can get help in making them over herself. And made-over garments for the children or for Mr. Schmaltz and herself, cleaned and in perfect order, can be bought at a low price from the community storeroom in the attic.

Likewise, there is a visiting housekeeper who can be called to the Schmaltz home to help direct the house-cleaning and show the easiest methods. And if Mrs. Schmaltz wishes to keep a quart of milk iced for the baby, having no refrigerator of her own, there is a big ice-box at the Community Kitchen where she can keep it all dry. Therein is the beginning of a community storage plant. If one member of the family is sick, and the doctor or the district nurse orders special broths, the Community Kitchen takes the order and the food is ready on twenty-four hours' notice—the beginning of a community diet kitchen. In the afternoon the Schmaltz children can supplement their midday meal with a five-cent after-school lunch of milk or cocoa and cookies and bread—an enlargement of the school lunch plan.

It did not take the war to discover the discrepancy between

CONTINUED ON PAGE 123



The Hot Dinner Arrives a Few Minutes Before It Is to Be Eaten

A Young Cash-and-Carry Customer

The Community Canning Center (in oval above) at Fayetteville, New York, Has Taken the Heat and Clutter Out of Many a Home Kitchen

The Hot Lunch for These Kindergarten Children in Worcester, Massachusetts, Is Sent from a Nearby Settlement House in Large Containers

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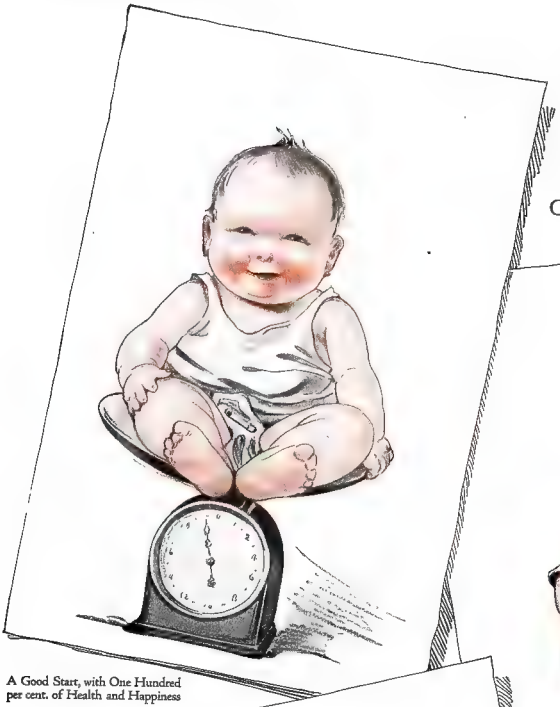
"SOME" BABIES

DRAWINGS BY
C. H. TWELVETREES



A Good Start, with One Hundred per cent. of Health and Happiness

Born with an Insatiable Appetite and Good Digestion

A Beach Romeo—Fatty Arbuckle When He Was a Little Boy—Maybe

"Good Disposition"—Nonsense! He Means "Good Eats"

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Some Are Born Fat;
Some Achieve Fatness;
And Some Have Fatness
Thrust upon Them!

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THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY
NEW YORK

Life Is One Sweet Song
to This Little (?) Miss

A Handy "Feller" to
Have Around the House

Oh, Well!
Another
Long, Hard
Day Ahead

Why Don't You Cultivate
a Good Disposition—and
Get Fat Like Me

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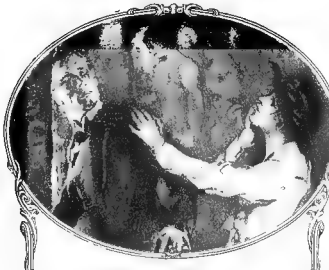

The Story of the Story

ANNA KLEIN is the smallest pawn in the great game that Life is playing with the characters in "Dangerous Days." And yet without her the game could never be finished. She holds the fate of young Graham Spencer in her own small hands, and outside of the instigators themselves, she is the one person who knows and can tell of the plot against Clayton Spencer's mills. Born of foreign parentage and in a poor environment, what can be expected of Anna Klein? Why should she unselfishly give up the man she loves, any more than she should betray her own father to save Clayton Spencer? And yet she does both. Sometimes it takes the smallest pawn to win the biggest game and this is what Anna Klein does for "Dangerous Days." Read this last instalment of Mrs. Rinehart's great novel and then turn to "The Oriole," by Booth Tarkington, which begins on page 5 of this number, and ends in August. Complete in three issues.

It is the best story he has ever written.

DANGEROUS DAYS

BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

CONCLUDING INSTALMENT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

IT WAS not until dawn that the full extent of the disaster was revealed. All night, by the flames from the sheds in the yard, which were of wood and still burning, rescue parties had worked frantically. Two of the long buildings, nearest to the fuse department, had collapsed entirely. Above the piles of fallen masonry might be seen, here and there, the black mass of some machine or lathe, and it was there the search parties were laboring. Luckily the fuse department had not gone double turn, and the night shift in the machine-shop was not a full one.

The fuse department was a roaring furnace, and repeated calls had brought in most of the fire companies of the city. Running back and forth in the light of the flames were the firemen and such volunteer rescuers as had been allowed through the police cordon. Outside that line of ropes and men were gathered a tragic crowd, begging, imploring to be allowed through to search for some beloved body. Now and then a fresh explosion made the mob recoil, only to press close again, importuning, tragic, hopeless.

The casualty list ran high. All night long ambulances stood in a row along the street, backed up to the curb and waiting, and ever so often a silent group, in broken step, carried out some quiet covered thing that would never move again.

With the dawn Graham found his father. He had thrown off his coat and in his shirt-sleeves was, with other rescuers, digging in the ruins. Graham himself had been working. He was nauseated, weary, and unutterably wretched, for he had seen the night superintendent and had heard of his father's message.

"Klein!" he said. "You don't mean Herman Klein?"

"That was what he said. I was to find him and hold him until he got here. But I couldn't find him. He may have got out. There's no way of telling now."

Waves of fresh nausea swept over Graham. He sat down on a pile of bricks and wiped his forehead, clammy with sweat.

"I hope he was burned alive," muttered the other man, surveying the scene. His eyes were reddened with smoke from the fire, his clothing torn.

"I was knocked down myself," he said. "I was out in the yard looking for Klein, and I guess I lay there quite a while. If I hadn't gone out——" He shrugged his shoulders.

"How many women were on the night shift?"

"Not a lot. Twenty, perhaps. If I had my way I'd take every German in the country and boil 'em in oil. I didn't want Klein back, but he was a good workman. Well, he's done a good job now."

It was after that that Graham saw his father, a strange, wild-eyed Clayton who drove his pick with a sort of mad strength and at the same time gave orders in an unfamiliar voice. Graham, himself a disordered figure, watched him for a moment. He was divided between fear and resolution. Some place in that debacle there lay his own responsibility. He was still bewildered, but the fact that Anna's father had done the thing was ominous.

The urge to confession was stronger than his fears. Somehow during the night, he had become a man. But now he only felt that somehow, during the night, he had become a murderer.

Clayton looked up, and Graham moved toward him.

"Father."

"Yes?"

"I've had some coffee made at a house down the street. Won't you come and have it?"

Clayton straightened. He was very tired, and the yard was full of volunteers now, each provided at the gate with a pick or shovel. A look at the boy's face decided him

"I'll come," he said, and turned his pick over to a man beside him. He joined Graham, and for a moment he looked into the boy's eyes. Then he put a hand on his shoulder, and together they walked out, past the line of ambulances, into a street where the scattered houses showed not a single unshattered window, and the pavements were littered with glass.

His father's touch comforted the boy, but it made even harder the thing he had to do. For he could not go through life with this thing on his soul. There had been a moment, after he learned of Herman's implication, when he felt the best thing would be to kill himself, but he had put that aside. It was too easy. If Herman Klein had done this thing because of Anna and himself, then he was a murderer. If he had done it because he was a German, then he—Graham—had no right to die. He would live to make as many Germans as possible pay for this night's work.

"I've got something to tell you, Father," he said, as they paused before the house where the coffee was ready.

Clayton nodded, and together they went inside. Even this house was partially destroyed. A piece of masonry had gone through the kitchen, and standing on fallen bricks and plaster, a cheerful old woman was cooking over a stove which had somehow escaped destruction.

"It's bad," she said to Graham, as she poured the coffee into cups, "but it might have been worse, Mr. Spencer. We're all alive. And I guess I'll understand what my boy's writing home about now. They've sure brought the war here this night."

Graham carried the coffee into the little parlor, where Clayton sat dropped on a low chair, his hands between his knees. He was a strange, disheveled figure, gray of face and weary, and the hand he held out for the cup was blistered and blackened. Graham did not touch his coffee. He put it on the mantel, and stood waiting while Clayton finished his.

"Shall I tell you now, sir?"

Clayton drew a long breath.

"Yes."

"It was Herman Klein who did it?"

"Probably. I had a warning last night, but it was too late. I should have known, of course, but somehow I didn't. He'd been with us a long time. I'd have sworn he was loyal."

FOR the first time in his life Graham saw his father weaken, the pitiful, ashamed weakness of a strong man. His voice broke, his face twitched. The boy drew himself up; they couldn't both go to pieces. He could not know that Clayton had worked all that night in that hell with the conviction that in some way his own son was responsible; that he knew already what Graham was about to tell him.

"If Herman Klein did it, Father, it was because he was the tool of a gang. And the reason he was a tool was because he thought I was—living with Anna. I wasn't. I don't know why I wasn't. There was every chance. I suppose I meant to some time. Anyhow, he thought I was."

If he had expected any outbreak from Clayton, he met none. Clayton sat looking ahead, and listening. Inside of the broken windows the curtains were stirring in the fresh breeze of early morning, and in the kitchen the old woman was piling the fallen bricks noisily.

"I had been flirting with her a little—it wasn't much more than that, and I gave her a watch at Christmas. He found it out, and he beat her. Awfully. She ran away and sent for me, and I met her. She had to hide for days. Her face was all bruised. Then she got sick from it. She was sick for weeks."

"Did he know where she was?"

"I think not, or he'd have gone to get her. But Rudolph Klein knew something. I took her out to dinner, to a roadhouse, a few days ago, and she said she saw him there. I didn't. All that time, weeks, I'd never—I'd never gone to her room. That night I did. I don't know why. ——"

"Go on."

"Well, I went, but I didn't stay. I couldn't. I guess she thought I was crazy. I went away, that's all. And the next day I felt that she might be feeling as she I'd turned her down or something. And I felt responsible. Maybe you won't understand. I don't quite myself. Anyhow, I went back, to let her know I wasn't quite a brute, even if— But she was gone. I'm not trying to excuse myself. It's a rotten story, for I was engaged to Marion then."

Suddenly he sat down beside Clayton and buried his face in his hands. For some reason or other Clayton found himself back in the hospital, that night when Joey lay still and quiet, and Graham was sobbing like a child, prostrate on the white covering of the bed. With the incredible rapidity of thought in a mental crisis, he saw the last months, the boy's desire to go to France thwarted, his attempt to interest himself in the business, the tool Marion Hayden had made of him, Anna's doglike devotion, all leading inevitably to catastrophe. And through it all he saw Natalie, holding Graham back from war, providing him with extra money, excusing him, using his confidences for her own ends, insidiously sapping the boy's confidence in his father and himself.

"We'll have to stand up to this together, Graham."

The boy looked up.

"Then—you're not going to throw me over altogether?"

"No."

"But—all this——"

"If Herman Klein had not done it, there were others who would, probably. It looks as tho you had provided them with a tool, but I suppose we were vulnerable in a dozen ways."

HE ROSE, and they stood, eyes level, father and son, in the early morning sunlight. And suddenly Graham's arms were around his shoulders, and something tight around Clayton's heart relaxed. Once again, and now for good, he had found his boy, the little boy who had not so long ago stood on a chair for this very embrace. Only now the boy was a man.

"I'm going to France, Father," he said. "I'm going to pay them back for this. And out of every two shots I fire one will be for you."

Perhaps he had found his boy only to lose him, but that would have to be as God willed.

At ten o'clock he went up to the house, to change his wet and draggled clothing. The ruins were being guarded by soldiers, and the work of rescue was still going on, more slowly now, since there was little or no hope of finding any still living thing in that flame-swept wreckage. He found Natalie in bed, with Madeleine in attendance, and he learned that her physician had just gone.

He felt that he could not talk to her just then. She had a morbid interest in horrors, and with the sights of that night fresh in his mind he could not discuss them. He stopped, however, in her doorway.

"I'm glad you are resting," he said. "Better stay in bed to-day. It's been a shock."

"Resting! I've been frightfully ill."

"I'm sorry, my dear. I'll come in again on my way out."

"Clay!"

He turned in the doorway.

"Is it all gone? Everything?"

"Practically. Yes."

"But you were insured?"

"I'll tell you about that later. I haven't given it much thought yet. I don't know just how we stand."

"I shall never let Graham go back to it again. I warn you. I've been lying here for hours, thinking that it might have happened as easily as not while he was there."

He hardly listened. He had just remembered Anna.

"I left a girl here last night, Natalie," he said. "Do you happen to know what became of her?"

Natalie stirred on her pillows.

"I should think I do. She fainted, or pretended to faint. The servants looked after her."

"Has she gone?"

"I hope so. It is almost noon. Oh, by the way," she called, as he moved off, "there is a message for you. A woman named Gould, from the Central Hospital. She wants to see you at once. They have kept the telephone ringing all the morning."

CLARE GOULD! That was odd. He had seen her taken out, a bruised and moaning creature, her masses of fair hair over her shoulders, her eyes shut. The surgeons had said she was not badly hurt. She might be worse than they thought. The mention of her name brought Audrey before him. He hoped, wherever she was, she would know that he was all right.

As soon as he had changed he called the hospital. The message came back promptly and clearly.

"We have a woman named Gould here. She is not badly hurt, but she is hysterical. She wants to see you, but if you can't come at once I am to give you a message. Wait a moment She has written it, but it's hardly legible."

Clayton waited.

"It's about somebody you know, who had gone on night turn recently at your plant. I can't read the name. It looks like Ballantine."

"It isn't Valentine, is it?"

"Perhaps it is. It's just a scrawl. But the first name is clear enough—Audrey."

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"With the Dawn Graham Found His Father. He Had Thrown off His Coat and Was, with Other Rescuers, Digging in the Ruins"

Afterward he did not remember hanging up the receiver, or getting out of the house. He seemed to come to himself somewhat at the hospital, and at the door to Clare's ward his brain suddenly cleared. He did not need Clare's story. It seemed that he knew it all, had known it long ages before. Her very words sounded like infinite repetitions of something he had heard, over and over.

"She was right beside me, and I was showing her about the lathe. They'd told her I could teach her. She was picking it up fast, too. And she liked it. She liked it——"

THE fact that Audrey had liked it broke down his scanty reserve of restraint. Clayton found himself looking down at her a great distance. She was very remote. Clare pulled herself together.

"When the first explosion came it didn't touch us. But I guess she knew it meant more. She said something about the telephone and getting help and there'd be more, and she started to run. I just stood there, watching her run, and waiting. And then the second one came, and——"

Suddenly Clare seemed to disappear altogether. He felt something catch his arm, and the nurse's voice, very calm and quiet:

"Sit down. I'll get you something."

Then he was swallowing a fluid that burned his throat, and Clare was crying with the sheet drawn to her mouth, and somewhere Audrey——

He got up, and the nurse followed him out.

"You might look for the person here," she suggested. "We have had several brought in."

He was still dazed, but he followed her docilely. Audrey was not there. He seemed to have known that, too. That there would be a long search, and hours of agony, and at the end—the one thing he did not know was what was to be at the end.

All that afternoon he searched, going from hospital to hospital. And at each one, as he stopped, that curious feeling of inner knowledge told him she was not there. But the same instinct told him she was not dead. He would have known it if she was dead. There was no reasoning in it. He could not reason. But he knew, somehow.

Then, late in the afternoon, he found her. He knew that he had found her. It was as tho, at the entrance of the hospital, some sixth sense had told him this was right at last. He was quite steady, all at once. She was here, waiting for him to come. And now he had come, and it would be all right.

Yet, for a time, it seemed all wrong. She was not conscious, had not roused since she was brought in. There were white screens around her bed, and behind them she lay alone. They had braided her hair in two long dark braids, and there was a bandage on one of her arms. She looked very young and very tired, but quite peaceful.

His arrival had caused a small stir of excitement, his own prominence, the disaster with which the country was ringing. But for a few minutes, before the doctors arrived, he was alone with her behind the screen. It was like being alone with his dead. Bent over her, his face pressed to one of her quiet hands, he whispered to her all the little tendernesses, the aching want of her, that so long he had buried in his heart. Things he could not have told her, waking, he told her then. It seemed, too, that she must rouse to them, that she must feel him there beside her, calling her back. But she did not move.

It was then, for the first time, that he wondered what he would do if she should die.

The doctors, coming behind the screen, found him sitting erect and still, staring ahead of him, with a strange expression on his face. He had just decided that he could not, under any circumstances, live if she died.

It was rather a good thing for Clayton's sanity that they gave him hope. He was completely unnerved, tired and desperate. Indeed, when they came in he had been picturing Audrey and himself, wandering hand in hand, very quietly and contentedly, in some strange world which was his rather hazy idea of the Beyond. It seemed to him quite sane and extraordinarily happy.

The effort of meeting the staff roused him, and with hope came a return to normality. There was much to be done, special nurses, a private room, and rather reluctantly—friends and relatives to be notified. Only for a few minutes, out of all of life, had she been his. He must give her up now. Life had become one long renunciation.

He did not go home at all that night. He divided his time between the plant and the hospital, going back and forward. Each time he found the report good. She was still strong; no internal injuries had manifested themselves, and the concussion would probably wear off before long. He wanted to be there when she first opened her eyes. He was afraid she might be frightened, and there would be a bad minute when she remembered—if she did remember.

At midnight, going into the room, he found Mrs. Haverford beside her bed, knitting placidly. She seemed to accept his being there as perfectly natural, and she had no sick-room affectations. She did not whisper, for one thing.

"The nurse thinks she is coming round, Clayton," she said. "I waited, because I thought she ought to see a familiar face when she does."

Mrs. Haverford was eminently good for him. Her cheerful matter-of-factness, her competent sanity, restored his belief in a world that had seemed only chaos and death. How much, he wondered later, had Mrs. Haverford suspected? He had not been in any mood to act a part. But whatever she suspected, he knew was locked in her kindly breast.

Audrey moved slightly, and he went over to her. When he glanced up again Mrs. Haverford had gone out.

So it was that Audrey came back to him, and to him alone. She asked no questions. She only lay quite still on her white pillow, and looked at him. Even when he knelt beside her and drew her toward him, she said nothing, but she lifted her uninjured hand and softly caressed his bent head. Clayton never knew whether Mrs. Haverford had seen that or not. He did not care, for that matter. It seemed to him just then that all the world must know what was so vitally important, so transcendently wonderful.

Not until Audrey's eyes closed again, and he saw that she was sleeping, did he loosen his arms from around her.

When at last he went out to the stiffly furnished hospital parlor, he found Mrs. Haverford sitting there alone, still knitting. But he rather thought she had been crying. There was an undeniably moist handkerchief on her knee.

"She roused a little while ago," he said, trying to speak quietly, and as tho Audrey's rousing were not the wonder that it was. "She seemed very comfortable. And now she's sleeping."

"The dear child!" said Mrs. Haverford. "If she had died, after everything—" her plump face quivered. "Things have never been very happy for her, Clayton."

"I'm afraid not." He went to a window and stood looking out. The city was not quiet, but its mighty roar of the day was lowered to a monotonous, drowsy humming. From the east, reflected against low-hanging clouds, was the dull red of his own steel mills, looking like the reflection of a vast conflagration.

"Not very happy," he repeated.

"Sometimes," Mrs. Haverford was saying, "I wonder about things. People go along missing the best things in life, and— I suppose there is a reason for it, but sometimes I wonder if He ever meant us to go on, crucifying our own souls."

So she did know!

"What would you have us do?"

"I don't know. I suppose there isn't any answer."

Afterward, Clayton found that that bit of conversation with Mrs. Haverford took on the unreality of the rest of that twenty-four hours. But one part of it stood out real and hopelessly true. There wasn't any answer!

ANNA KLEIN had gone home at three o'clock of that terrible morning, a trembling, white-faced girl. She had done her best, and she had failed. Unlike Graham, she had no feeling of personal responsibility, but she felt she could never again face her father, with the thing that she knew between them. There were other reasons, too. Herman would be arrested, and she would be called to testify. She had known. She had warned Mr. Spencer. The gang, Rudolph's gang, would get her for that.

She knew where they were now. They would be at Gus's, in the back room, drinking to the success of their scheme, and Gus, who was a German too, would be with them, offering a round of drinks on the house now and then, as his share of the night's rejoicing. Gus, who was already arranging to help draft-dodgers by sending them over the Mexican border.

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She would have to go back, to get in and out again if she could, before Herman came back. She had no clothes, except what she stood up in, and those, in her haste that night, were only her print house-dress with a long coat. She would have to find a new position, and she would have to have her clothing to get about in. She dragged along, singularly unmolested. Once or twice a man eyed her, but her white face and vacant eyes were unattractive, almost sodden.

SHE was barely able to climb the hill, and as she neared the house her trepidation increased. What if Herman had come back? If he suspected her he would kill her. He must have been half mad to have done the thing, anyhow. He would surely be half mad now. And because she was young and strong, and life was still a mystery to be solved, she did not want to die. Strangely enough, face to face with danger, there was still, in the back of her head, an exultant thrill in her very determination to live. She would start over again, and she would work hard and make good.

"You bet I'll make good," she resolved. "Just give me a chance and I'll work my fool head off."

Which was by way of being a prayer.

It was the darkest hour before the dawn when she reached the cottage. It was black and very still, and outside the gate she stooped and slipped off her shoes. The window into the shed by which she had escaped was still open, and she crouched outside, listening. When the stillness remained unbroken, she climbed in, tense for a movement or a blow.

Once inside, however, she drew a long breath. The doors were still locked, and the keys gone. So Herman had not returned. But as she stood there, hurried stealthy footsteps came along the street and turned in at the gate. In a panic she flew up the stairs and into her room, where the door still hung crazily on its hinges. She stood there, listening, her heart pounding in her ears, and below she distinctly heard a key in the kitchen door. She did the only thing she could think of. She lifted the door into place, and stood against it, bracing it with her body.

Whoever it was was in the kitchen now, moving, however, more swiftly than Herman. She heard matches striking. Then:

"Hsst!"

She knew that it was Rudolph, and she braced herself mentally. Rudolph was keener than Herman. If he found her door in that condition, and she herself dressed—! Working silently and still holding the door in place, she flung off her coat. She even unpinned her hair and unfastened her dress.

When his signal remained unanswered a second time he called her by name, and she heard him coming up.

"Anna!" he repeated.

"Yes?"

He was startled to hear her voice so close to the door. In the dark she heard him fumbling for the knob. He happened on the padlock instead, and he laughed a little. By that she knew that he was not quite sober.

"Locked you in, has he?"

"What do you want?"

"Has Herman come home yet?"

"He doesn't get home until seven."

"Hasn't he been back at all, to-night?"

She hesitated.

"How do I know? I've been asleep?"

"Some sleeper!" he said, and suddenly lurched against the door. In spite of her it yielded, and altho she braced herself with all her strength, his weight against it caused it to give way. It was a suspicious, crafty Rudolph who picked himself up and made a clutch at her in the dark.

"You little liar," he said thickly. And struck a match. She cowered away from him.

"I was going to run away, Rudolph," she cried. "He hasn't any business locking me in. I won't stand for it."

"You've been out."

"No!"

"Out — after him!"

"Honest, Rudolph, no. I hate him. I don't ever want to see him again."

He put a hand out into the darkness, and finding her, tried to draw her to him. She struggled and he released her. All at once she knew that he was weak with fright. The bravado had died out of him. The face she had touched was covered with a clammy sweat.

"Gee, I wish Herman would come."

"What d'you want with him? He'll only beat me up again."

"Have you got any whisky? I've got to have a drink."

"You've had enough of that stuff."

Some one was walking along the street outside. She felt that he was listening, crouched ready to run; but the steps went on. Apparently they had not been seen.

"Look here, Anna," he said, when he had pulled himself together again. "I'm going to get out of this. I'm going away."

"All right. You can go for all of me."

"D'you mean to say you've been asleep all night? You didn't hear anything?"

"Hear what?"

He laughed.

"You'll know soon enough." Then he told her, hurriedly, that he was going away. He'd come back to get her to promise to follow him. He wasn't going to stay here and——

"And what?"

"And be drafted," he finished, rather lamely.

"Gus has a friend in a town on the Mexican border," he said. "He's got maps of the country to Mexico City, and the Germans there fix you up all right. I'll get rich down there and some day I'll send for you— *What's that?*"

He darted to the window, faintly outlined by a distant street-lamp. Three men were standing quietly outside the gate, and a fourth was already in the garden, silently moving toward the house. She felt Rudolph brush by her, and the trembling hand he laid on her arm.

"Now *lie!*" he whispered fiercely. "You haven't seen me. I haven't been here to-night."

Then he was gone. She ran to the window. The other three men coming in, moving watchfully and slowly, and Rudolph was at Katie's window, cursing. If she was a prisoner, so was Rudolph. He realized that instantly, and she heard him breaking out the sash with a chair. At the sound the three figures broke into a run, and she heard the sash give way. Almost instantly there was firing. The first shot was close, and she knew it was Rudolph firing from the window. Some wild design of braining him from behind with a chair flashed into her desperate mind, but when she had felt her way into Katie's room he had gone. The garden below was quiet, but there was yelling and the crackling of underbrush from the hill-side. Then a scattering of shots again, and silence. The yard was empty.

The hill paid but moderate attention to shots. They were usually merely pyrotechnic, and indicated rejoicing rather than death. But here and there she heard a window raised, and then lowered again. The hill had gone back to bed.

Anna went into her room and dressed. For the first time it had occurred to her that she might be held by the police, and the thought was unbearable. It was when she was making her escape that she found a prostrate figure in the yard, and knew that one of Rudolph's shots had gone home. She could not go away and leave that, not unless——

A TERRIBLE hatred of Herman and Rudolph and all their kind suddenly swept over her. She would not run away. She would stay and tell all the terrible truth. It was her big moment, and she rose to it. She would see it through. What was her own safety to letting this band of murderers escape? And all that in the few seconds it took to reach the fallen figure. It was only when she was very close that she saw it was moving.

"Tell Dunbar he went to the left," a voice was saying. "The left! They'll lose him yet."

"Joey!"

"Hello!" said Joey's voice. He considered that he was speaking very loud, but it was hardly more than a whisper. "That wasn't your father, was it? The old boy couldn't jump and run like that."

"Are you hurt?"

He coughed a little, a gurgling cough that rather startled himself. But he was determined to be a man.

"No. I just lay down here for a nap. Who was it that jumped?"

"My cousin Rudolph. Do you think I can help you into the house?"

"I'll walk there myself in a minute. Unless your cousin Rudolph—" His head dropped back on her arm. "I feel tired." His voice trailed off.

"Joey!"

"Lemme alone," he muttered. "I'm the first casualty in the American army! I—" He made a desperate effort to speak in a man's voice, but the higher boyish notes of sixteen conquered. "They certainly gave us hell to-night. But we're going to build again, me and —Clayton Spen——"

All at once he was very still. Anna spoke to him, and that failing, gave him a frantic little shake. But Joey had gone to another partnership beyond the stars.

THE immediate outstanding result of the holocaust at the munitions works was the end of Natalie's dominion over Graham. She never quite forgave him the violence with which he threw off her shackles.

"I feel like a slacker every time I go into the club and find all the real fellows have gone. If I'd been half a man I'd have been over there long ago," he said, standing before her, tall and young and flushed. "I'd have learned my job by now, and I'd be worth something, now I'm needed."

"And broken my heart."

"Hearts don't break that way, Mother."

"Well, you say you are going now. I should think you'd be satisfied. There's plenty of time for you to get the glory you want."

"Glory! I don't want any glory. And as for plenty of time—that's exactly what there isn't."

During the next few days she preserved an obstinate silence on the subject. She knew he had been admitted to one of the officers' training-camps, and that he was making rather helpless and puzzled purchases. Going into his room she would find a dressing-case of khaki leather, perhaps, or flannel shirts of the same indeterminate hue. She would shed futile tears over them, and order them put out of sight. But she never offered to assist him.

Graham was older, in many ways. He no longer ran up and down the stairs whistling, and he sought every opportunity to be with his father. They spent long hours together in the library, when, after a crowded day, filled with the thousand problems of reconstructions, Clayton smoked a great deal, talked a little, rather shame-facedly, after the manner of men, of personal responsibility in the war, and quietly watched the man who was Graham.

Out of those quiet hours, with Natalie at the theater or reading up-stairs in bed, Clayton got the greatest comfort of his life. He would neither look back nor peer anxiously ahead.

The past, with its tragedy, was gone. The future might hold even worse things. But just now he would live each day as it came, working to the utmost, and giving his evenings to his boy. The nights were the worst. He was not sleeping well, and in those long hours of quiet he tried to rebuild his life along stronger, sterner lines. Love could have no place in it, but there was work left. He was strong and he was still young. The country should have every ounce of energy in him. He would re-build the plant, on bigger lines than before, and when that was done, he would build again. The best he could do was not enough.

HE SCARCELY noticed Natalie's withdrawal from Graham and himself. When she was around he was his old punctilious self, gravely kind, more than ever considerate. Beside his failure to her, her own failure to him faded into insignificance. She was as she was, and through no fault of hers. But he was what he made himself.

Once or twice he had felt an overwhelming remorse toward her, and on one such occasion he had made a useless effort to break down the barrier of her long silence.

"Don't go up-stairs, Natalie," he had begged. "I am not very amusing, I know, but—I'll try my best. I'll promise not to touch on anything disagreeable." He had been standing in the hall, looking up at her on the staircase, and he smiled. There was pleading behind the smile, an inarticulate feeling that between them there might at least be friendship.

"You are never disagreeable," she had said, looking down with hostile eyes. "You are quite perfect."

"Then won't you wait?"

"Perfection bores me to tears," she said, and went on up the stairs.

On the morning of Graham's departure, however, he found her prepared to go to the railway-station. She was red-eyed and pale, and he was very sorry for her.

"Do you think it is wise?" he asked.

"I shall see him off, of course. I may never see him again."

And his own tautened nerves almost gave way.

"Don't say that!" he cried. "Don't even *think* that. And for his sake, Natalie, send him off with a smile. That's the least we can do."

"I don't take it as lightly as you do."

He gave up then in despair. He saw that Graham watched her uneasily during the early breakfast, and he surmised that the boy's own grip on his self-control was weakened by the tears that dropped into her coffee-cup. He reflected bitterly that all over the country strong women, good women, were sending their boys away to war, giving them with prayer and exaltation. What was wrong with Natalie? What was wrong with his whole life?

When Graham was up-stairs, he turned to her.

"Why do you persist in going, Natalie?"

"I intend to go. That's enough."

"Don't you think you've made him unhappy enough?"

"He has made me unhappy enough."

"You! It is always yourself, Natalie. Why don't you ever think of him." He went to the door. "Countermand the order for the limousine," he said to the butler, "and order the small car for Mr. Graham and myself."

"How dare you do that?"

"I am not going to let you ruin the biggest day in his life."

She saw that he meant it. She was incredulous, reckless, angry, and thwarted for the first time in her self-indulgent life.

"I hate you," she said slowly. "I hate you!"

She turned and went slowly up the stairs. Graham, knocking at her door a few minutes later, heard the sound of hysterical sobbing within, but received no reply.

"Good-by, Mother," he called. "Good-by. Don't worry. I'll be all right."

When he saw she did not mean to open the door or to reply, he went rather heavily down the stairs.

"I wish she wouldn't," he said. "It makes me darned unhappy."

But Clayton surmised a relief behind his regret, and in the train the boy's eyes were happier than they had been for months.

"I don't know how I'll come out, Dad," he said. "But if I don't get through it won't be because I didn't try."

And he did try. The enormous interest of the thing gripped him from the start. There was romance in it, too. He wore his first uniform, too small for him as it was, with immense pride. He rolled out in the morning at *reveille*, with the feeling that he had just gone to bed, ate hugely at breakfast, learned to make his own cot-bed, and lined up on a vast dusty parade ground for endless evolutions in a boiling sun.

It was rather amusing to find himself being ordered about, in a stentorian voice, by Jackson. And when, in off moments, that capable ex-chauffeur condescended to a few moments of talk and relaxation, the boy was highly gratified.

"Do you think I've got anything in me?" he would inquire anxiously.

And Jackson always said heartily, "Sure you have."

There were times when Graham doubted himself, however. There was one dreadful hour when in the late after-

A Suggestion for Women's Clubs

THE most up-to-date articles by thinking women on the things that brilliant women think about are published in the pages of PICTORIAL REVIEW every month. Watch the pages for articles by such forceful writers as Helen Ring Robinson, Rheta Childe Dorr, Helen Christine Bennett, and Ida Clyde Clarke.

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noon, and under the eyes of his commanding officer and a group of ladies, Graham conducting the highly formal and complicated ceremony of changing the guard, tied a lot of grinning men up in a knot which required the captain of the company and two sergeants to untangle.

"I'm no earthly good," he confided to Jackson that night, sitting on the steps of his barracks. "I know it like a-b-c, and then I get up and try it and all at once I'm a plain fool."

"Don't give up like that, son," Jackson said. "I've seen 'em march a platoon right into the C.O.'s porch before now. And once I just saved a baby-buggy and a pair of twins."

Clayton wrote him, daily, and now and then there came a letter from Natalie, cheerful on the surface, but its cheerfulness obviously forced. And once, to his great surprise, Marion Hayden wrote him.

"I just want you to know," she said, "that I am still interested in you, even if it isn't going to be anything else. And that I am ridiculously proud of you. Isn't it queer to look back on last Winter and think what a lot of careless idiots we were? I suppose war doesn't really change us, but it does make us wonder what we've got in us. I am surprised to find that I am a great deal better than I ever thought I was!"

There was comfort in the letter, but no thrill. He was far away from all that now, like one on the first stage of a long journey, with his eyes ahead.

Then one day he saw a familiar, but yet strange figure striding along the country road. Graham was map-sketching that day, and the strange but familiar figure was almost on him when he looked up. It was extremely military, and looked like a general at least. Also it was very red in the face, and was clutching doggedly in its teeth an old briar pipe. But what had appeared from the front to be an ultra military figure on closer inspection turned out to be a procession. Pulling back hard on a rope behind was the company goat, Elinor. The ultra-military figure paused by Graham's sketching-stool, and said, "Young man, do you know where this creature belongs? I found her trying to commit suicide on the rifle range—why, Graham!"

It was Doctor Haverford. He grew a trifle less military then, and borrowed some pipe tobacco. He looked oddly young, Graham thought, and rather self-conscious of his uniform.

"Every inch a soldier, Graham," he chuckled. "Still have to use a hook and eye at the bottom of the coat—blouse," he corrected himself. "But I'm getting my waist-line again. How's the—who!" he called, as Elinor wrapped rope around his scarcely patronized legs. "Infernal animal!" he grumbled. "I just paid a quarter to have these puttees shined. How's the family?"

"Mother has gone to Limndale. The house is finished. Have you been here long, sir?"

"Two weeks. Hang it all, Graham, I wish I'd let this creature commit suicide. She's—D'you know Delight is here?"

"Here? Why, no."

"At the hostess house," said the chaplain, proudly. "Doing her bit, too. Mrs. Haverford wanted to come too. But I told her two out of three was a fair percentage. I hear that Washington has sent for your father."

"I hadn't heard."

"He's a big man, Graham. "We're going to hear from him. Only—I thought he looked tired when I saw him last. Somebody ought to look after him a bit." He was patiently untangling himself from Elinor's rope. "You know there are two kinds of people in the world: those who look after themselves and those who look after others. That's your father—the last."

GRAHAM'S face clouded. How true that was! He knew now, as he had not known before. He was thinking clearly these days. Hard work and nothing to drink had clarified his mind, and he saw things at home as they really went. Clayton's infinite patience, his strength and his gentleness. But he only said:

"He has had a hard year." He raised his eyes and looked at the chaplain. "I didn't help him any, you know, sir."

"Well, well, that's all over now. We've just one thing to think of, and that's to beat those German devils back to Berlin. And then burn Berlin," he added, militantly.

The last Graham saw of him, he was dragging Elinor down the road, and a faint throaty humming came back, which sounded suspiciously like "Where do we go from here, boys? Where do we go from here?"

Candidate Spencer took great pains with his toilet that afternoon. He polished his shoes, and shaved, and he spent a half hour on some ten sadly neglected finger-nails. At retreat he stood at attention in the long line, and watched the flag moving slowly and majestically to the stirring bugle notes. Something swelled almost to bursting in his throat. That was his flag. He was going to fight for it. And after that was done he was going to find some girl, some nice girl—the sort for instance, that would leave her home to work in a hostess house. And having found her, would

"'You Are Lying to Me,' She Said in a Dreadful Voice. 'He's Dead!'"

marry her, and love and cherish her all his life. Unless, of course, she wouldn't have him. He was inclined to think she wouldn't.

He ate very little supper that night, little being a comparative term, of course. And then he went to discover Delight. It appeared, however, that she had been already discovered. She was entirely surrounded by uniforms, and Graham furiously counted a colonel, two majors, and a captain.

"Pulling rank, of course!" he muttered. And retired to a corner, where he had at least the mild gratification of seeing that even the colonel could not keep Delight from her work.

"Silly asses!" said Graham, again, and then she saw him. There was no question about her being pleased. She was quite flushed with it, but a little uncomfortable, too, at Graham's attitude. He was oddly humble, and yet he had a look of determination that was almost grim. She filled in a rather disquieting silence by trying to let him know, without revealing that she had ever been anything else, how proud she was of him. Then she realized that he was not listening, and that he was looking at her with an almost painful intensity.

"When can you get away, Delight?" he asked abruptly.

"From here?" She cast an appraising glance over the room. "Right away, I think. Why?"

"Because I want to talk to you, and I can't talk to you here."

She brought a bright colored sweater, and he helped her into it, still with his mouth set and his eyes a trifle sunken. All about there were laughing groups of men in uniform. Outside, the parade glowed faintly in the dusk, and from the low barrack windows there came the glow of lights, the movement of young figures, voices, the thin metallic notes of a mandolin.

"How strange it all is," Delight said. "Here we are, you and Father and myself—and even Jackson. I saw him today. All here, living different lives, doing different things, even thinking different thoughts! It's as tho we had all moved into a different world."

He walked on beside her, absorbed in his own thoughts, which were yet only of her.

"I didn't know you were here," he brought out finally.

"That's because you've been burying yourself. I knew you were here."

"Why didn't you send me some word?"

She stiffened somewhat in the darkness.

"I didn't think you would be greatly interested, Graham."

And again, struggling with his new humility, he was silent. It was not until they had crossed the parade ground and were beyond the noises of the barracks that he spoke again.

"Do you mind if I talk to you, Delight? I mean, about myself? I—since you're here, we're likely to see each other now and then, if you are willing. And I'd like to start straight."

"Do you really want to tell me?"

No, but I've got to. That's all."

He told her. He made no case for himself. Indeed, some of it Delight understood far better than he did himself. He said nothing against Marion; on the contrary, he blamed himself rather severely. And behind his honest, halting sentences, Delight read his own lack of understanding. She felt infinitely older than this tall, honest-eyed boy in his stained uniform—older and more sophisticated. But if she had understood the Marion Hayden situation, she was totally at a loss as to Anna.

"But I don't understand!" she cried. "How could you make love to her if you didn't love her?"

"I don't know. Fellows do those things. It's just mischief—some sort of a devil in them, I suppose."

When he reached the beating and Anna's flight, however, she understood a little better.

"Of course you had to stand by her," she agreed.

"You haven't heard it all," he said quietly. "When I'm through, if you get up and leave me, I'll understand, Delight, and I won't blame you."

He told her the rest of the story in a voice strained with anxiety.

It was as tho he had come to a tribunal for judgment. He spared her nothing, the dinner at the road-house with Rudolph at the window, his visit to Anna's room, and her subsequent disappearance.

"She told the Department of Justice people that Rudolph found her that night, and took her home. She was a prisoner then, poor little kid. But she overheard her father and Rudolph plotting to blow up the mill. That's where I came in, Delight. He was crazy at me. He was a German, of course, and he might have done it anyhow. But Rudolph told him a lot of lies about me, and—he did it. When I think about it all, and about Joey, I'm crazy."

SHE slipped her hand over his.

"Of course they would have done it anyhow," she said softly.

"You aren't going to get up and go away?"

"Why should I?" she asked. "I only feel—oh, Graham, how wretched you must have been."

Something in her voice made him sit up straighter. He knew now that it had always been Delight; always. Only she had been too good for him. She had set a standard he had not hoped to reach. But now things were different. He hadn't amounted to much in other things, but he was a soldier now. He meant to be a mighty good soldier. And when he got his commission——

"You won't mind, then, if I come in to see you now and then?"

"Mind? Why, Graham!"

"And you don't think I'm quite hopeless, do you?"

There were tears in her eyes, but she answered bravely:

"I believe in you every minute. But then I think I always have."

"Like fun you have!" But altho he laughed, it was a shaky laugh. Suddenly he stood up and shook himself. He felt young and strong and extremely happy. There had been a bad time, but it was behind him now. Ahead there lay high adventure, and here, beside him in the dusk, was the girl of his heart. She believed in him. Work to do and a woman who believed in a fellow—that was life.

"Aren't you cold?" he asked, and drew the gaudy sweater tenderly around her shoulders.

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The fact that Audrey Valentine, conspicuous member of a conspicuous social group that she was, had been working in the machine-shop of the Spencer munitions works at the interest stories about the event from the pitiful wreckage in the hospitals, happened on Clare Gould, he got a feature-story for the Sunday edition that made Audrey's own world, reading it in bed or over its exquisite breakfast-tables, gasp with amazement.

For, following up Clare's story, he found that Audrey had done much more than run toward the telephone. She had reached it, had found the operator gone, and had succeeded, before the roof fell in on her, in calling the fire department and in sending in a general alarm to all the hospitals.

The reporter found the night operator who had received the message. He got a photograph of her, too, and, from the society file, an old one of Audrey, very delicate and audacious, and not greatly resembling the young woman who lay in her bed and read the article aloud, between dismay and laughter, to old Terry Mackenzie.

"Good heavens, Terry," she said. "Listen! 'I had heard the explosion, but did not of course know what it was. And then I got a signal, and it was the Spencer plant. A sweet Southern voice said, very calmly, "Operator, this is important. Listen carefully. There has been an explosion at the Spencer plant. There will probably be more in a minute. Send in a general fire-alarm, and then get all the ambulances and doctors —' Then there was another explosion, and their lines went out of commission. I am glad she is not dead. She certainly had her nerve.'"

"Fame at last, Audrey!" said old Terry, very gently.

"It's shameless!" But she was a little pleased, nevertheless. Not at the publicity. That was familiar enough. But that, when her big moment came, she had met it squarely.

Terry was striding about the room. His visits were always rather cyclonic. He moved from chair to chair, leaving about each one an encircling ring of cigaret ashes, and carefully inspecting each new vase of flowers. He stopped in front of a basket of exquisite small orchids.

"Who sent this?" he demanded.

"Rodney Page. Doesn't it look like him?"

He turned and stared at her.

"What's come over Clayton Spencer. Is he blind? '

"About what?"

"About Rodney. He's head over heels in love with Natalie Spencer, God alone knows why."

"I daresay it isn't serious. He is always in love with somebody."

"There's a good bit of talk. I don't give a hang for either of them, but I'm fond of Clayton. So are you. Natalie's out in the country now, and Rodney is there every week-end. It's a scandal, that's all. As for Natalie herself, she ought to be interned as a dangerous pacifist. She's a martyr, in her own eyes. Thank heaven there aren't many like her."

Audrey leaned back against her pillows.

"I wonder, Terry," she said, "if you haven't shown me what to do next. I might be able to reach some of the women, like Natalie. There are some of them, and they've got to learn that if they don't stand behind the men, we're lost."

"Fine!" he agreed. "Get 'em to knit less and write more letters, cheerful letters. Tell 'em to remember that by the time their man gets the letter the baby's tooth will be through. There are a good many men in the army-camps to-day vicariously cutting teeth. Get after 'em, Audrey! A worried man is a poor soldier."

AFTER he had gone, she had the nurse bring her paper and pencil, and she wrote, rather incoherently, it is true, her first appeal to the women of the country. It was effective, too. Audrey was an effective person. When Clayton came for his daily visit she had just finished it, and was reading it over with considerable complacency.

"I've become an author, Clay," she said, "I think myself I'm terribly good at it. May I read it to you?"

He listened gravely, but with a little flicker of amusement in his eyes. How like her it was, to refuse to allow herself even time to get entirely well! But when she finished he was thoughtful. She had called it "Slacker Women." That was what Natalie was; he had never put it into words before. Natalie was a slacker.

He had never discussed Natalie's attitude toward the war with Audrey. He rather thought she was entirely ignorant of it. But her little article, glowing with patriotism, frank, simple, and convincing, might have been written to Natalie herself.

"It is very fine," he said. "I rather think you have found yourself at last. There aren't a lot of such women, and I daresay they will be fewer all the time. But they exist, of course."

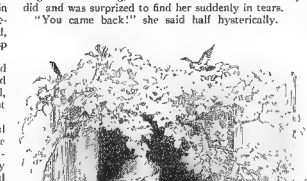
She glowed under his approval.

There was, in all their meetings, a sub-current of sadness, that they must be so brief, that before long they m st end altogether, that they could not put into words the things that were in their eyes and their hearts. After that first hour of her return to consciousness there had been no expressed tenderness between them. The nurse sat in the room, eternally knitting, and Clayton sat near her, or read to her, or, like Terry, wandered about the room. But now and then, Audrey, enthroned like a princess on her pillows, would find his eyes on her, and such a hungry look in them that she would clench her hands. And after such times she always said:

"Now, tell me about the mill." Or about Washington, where he was being summoned with increasing frequency. Or about Graham. Anything to take that look out of his eyes. He told her all his plans: he even brought the blue-prints of the new plant and spread them out on the bed. He was dreaming a great dream those days, and Audrey knew it. He was building again, but this time not for himself, but for the nation.

After he had gone, looking boyish and reluctant, she would lie for a little while watching the door. Perhaps he had forgotten something, and would come back! One day he did and was surprized to find her suddenly in tears.

"You came back!" she said half hysterically.



The Crystal-Gazer

By BEATRICE BARRY

THE fleeting days! Each one, for good or ill,
Scatters its largess with a lavish hand.
But I—I can not wait to understand
And know just how all future days shall fill
The empty corners in my life and heart,
And so I seek by subtle, magic art
To read my crystals, hoping there to see
Some part of what they hold in trust for me.

Their depths are so uncloudedd—no distress
Finds hiding-place in such unshadowed light,
Love is reflected there, and rare delight;
Joy holds high carnival with happiness;
What graver mysteries within them dwell?
I would learn wisdom, so that I may tell
The meaning of each change that glorifies
Those crystal deeps that are my baby's eyes.

That was the only time in all those weeks that he kissed her. The nurse had gone out, and suddenly he caught her in his arms and held her to him. He put her back very gently, and she saw that he was pale.

"I think I'd better go now, and not come back," he said. And for two long and endless days he did not come. Then on the third he came, very stiff and formal, and with himself well in hand. That was the day he brought blue-prints. Audrey, leaning back and watching him, felt what a boy he was after all, so determined to do the right thing, so obvious with his blue-prints, and so self conscious.

In June she left the hospital and went to the country. She had already made a little market for her work, and she wanted to carry it on. By that time, too, she knew that the break must come between Clayton and herself if it was to come at all.

"No letters, no anything, Clay," she said, and he acquiesced quietly. But the night she left, the butler, coming down-stairs to investigate a suspicious sound, found him restlessly pacing the library floor.

In August he went abroad, and some time about the middle of the month while he was in London, he received a cable from Graham. He had been commissioned a first lieutenant in the infantry. Clayton had been seeing war at first hand then, and for a few moments he was fairly terrified.

On that first of August the Germans had used liquid fire for the first time, thus adding a new horror. Men in the trenches swept by it had been practically annihilated. Attacks against it were practically suicide. Already the year had seen the last of Kitchener's army practically destroyed, and the British combing the country for new divisions.

In the deadly give and take of that Summer, where gains and losses were measured by yards, the advantage was steadily on the German side, and it would be a year before the small force of American regulars could be augmented to any degree by the great new army. It was the darkest hour.

FOLLOWING on the heels of Graham's cable came a hysterical one from Natalie.

"Graham probably ordered abroad. Implore you use influence with Washington."

He resorted to his old remedy when he was in trouble. He walked the streets. He tried to allow for Natalie's lack of exaltation by the nature of her life. If she could have seen what he had seen, surely she would have felt, as he did, that no sacrifice could be too great to end this cancer of the world. But deep in his heart he knew that Natalie was—Natalie. Nothing would change her.

As it happened, he passed Graham on the Atlantic. There was a letter for him at the office, a boyish, exultant letter:

"Dad dear, I'm married!" it began. "Married and off for France. It is Delight, of course. It always was Delight, altho I know that sounds queer. And now I'm off to kill a Hun or two More than that, I hope. I want two Germans for every poor devil they got at the works. That's the minimum. The maximum——'

"You'll look after Delight, I know. She has been perfectly bully, but it's hard on her. We were married two days ago, and already I feel as tho I've always been married. She's going on with the canteen work, and I shall try not to be jealous. She's popular. My word! And if you'd seen the General when we were married you'd have thought he was losing a daughter.

"I wired mother, but she was too cut up about my leaving to come. I wish she had, for it was a strange sort of wedding. The division was about to move, and at the last minute five girls turned up to be married to fellows who were leaving. They came from all over, and believe me there was some excitement. All day the General and Chaplain Haverford were fussing about licenses, and those girls sat around and waited, and looked droopy but sort of happy—you know what I mean.

"It was nine o'clock in the evening before everything was ready. Delight had trimmed up the little church which is in the camp and has a flag over the altar. Then we had a multiple wedding. Honestly! The organ played a squeaky wedding march, and we went in, six couples. The church was full of soldiers, and —well, I don't mind saying I was ready to shed tears.

"We lined up, and Doctor Haverford married us. Delight says she is sure we are only one-sixth married. Quiet! You never heard such quiet—except for the General blowing his nose. I think myself he was weeping, and there was a rumor about the camp to that effect. You know—the flag over the altar, and all that. I tell you it made a fellow think.

"Well, I'm going over now. Quick work, isn't it? And to think that a few months ago I was hanging around the clubs and getting and making a mess of life. That's all over now, thank God. I'm going to make good. Try to buck mother up. It's pretty hard for her. It's hard for all women, just waiting. And while I know I'm coming back, safe and sound, I'd like to feel that you are going to keep an eye on Delight. I know you will. She's the most important thing in the world to me now."

Then scrawled in a corner he had added,

"You've been mighty fine with me always, Dad. I was a good bit of a pup last Winter. If I make anything of myself at all, it will be because I want to be like you."

CLAYTON sat for a long time with the letter in his hand. The happiness and hope that fairly radiated from it cheered and warmed him. He was nearly happy. And it came to him then that, while every man had the right to happiness, only those achieved it who craved it for others, and having craved it for them, at last saw the realization of their longing.

Natalie had had a dull Spring. With Graham's departure for camp she moved to the country house, carrying with her vast amounts of luggage, the innumerable things, large and small, which were necessary for her comfort. The installing of herself in her new and luxurious rooms gave her occupation for several days. She liked her new environment. She liked herself in it. The rose-colored taffetas of her bedroom brought out the delicacy of her skin. The hangings of her bed, small and draped, reflected a faint color into her face, and the morning inspection with a hand-mirror, which always followed her coffee, showed her at her best instead of her worst.

Of her dressing-room she was not so sure. Its ivory-paneled walls, behind whose sliding panels were hung her gowns, her silk and satin chiffon negligées, her wraps and Summer furs—all the vast paraphernalia with which she armed herself, as a knight with armor—the walls seemed cold. She hated old-blue, but old-blue Rodney had insisted upon.

He had held a bit of the taffeta to her cheek.

"It is delicious, Natalie," he said. "It makes your eyes as blue as the sea."

"Always a decorator!" she had replied, smiling.

And, standing in her blue room, the first day of her arrival, and frowning at her reflection, she remembered his reply.

"Because I have no right, with you, to be anything else." He had stopped for a moment, and had absently folded and refolded the bit of blue silk. Suddenly he said, "What do you think I am going to do, now that our work together is done? Have you ever thought about that, Natalie?"

"You are coming often to enjoy your handiwork?"

He had made an impulsive gesture.

"I'm not coming. I've been seeing too much of you as it is. If you want the truth, I'm just wretchedly unhappy, Natalie. You know I'm in love with you, don't you?"

"I believe you think you are."

"Don't laugh." He almost snarled. "I may laugh at my idiocy, but you haven't any right to. I know I'm ridiculous. I've known it for months. But it's pretty serious for me."

He had meant it. There could be no doubt of that. It is the curious quality of very selfish women that they inspire a certain sort of love. They are likely to be loved often, even tho the devotion they inspire is neither deep nor lasting. Big and single-hearted women are loved by one man, and that forever.

Natalie had not laughed, but she had done what was almost as bad. She had patted him on the arm.

"Don't talk like that," she said, gently. "You are all I have now, Rodney, and I don't want to lose you. I'm suffering horribly these days. You're my greatest comfort."

"I've heard you say that of a chair."

"As for loving me, you must not talk like that. Under the circumstances, it's indelicate."

"Oh!" he had said, and looked at her quickly. "I can love you, but it's indelicate to tell you about it?"

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"I am married, Rodney."

"Good Lord, do you think I ever forget it?"

There was a real change in their relationship, but neither of them understood it. The change was that Rodney was no longer playing. Little by little he had dropped his artistic posing for her benefit, his cynical cleverness, his adroit simulation of passion. He no longer dramatized himself, because rather often he forgot himself entirely. His passion had ceased to be spurious, and it was none the less real because he loved not a real woman, but one of his own artistic creation.

He saw in Natalie a misunderstood and suffering woman, bearing the burdens he knew of with dignity and a certain beauty. And behind her slightly theatrical silences he guessed at other griefs, nobly borne and only gently intimated. He developed, after a time, a certain suspicion of Clayton, not of his conduct but of his character. These big men were often hard. It was that quality which made them successful. They married tender, gentle girls, and then repressed and trampled on them.

Natalie became, in his mind, a crushed and broken thing, infinitely lonely and pathetic. And, without in the least understanding, Natalie instinctively knew it was when she was wistful and dependent that he found her most attractive, and became wistful and dependent to a point that imposed even on herself.

"I've been very selfish with you, Rodney, dear," she said, lifting sad eyes to his. "I am going to be better. You must come often this Summer, and I'll have some nice girls for you to play with."

"Thank you," he said stiffly.

"We'll have to be as gay as we can," she sighed. "I'm just a little dreary, these days, you know."

It was rather absurd that they were in a shop, and that the clerk should return just then with curtain cords, and that the discussion of certain shades of yellow made an anticlimax to it all. But in the car, later, he turned to her, roughly.

"You needn't ask any girls for me," he said. "I only want one woman, and if I can't have her I don't want any one."

At first the very fact that he could not have her had been, unconsciously, the secret of her attraction. She was a perfect thing, and unattainable. He could sigh for her with longing and perfect safety. But as time went on, with that incapacity of any human emotion to stand still, but either to go on or to go back, his passion took on a more human and less poetic aspect. She satisfied him less, and he wanted more.

For one thing, he dreamed that strange dream of mankind, of making ice burn, or turning snow to fire. The old dilemma of how the cold woman is warmth through his own passion, began to obsess him. Sometimes he watched Natalie, and had strange fancies. He saw her lit from within by a fire, which was not the reflection of his, but was recklessly her own. How wonderful she would be, he thought. And at those times he had wild visions of going away with her into some beautiful wilderness and there teaching her the many things that she had missed in life.

But although now he always wanted her, he was not always thinking of a wilderness. It was in his own world that he wanted her, to fit beautifully into his house, to move, exquisitely dressed, through ballrooms beside him. He wanted her, at those times, as the most perfect of all his treasures. He was still a collector!

THE Summer only served to increase his passion. During the long hot days, when Clayton was abroad or in Washington, or working late at night, as he frequently did now, they were much together. Natalie's plans for gaiety had failed dismally. The city and the country houses around were entirely lacking in men. She found it a real grievance.

"I don't know what we are coming to," she complained. "The country club is like a girls' boarding-school. I wish to heaven the war was over, and things were sensible again."

So, during his week-end visits, they spent most of the time together. There were always girls there, and now and then a few men, who always explained immediately that they had been turned down for the service, or were going in the Fall.

"I'm sure somebody has to stay home and attend to things here," she said to him one August night. "But even when they are in America, they are rushing about, pretending to do things. One would think to see Clayton that he is the entire government. It's absurd."

"I wish I could go," he said unexpectedly.

"Don't be idiotic. You're much too old."

"I'm not quite as old as Clay."

"Oh, Clay! He's in a class by himself." She laughed. "Where is he now?"

"In France, I think. Probably telling them how to run the war."

"When is he coming back?"

"I don't know. What do you mean by wishing you could go?"

"Do you want me to tell you the truth?"

"Not if it's disagreeable."

"Well, I will, and it's not very agreeable. I can't keep this up, Natalie. I can't keep on coming here, being in Clayton's house, and eating his bread, while I'm in love with his wife. It isn't decent."

He flung away his cigaret, and bent forward.

"Don't you see that?" he asked gently. "Not while he is working for the country, and Graham is abroad."

"I don't see why war needs to deprive me of my friends. I've lost everything else."

His morals were matters of his private life, and they had been neither better nor worse than the average. But he had breeding and a sure sense of the fitness of things, and this present week-end visit, with the ostentatious care the younger crowd took to allow him time to see Natalie alone, was galling to him. It put him in a false position; what hurt more, perhaps, in an unfavorable light. The war had changed standards, too. Men were being measured, especially by women, and those who failed to measure up were being eliminated with cruel swiftness.

Especially the men who stayed at home.

With all this, too, there was a growing admiration for Clayton Spencer in their small circle. His name had been mentioned in connection with an important position in Washington. In the clubs there was considerable praise and some envy. And Rodney knew that his affair with Natalie was the subject of much invidious comment.

"Do you love him?" he asked, suddenly.

"I— Why, of course I do."

"Do you mean that?"

"I don't see what that has to do with our friendship."

"Oh—friendship! You know how I feel, and yet you go on, bringing up that silly word. If you love him, you don't love me, and yet you've let me hang around all these months, knowing I am mad about you. You don't play the game, Natalie."

"What do you want me to say?"

"If you don't love Clayton, why don't you tell him so? He's honest enough. And I miss my guess if he wants a wife who—cares for somebody else."

SHE sat in the dusk, thinking, and he watched her. She looked very lovely in the setting which he himself had designed for her. She hated change, she loathed trouble, of any sort. And she was, those days just a little afraid of that strange, quiet Clayton, who seemed eternally engrossed in war and the things of war. She glanced about, at the white trellises that gleamed in the garden, at the silvery *fleur-de-lis* which was the fountain, at all the lovely things with which Clayton's wealth had allowed her to surround herself. And suddenly she knew she could not give them up.

"I don't see why you have to spoil everything," she said fretfully. "It has been so perfect. Of course I'm not going to say anthing to Clay. He has enough to worry him now," she added, virtuously.

Suddenly Rodney stooped and kissed her, almost savagely.

"Then I'm going," he said. And to her great surprize he went

Packing his bag up-stairs Rodney had, in his anger, a glimpse of insight. He saw her, her life filled with small emotions, lacking the courage for big ones. He saw her, creating a beautiful thing, and he had had a very real joy in it. But lately he knew that his work on the house had been that he might build a background for Natalie. He had put into it the best of his ability, and she was not worth it.

For some days he neither wrote nor called her up. He was not happy but he had a sense of relief. He held his head a trifle higher, was his own man again, and he began to make tentative inquiries as to whether he could be useful in the national emergency or not. He was half-hearted at first, but he found out something. The mere fact that he wanted to work in some capacity brought back some of his old friends. They had seemed to drop away, before, but they came back heartily and with hands out.

"Work?" said Terry Mackenzie, at the club one day, looking up from the billiard table, where he was knocking balls about, rather at haphazard. "Why, of course you can work. What about these new cantonments we're building all over the country? You ought to be useful there. They don't want 'em pretty, tho." And Terry laughed. But he put down his cue and took Rodney by the arm.

"Let's ask Nolan about it," he said. "He's in the reading-room tearing the British strategy to pieces. He knows everything these days, from the draft law to the month's shipping losses. Come along."

IT WAS from Nolan, however, that Rodney first realized how seriously Clayton's friends were taking his affair with Natalie and that not at first from anything he said. It was an indefinable aloofness of manner, a hostility of tone. Nolan never troubled himself to be agreeable unless it suited his inclination, and apparently Terry found nothing unusual in his attitude. But Rodney did.

"Something he could build?" said Nolan, repeating Terry's question "How do I know? There's a lot of building going on, Page, but it's not exactly your sort." And there was a faint note of contempt in his voice.

"Who would be the man to see in Washington?" Rodney inquired.

"I'll look it up and let you know. You might call me up to-morrow."

Old Terry, having got them together, went back to his billiards and left them. Nolan sat down and picked up his paper, with an air of ending the interview. But he put it down again as Rodney turned to leave the room.

"Page!"

"Yes?"

"D'you mind having a few minutes talk?"

Rodney braced himself.

"Not at all."

But Nolan was slow to begin. He sat, newspaper on his knee, his deep-set eyes thoughtful. When he began it was slowly.

"I am one of Clay Spencer's oldest friends," he said. "He's a white man, the whitest man I know. Naturally, anything that touches him touches me, in a way."

"Well?"

"The name stands for a good bit, too. His father, and his grandfather, were the same sort. It's not often in this town that we have three generations without a breath of scandal against them. We're justly proud of the Spencers."

"She Was Entirely Surrounded by Uniforms, and Graham Furiously Counted a Colonel, Two Majors, and a Captain"

Rodney flushed angrily. "What has that got to do with me?" he demanded.

"I don't know. I don't want to know. I simply wanted to tell you that there are a good many of us who take a peculiar pride in Clayton Spencer, and who resent anything that reflects on a name we respect rather highly."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 85

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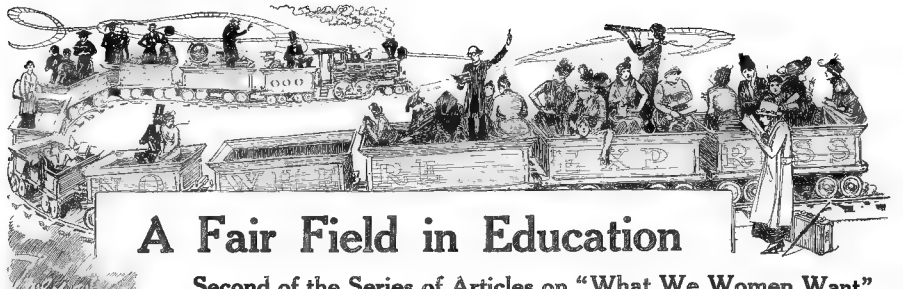

A Fair Field in Education

Second of the Series of Articles on "What We Women Want"

By HELEN RING ROBINSON

DRAWING BY ORSON LOWELL

HAS the education of American women consisted chiefly in an intensive study of the trains and time-tables for Nowhere?

I said so, not very long ago, when I read a set of resolutions passed by a certain "Conference of American Women."

They were Victory Resolutions and so they should have been re-adjustment resolutions. Actually they were mere attenuated, truncated shadows of resolution—cabled to Europe as the mature thought of a representative body of American women in tremendous days.

They contained some kind words about a League of Nations and about the desirability of women being "advisers" to the Peace Commissioners in matters touching the welfare of women and children. Then they stopped.

There were no recommendations for an educational platform. No program was offered for the training or the welfare of women in industry. There was no urge in regard to the profiteering forces that are gormandizing on family life. Not a single, quivering, white word about prostitution. Nothing definite, vibrant, and concrete about anything.

At least it will be granted that my statement in the opening sentence seemed to fit the sponsors for the resolutions.

Of the various pushing circumstances which were *not* touched on in those resolutions, the most important, undoubtedly, was the subject of an educational program for women. For in such a program are folded all the other problems of the Woman Question.

If women could be properly educated, in fifty years there would be no Woman Question!

But to get to that Fair Field for womankind, it is plain that education must change its direction.

With that word "direction" there comes back to me a story told by my friend, the Wanderer, lately returned from some drifting years among the South Sea Islands.

"I was down on one of those German Islands," he said, "that the Peace Commissioners will have to play tiddledywinks with before they're through with it. Wanting to get to the house of a native overseer, I asked the way of a chap I met—the son of an English Lord, I'd heard, but he'd only one shirt to his back. The Englishman pointed down the long, white, shell road and said, "Just keep straight along that way, Sir, till you come to the first thunderstorm. Then turn to the right."

"And did you find the man?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," answered the Wanderer. "You see at that season of the year a thunderstorm begins every afternoon just at that particular corner, fenced in, as it seems, to the East, but spreading to the West like—like thunder. So I came to it—and turned to the right.

I thanked the Wanderer for his most symbolic story.

But that word made him indignant. "Symbolic! Symbolic!" he spluttered. "What do you mean by symbolic? Do I look like a man who goes 'round playing monkey-shines with bluebirds or calling a rooster the soul of man? I've just told you what happened. Symbolic! If you must call me names, make it 'Carbolic' and be done with it."

So I explained to the Wanderer, in the most friendly possible way, that I guessed he was a little carbolic, maybe. And then we talked about copra and Jack London.

But I held to the symbol. So now when my thoughts turn to the subject of education for women I seem to see a long, white, glistening, shell road with college professors and kindergarteners and millions of little girls and big girls and young women and older women stodgily trudging it.

Then they come to a Great Storm, spreading to the West like—like thunder.

They come to the Great War. Like a monster guide-post, "Change your direction. Turn to the Right for a Fair Field in Education for Women!"

We rejoice endlessly over that sweet word "evolution." But it is not evolution that brings about necessary changes in direction. It is landslides and wars. It is famine and thunderstorms.

Now it may be, Friendly Reader, that while you agree with me, last month, that women still lack a Fair Field in Sex, you protest, "It's different with education! Why, think of Barnard and Wellesley and Bryn Mawr and Smith and Vassar and Mount Holyoke and Radcliffe! The State universities of the West accept women on equal terms with men. Graduate schools are opening to them in what were once air-tight, man-tight Eastern Universities. And do not statistics show that more girls than boys graduate from our High Schools?"

Yes, I know. I have been browsing for weeks among educational statistics. They have, indeed, become my favorite form of fiction.

But for all those statistics, a majority of the girls who graduate from High Schools have not been educated toward any definite end in life or any realization of their own natures. The schools have given them no understanding of the tremendous significance of sex as a sacrament, not a road-house. Their senses are untrained. Their fingers, their vision, their taste is uncultivated. They can not even hand-paint their faces properly!

They have spent the better part of three or four years in a desultory study of the trains and time-tables for Nowhere!

And the challenge of the day is just as sharp to the colleges for women, built as they are, apparently, for women in profile, for silhouettes of women.

It was a very discerning young woman, with a personality like a torch, graduated three years ago from a leading college for women, who told me that her college was merely a sort of educational cabaret, with professors playing round the tables. The students might or might not be interested in the playing or amused with it, but that, she said, was characteristic of all cabarets.

Four years' study of the trains and time-tables for Nowhere.

Schoolwomen and schoolmen are coming to realize there is something radically wrong here. They are granting it isn't merely that the apparatus of education is antiquated or out of order. It's the wrong sort of apparatus. We can go sky-riding with old-model, pre-war flying-machines, but we can not go sky-riding with goose's wings.

The distinguished president of a college for women implies in a letter to me that our high schools are over-stocked with goose wings. "In the secondary schools," writes the president, "our girls are compelled to pursue, in large measure, degenerate collegiate studies that were outlined, for the most part, decades ago in such classic institutions for men as Harvard and Yale."

And a very gifted woman, the head of an aspiring and successful secondary school for girls, writes me that goose wings clutter the colleges for women. That part of her letter reads: "The so-called Academic Standards are responsible for much of the muddle and fuss we call the Higher Education of Women. Those academic standards were formulated, in great part, before women were known to exist, educationally, and were taken over bodily from men's colleges. Even in their later modifications practically no attempt has been made to provide for those qualities that are distinctively feminine and I believe will always remain so."

IT WAS only natural that in the beginning colleges for women should be hag-ridden with academic standards built—and very badly built—for men. The sturdy women pioneers who fifty years and more ago led the movement for a wider and higher education of women, felt like a smart the general masculine contempt for the intelligence of women. They were impelled to prove that women could study exactly the same things men were studying, in exactly the same way, and get exactly as good marks, too.

They proved it. For all time.

But now there is something still better worth the proving And that is that to be "different" from men mentally is not necessarily to be "inferior"—and negligible.

The qualities in which men and women resemble each other, the human qualities, are far more numerous than the qualities in which they differ from each other. But there still remains certain reactions and aspects of being, certain life values, which are distinctively feminine, as there are others distinctively masculine. (Here of course I do not mean those splatterings labelled "female" to win a cast-iron laugh in vaudeville or a check from a common type of male editor.)

Before women can secure their Fair Field in Education, it must be generally recognized that those distinctive feminine qualities and reactions are just as dignified, just as valuable to society and quite as important in the development of the State as are the distinctive masculine attributes. Indeed, it is, probably, more important to the race that they be trained and developed since only through such training can the Superwoman arrive. And you can see for yourself, Friendly Reader, that while we may muddle along in comparative comfort without the Superman, the future of the race demands the Superwoman.

The great task for the collective sanity of womankind is to replace the old, creaking "Academic" Standards by Life Standards. (Men have a job for themselves there, too.)

This is the writing at the sign of the Thunderstorm! At the sign of the Great War.

RECENT figures show that approximately 11,000,000 girls and women in this country are dependent for support on their earnings outside their own homes. They are of all sorts from bank presidents to bundle girls.

For the purposes of this adventure in criticism, I choose to place these 11,000,000 girls and women on one side of a long, long fence; and on the other side of the fence I place, as I have a statistical right to do, another 11,000,000 girls and women, also of all sorts, who are housewives and home-makers, actual or potential.

I do not undertake to say that this last 11,000,000 may not represent an economic waste in their individualized home-making. It may yet be proved that a home can be maintained for children, a place of charm and light and warmth, when Mother becomes a Tired Business Woman and Father remains a Tired Business Man. It may be that women can be more wisely employed making wiener-wursts in factories than making the social conscience in homes. (Or perhaps that idea is merely a remnant of the old fetish of male superiority in economic values.)

Anyhow, here are two groups on opposite sides of the long, long fence, 11,000,000 women working "outside" their homes, 11,000,000 women working "inside" their homes.

But the women will not stay on their own side of the fence! Women who work "outside" the homes are constantly vaulting over the fence to join that other 11,000,000. And the "inside" women are climbing up and down ladders to get among the "outside." For the matter of that, tho, there is no need either of vaulting or climbing for the fence has plenty of gates through which women are constantly passing and re-passing.

Because of those changes back and forth among the millions of women there comes a special difficulty in the education of girls and women.

Must the schools and colleges of to-morrow, replacing their fusty Academic Standards by Life Standards, train girls and women for both the "inside" and "outside" vocations where to-day they are training them for neither? And will not women thus be perpetually handicapped since men need only prepare themselves for one vocation?

In a sense, Yes. That is why we need the Superwoman.

But the situation is not quite so difficult as it seems. There are a very considerable number of women in America who, while they do not physiologically belong to the "third Sex" do logically. Every instinct of their nature shrinks from marriage and child-bearing and child-tending. Domestic Life is not their vocation, and they should not be trained toward it. If given the development that fits their special needs it may be that from their ranks will come the women of genius whose lack, thus far, has proved a solace to Anti Ladies and Gentlemen.

There is a much larger group who seem especially endowed for family life. The curve of their girlish arms suggest the nestling place of a child and in the shine of their eyes is the light of home fires. Such girls should certainly not be trained for machinists. Their destiny is home-making and they should specialize for it since, even if fate sends them outside their own home for a livelihood, the reorganization of domestic life which is in the making should assure them a dignified place guarding other women's homes or rearing other women's children.

It is the third and largest class of women that make us get down to the very roots of this subject of education—the women who leave a home for a shop or an office for a home.

They are a challenge to placid educational phrases.

They show the emptiness of the wheeze so dear to teachers about the purposes of education being formative, not instructive. For how can we form a thing till we know what it is to be formed for? We have had to much of the Cubist School in the education of girls.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 83

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From the Painting by Will H. Low, N. A. Fourteenth of Pictorial Review's series of Great War Paintings

AFTER THE GREAT COMPANIONS

By Dr. FRANK CRANE

THE race has not run out. We are still men, and worthy of our fathers. That is what Memorial Day, 1919, says to us. Not in pride nor vain boasting, but in fearful and solemn humility we speak, for it is our dead that prompt us. They, our kin and blood, were not afraid to die.

We put our arms around our dead, and hold them proudly up to God, and glory before all men that this is our breed. The lies of the Accuser are disproved. His slanders fall from us. We are not slaves of greed, money-grubbers, soft and lily-livered. We know how to suffer and die. We too, can follow the gleam.

O Greeks of Marathon, room for us! Through Château-Thierry and the Wood of Argonne we have come up to stand by your side, and dare to call you Brothers. You Six Hundred of Balaklava, meet these boys from Kansas and New York, who also rode blithely into the valley of death. They are your kind. You men of Bunker Hill, of Gettysburg, and of San Juan, place, place for these, our neighbor's sons, our friends and playmates!

For them also the laurel, and the royal requiem! For them the Cross of Honor and the Divine Halo! They are ours! Ours! Dear God, we will be worthy of them!

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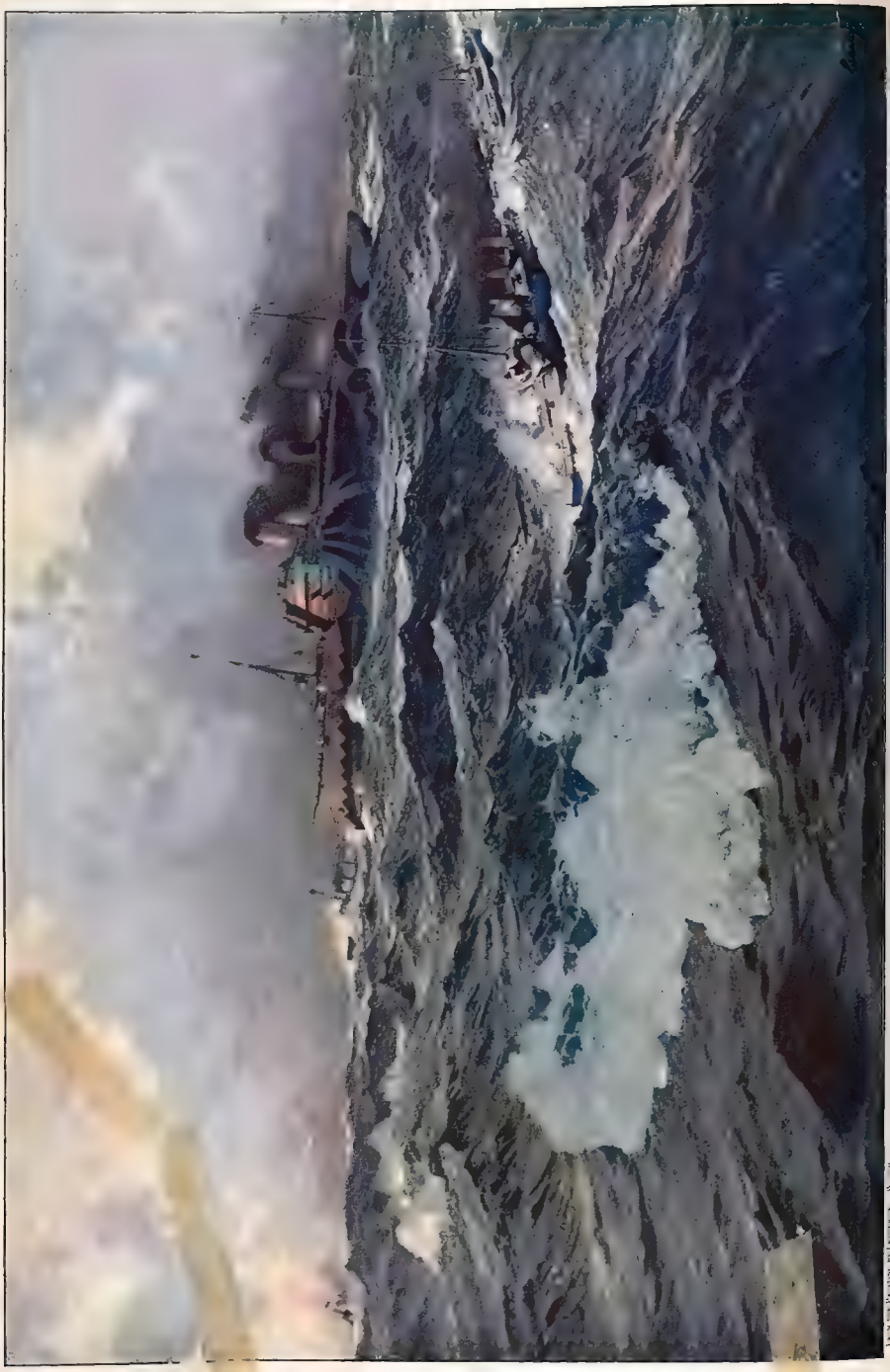

THE CONVOY

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FROM THE PAINTING BY ANTONIO DE LA NOE

SUPPLEMENT TO PICTORIAL REVIEW'S SERIES OF GREAT WAR PAINTINGS

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FIFTEENTH OF PICTORIAL REVIEW'S SERIES—GREAT AMERICANS

MAJOR-GENERAL LEONARD WOOD

FROM THE PAINTING BY CHAS. S. CHAPMAN

"The Support and the Efforts of American Women
Made Our Part in the War Possible"—

Leonard Wood

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"Double good measure of vigor and pleasure
In Campbell's 'Tomato' you find!
Sustaining, inviting, all critics delighting—
It strengthens both body and mind."

You get double quantity and double value

Every can of Campbell's Soup gives you double the quantity of satisfying soup. And every spoonful is nourishing food.

When you consider the quantity, the quality, the beneficial effect on digestion and health—you'll say there is no better food-value on the market than

Campbell's Tomato Soup

It has an energy value of its own. In the ripe red Jersey tomato nature blends tonic acids, sugars, organic salts which strengthen digestion and aid the body processes of nutrition. In this wholesome soup these valuable properties are combined with other sustaining materials, so that it is distinctly nutritious as well as tempting.

Served as a Cream of Tomato it yields fifty per cent more energy than milk.

Beside its own nutritious qualities, its influence on digestion makes other food yield more nutriment. This fact makes it an important feature of the meal, an important means of health and good condition. There could be no value more vital than this.

Order this appetizing soup from your grocer by the dozen or more, and have it right at hand.

Vegetable-Beef Soup—a new Campbell kind

Delicious vegetables and selected beef combined with a rich stock, making a soup remarkably hearty and substantial. A meal in itself. Try it.

21 kinds 12c a can

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Printanier
Bouillon	Julienne	Tomato
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato-Okra
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Vegetable
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton	Vegetable-Beef
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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PHOTOGRAPH BY HACHMACH

THE WOMAN MAYOR OF MOORE HAVEN

First of a Series of Articles on "Interesting Women"

By

Helen Christine Bennett

I THINK of all things to be written there is nothing so lovely as the wonder story, that tale in which the prosaic without rime or reason suddenly turns into unexpected, gripping romance and carries you along into unheard-of and undreamed-of avenues of achievement. Such a tale is this. I am fairly hugging my typewriter as I write it for you, and the keys will not fly fast enough because —well, because I am still thrilling at the sheer impossibility of it.

And yet every bit of it happened—and is still happening.

In Philadelphia four years ago there dwelt in a well-ordered house in a well-ordered street, Mrs. Marian Horwitz, the widow of a well-known lawyer. Robert Morris, the financier of the American revolution, was her great-great-grandfather, and on the other side of the house in a similar position was John Nixon, the reader of the Declaration of Independence. Mrs. Horwitz was well known socially as a charming young matron who spent her time with her young son or among her friends, and employed her philanthropic instincts to the betterment of day nurseries, hospitals, and like institutions.

Then came the world war. Mrs. Horwitz was one of five women of Philadelphia to organize and establish the great Emergency Aid of Pennsylvania, a very natural outgrowth of work for day nurseries and hospitals. A business excursion to look over some real estate holdings took Mrs. Horwitz to Florida. While she was there came the first call of the President of the United States for greater production of food stuffs. There were some women of wealth and of social position who turned their front lawns into potato fields in answer to that call.

Mrs. Horwitz, just as simply and as readily as if the President had spoken to her personally, closed her Palm Beach house and her town house in Philadelphia and her suburban home in Pennsylvania and went out to her land in the Everglades to produce food for the warring nations. Into what had for centuries been matted jungle, so that the black muck beneath contained infinite promise of the food so needed; into a wilderness, two days from a railroad, came Mrs. Horwitz intent upon food production. There were other pioneers working there in the Everglades, men all of them, men of the sterling type who take unbridled Nature in hand and tame her to serve human needs.

In six months she had become the largest individual developer of land in the Everglades; she had wrested two thousand acres from the jungle; she had tractor engines at work on a soil that had been storing its richness for centuries. She spent most of her time in the saddle directing the work on her farm. As a result of the President's call, Marian Horwitz produced to meet the need of the world, in the first year of her farming, over fifty carloads of potatoes, five carloads of peanuts, four carloads of corn, besides many carloads of hay and miscellaneous vegetables. It is possible that the front-lawn method did not occur to her.

When Mrs. Horwitz came to the Everglades she made her headquarters in the newly settled town of Moore Haven, a town without a railroad, with no water supply, with few buildings worthy of the name—a little excrescence upon the face of the wilderness. As her farming project grew, and those of the other pioneers grew also, it became necessary for business organization to grow to meet the needs of the farmers and of the ever-increasing number of laborers. As simply and as readily as she had responded to the call for food, Mrs. Horwitz met the new demand, and organized and put into motion the De Soto Stock Farm Company, the Moore Haven Lumber Company, and the Moore Haven Supply Company. Of these three companies she has always been the president.

Meanwhile, influenced by the farming boom, the tiny town of Moore Haven had been growing by those leaps and bounds characteristic of pioneer towns where treasure is. And the treasure of Moore Haven was more precious than silver or gold, for, when the drainage and the clearing that the pioneers had worked so hard upon was completed, there stood naked and ready for the plow thousands of acres of the black muck *seven feet deep* capable of producing crops for a century without fertilizer, and in the mild climate of Florida of growing three to five crops in succession every year!

As the story of such treasure spread abroad and people came to see, the little town of Moore Haven spread itself farther and farther, buildings sprang up as if by magic, modern improvements stalked boldly in, and in so short a space of time that the original inhabitants were left fairly breathless, Moore Haven was a city demanding a charter from the State. When it received the charter, its citizens turned to Mrs. Horwitz and invited her to become its first Mayor.

Mrs. Horwitz regarded the invitation with something akin to dismay. She had never been interested in suffrage. She had believed and had stated that woman could not go through the necessary work necessitated by public office. But probably she had not then believed in the possibility of working day after day in the saddle directing gangs of laborers draining and reclaiming virgin soil. So she hesitated. Finally she declared that if there was opposition to her candidacy on behalf of her sex she would withdraw.

THERE was none. How could there be? For in the brief time that Moore Haven had known her, Marian Horwitz had not only proved herself a thoroughly capable business woman possessed of rare courage and great physical endurance, but she had endeared herself to her community in a far more intimate way. When illness came to Moore Haven —as it comes to all pioneer towns where settlement comes first and sanitation much later, when typhoid raged and nurses were few and assistance hard to get, Mrs. Horwitz traveled from shack to shack nursing, doctoring, bathing, and feeding the sufferers. In labor disputes, of which there were many, she had handled many a rebellion which threatened utter disruption. Some of the demands upon her were very far removed from those of the safe-guarded road of her life heretofore. She found herself presiding in negro churches, and where there was no church, over a congregation called in the open, judging grave matters in answer to direct appeal. The colored Masonic Lodge of Moore Haven is named after her; the colored Knights of Pythias Lodge is dedicated to her. To such folk as these she became known as the "Goddess," but to her fellow pioneers she was "the Chief."

So Marian Horwitz became Mayor of Moore Haven and as Mayor she became Judge of a district of two thousand five hundred people. Having assumed the office, Mayor Horwitz cast aside all doubts. If she was to be Mayor, she would do what she believed should be done by a Mayor. Her ideas on sanitation were quickly put into practise.

During her administration the town voted a $30,000 bond issue for street paving. Her fight against the liquor interests, the moonshiners, and the bootleggers, was brief, vivid, and a complete victory. Moore Haven is to-day a model town in which to live

As a Judge she instituted a custom that is without precedent. She stayed upon the bench and gave her decision. Then when court was over she came down and went over the matter, friendlywise, with the dissenting parties, with the result of ultimate justice and perfect satisfaction.

The aviation fields of Arcadia are sixty miles from Moore Haven. To assist the aviators, Mrs. Horwitz cleared, drained, and operated a landing-field for aeroplanes, named it for the first aviator who landed upon it, "Lowe Field," and made the boys who landed there welcome guests at her home.

Novices who strayed often found her house a refuge when caught overnight far from their hangars. And many a boy who was lost remembers the slight, charming little woman who came after him with her wide caterpillar tractor and brought him and his plane back in safety.

In recognition of this and of her services in opening up and developing the land, Governor Catt of Florida gave Mayor Horwitz the military rank and title of Major, one of the few titles given during the war to women who worked only in this country. As Major Horwitz she paraded with the Governor's staff, on several occasions, in full uniform.

I have stated that when Mrs. Horwitz entered upon her work of reclamation in the Everglades she found men working there and worked side by side with them. After America entered the war she married one of these men, a business associate, Captain John J. O'Brien, who had been called to active service. Upon his leaving, Mayor Horwitz took upon her already overburdened shoulders the vice-presidency and management of the Moore Haven Bank, of which Captain O'Brien was president, as well as his other business interests.

CAPTAIN O'BRIEN has returned safe to Moore Haven. Major-Mayor O'Brien is, at the present writing, at Tampa nursing her son, who is recovering from an illness, while the people of Moore Haven await her return. When she returns to Moore Haven it will be to continue this year's campaign for food production, for the need is as keen if not as picturesque as that of last year, and the feeding of the world can not be permanently settled by sporadic efforts in front lawns. In days to come, when the agricultural production of America has been adjusted to meet America's need, when you and I have awakened to the futility of spending millions fertilizing barren hillsides when muck seven feet deep still lies idle, Marian O'Brien's name will be remembered, not only because she was the first woman Mayor in the Southern States, nor because she was one of the few women to bear a military title during the great war, but because she demonstrated to the people of the State of Florida and the country itself the unknown possibilities of the Everglades.

Still hesitant, as if the past years were a wonder to her as well as to you and to me, she says,

"Since my experience in public office I have come to regard suffrage as a factor in the democratic evolution now going on in America. To me it is a thoroughly impersonal matter. I am in public office and I find that I can do all that I really have to do and this has awakened a different conception of the possibilities of my sex."

But I think it is the story of the conquering of the Everglades, more than the successful administration in office, that brings a different conception to you and to me.

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Pale, sallow skins — *The new steam treatment for them*

FIRST the steam! THEN the lather! You will find the steam treatment in detail in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

A SOFT, lovely skin, radiant with color! This attraction you, too, can have. In a much shorter time than you would imagine, your skin will respond to the proper care and treatment by taking on a greater loveliness.

When your skin is colorless—"pasty"—it means that your pores are unable to throw off all the waste matter they should.

To correct this condition, try this new steam treatment. Steam penetrates the skin in a way water alone cannot do. It enables you to cleanse thoroughly the pores that have become clogged, to stimulate inactive blood vessels and give the skin new color.

To make your skin soft and colorful

One night a week fill your bowl full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the bowl and cover your head and the bowl with a heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. This opens the pores wide, stimulates the tiny blood vessels of the face and brings the blood to the surface.

Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this, wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin in an upward and outward motion. Then rinse the skin well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. This closes the pores and makes the skin firm in texture.

The other six nights of the week, cleanse your skin thoroughly in the usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water.

Use this steam treatment weekly until your skin no longer requires it. After the very first treatment, your skin will show more color. Before long you will notice an improvement—a promise of the greater loveliness which the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

Get a cake of Woodbury's and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. You will find Woodbury's Facial Soap on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. A 25 cent cake will last a month or six weeks.

Booklet of famous skin treatments

You will find complete treatments, as well as scientific advice on the skin and scalp, in the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch." This booklet is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

CONTENTS

BABIES—*What physicians recommend*
BATH—*How much it means*
BLACKHEADS—*A confession*
BLEMISHES—*How to get rid of them*
CHILD OF FIVE—*How to preserve clear color of*
CONSPICUOUS NOSE PORES—*How to reduce them*
ENLARGED PORES—*How to make your skin fine*
OILY SKIN AND SHINY NOSE—*How to correct them*
SHAMPOO—*The right way*
SLUGGISH SKIN—*To rouse it*
TENDER SKIN—*New Treatment*

Sample cake of soap

Booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream for 15c

For 6 cents we will send you a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough to last for a week of any Woodbury treatment, together with the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch", giving the famous Woodbury skin treatments. Or for 15 cents we will send, in addition, samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 306 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 306 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

A soft, lovely skin, radiant with color! Every girl should have it! Begin today to use the particular Woodbury treatment your skin needs.

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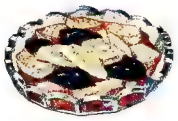
COOLING

A Cooling Salad

Slice the oranges thin and serve with lettuce. Some add French dressing in which lemon juice takes the place of vinegar. (See "Sunkist Recipes")



Children Like This

Here are oranges with dates—a healthful dessert that delights the children. Just serve it to them once. See what they say

With Celery and Apples

This, too, is a luscious salad combination. An attractive luncheon dish.

Sunkist Coconut Delight

Slice five Sunkist Oranges. Add a little sugar if desired. Mix well, then sprinkle over top one-half can Fresh Grated Coconut which has been pressed in a sieve. Serves five persons.

Salad and Dessert in One

Delicious Foods for Every Meal

SERVE oranges, sliced, cut up, or in segments—serve them plain, or with other fruits. These attractive dishes are prepared in a jiffy.

And they will bring to your table delicious flavors that everybody likes.

They will aid in economizing. For you can dispense with either salad or dessert when this fruit serves as both in one.

Try one tonight. There is ample variety in these luscious combinations.

For Balanced Diets

Oranges aid in balancing the diet, and diet is vitally important. Food experts say that more fresh fruit should be eaten with the meals. Now more than ever before, they are advocating oranges.

They are calling attention also to their valuable salts and acids which stimulate digestion; thus giving needed aid in the complete assimilation of every food's nutrition.

A juicy, fresh fruit that is so efficient appeals to both the reason and the palate.

Don't go a day without oranges. Serve them regularly.

Sunkist

Uniformly Good Oranges

Sunkist Oranges are picked ripe and shipped *fresh from California daily the year 'round.* They are practically seedless, sweet and juicy—*uniformly good.* What is better for healthful year-'round salads and tempting desserts?

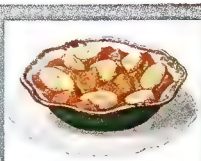
All first-class stores sell Sunkist. Order from your dealer now.

California Fruit Growers Exchange

A non-profit, Co-operative Organization of 8,500 Growers

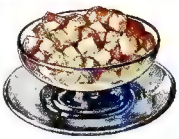
Dept. H-1, Los Angeles, California

Also Distributors of Sunkist Marmalade and California Sunkist Lemons



Always a Treat for Men

You can always please the men folks with sliced oranges and bananas as the dessert at any evening meal. Men don't tire of it. Serve it often

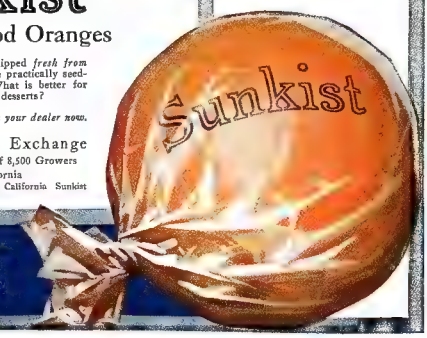


Another Dessert Suggestion

This enticing dish makes an excellent dessert, available the year 'round. Simply cut up oranges and pineapple together. Canned pineapple serves as well as fresh.

Miss Bradley's Recipes Sent Free

Send for our book, "Sunkist Recipes," containing more than 200 recipes, tested and proved by Alice Bradley. Miss Bradley is principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston, Mass., and she tells in this book how to serve lemons and oranges in the most attractive ways. A post card brings it to you *free.* Address Dept. H-1.



Oranges for Health

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Facing It

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

Blouden moved nervously, he laced his arms into the boat-tackle. "He had divine origin," objected the mutilated man shortly "I'm human, just plain ugly, weak, scared *mad* human! I—I can't forget how—how I *seem*, I can't." The big fellow's voice trailed wretchedly away. Drown from some terribly humiliated part of him the choking words came—"I can't face it."

Two officers strolled by, saw the men talking by the life-boat and lowered their voices. As they passed the older affectionately clapped Blouden on the shoulder, he smiled winningly at Brent.

"Home to-morrow! Can't you smell New York? I can!"

The two by the life-boat grinned. Blouden, with an effort at gaiety, called after the others a snatch of trench song.

But Brent, intent upon bolstering up his friend, did not notice, the deep voice continued in the face of the other's desperate lunges of impatience.

"Buddy," he urged earnestly, "our only change now is how far we can make the man that is inside of this outer man *tell*. We've got to go on spirit, that's all." Brent turned slowly. He stared at his friend's face, cold and dreadful in the sea night-light, then asked hesitatingly,

"It isn't as if she had severed everything between you? *She*, I understand, has made no moves in the matter, she'd come to you, now wouldn't she, as you are, if——"

"Come to me, come to me?" burst out the other man fiercely. He clenched the ropes of the life-boat and shook them in a sudden maniacal fierceness, the pulley-blocks rattled against their davits as he choked— "Oh, shut up your head, you fool. Oh, my God! My God!"

After a silence, the desperate muffled voice came. "I've fixed it so she *can't* come—I—I can get along, I," Blouden spoke with stifled disgust of life, "I suppose I can buy tolerance, care, companionships of sorts;" the older-looking man with dumb pity saw the steely masculinity of the hands that twisted among the pulleys and gripped the sagging ropes.

ALL through the red and burning months, Brent had seen these hands come back from bayonet-lunging and grenade-throwing. Seen them when their owner's face was covered by gas-mask and helmet, seen them gory from close-range stabbing and black from oil and grime of murderous machines. Then in the huts or dugouts or the curious faded grandeurs of châteaux-billets he had seen these long, strong hands at their natural work. He had seen them run, as lightly as butterflies, over the piano-keys, he had seen them like huge sea-shells held to the ears of childish and primitive soldiers, he had seen them prophetic with prophecy of music that had kept whole companies of fighters spell-bound; not only the popular camp-music with its sense of unified bigness and determination, its flippance and challenging impudence, but other music that was like the rolling up of silver light at daybreak, like the crystalline innocence of a young girl's naked body seen through clear water, like midnight mountains dripping wind and rain down all their black crags. These supple hands, with the cool, grave fingers Brent, who would never again clasp the hands of fellow men with his once powerful grip, looked with ungrudging thoughtfulness upon them.

"I was on a lepers' island once," he remarked dreamily. "The thing had a queer theoretical bent got to see a leper dressmaker sewing on ruffles for another leper to wear to a leper party his unique quality as an anæsthetic, but it didn't take long to probe the mystery of these people. They had in one supreme terrible moment of diagnosis realized their entire tragedy. Then nothing could hurt them any more. Then began the inner human dream, a sort of temple of life in which their spirits moved contentedly. The ones I met were just pleasant, gentle people with a detached interest in politics and a curiosity about everything quite as vivid as if they had not diseased members—even, as it seemed to me, they had a kind of pride as if they were a sort of pioneers of—something. They ignored rotting stumps and decreasing horrors the way you ignore the falling to sleep of old people, they came out from their decaying tents of bodies and smiled and joked and told conundrums and had high jinks generally. Somehow it struck me that lepers were a wide-awake, unspoiled, enthusiastic kind of beings.

"Since then I've often wished for a good leper at some of the entertainments I've attended, a genuine doomed person like that seems able to furnish flow of soul and repartee without tankering-up."

Blouden did not answer, he merely stared at the Northern Cross, bending his head back trying to fit a cigaret into the hinged mechanism of the mask mouth—to do this he had to flatten one end slightly, the process for some reason seemed to sicken him, with a curse the young fellow flung the thing into the sea.

The older man, troubled at this fresh evidence of tortured morale, pretended not to notice, he went on talking, looking straight ahead of him, saying thoughtfully, "This Greek God business, the Handsome Ideal sort of thing; weren't we getting sort of fed up with it before the war? A sort of Teutonic Eugenism derived from ideals of efficiency and physical pinkness. Lord knows what we really meant then. Lord knows what we *really* mean now, but it is barely possible that this great scrapping of brains and bodies and fortunes and good looks may have made entity of a much-talked-of artistic and religious postulate; namely, the human soul." Brent suddenly turned, he seemed to spring upon the supine mind of the younger man and, like an athlete, pin him down as he growled fiercely, "Come now, you mangled young devil, stand up, look me in the eye while I give you your spiritual orders, Blouden," he spoke decisively, "Blouden, if you want my respect, buck up." The older man's voice lashed out with the snap of a whip. "Buck up, now for all time; first, because there are others.

"Second," Brent went on with sharp conviction, "second, because if you disqualify yourself and say you're out of the game simply because you are a disfigured person you put life and love on a pretty low level. Have you been believing all this time that existence was a Floradora sextet?" Brent lent his stride now the big voice snapped along with sharp conviction. "I believe with you that there's a reason for the 'second animal' basis of life, but, you'll excuse me, *it's not all;* the Greek philosophies prove that, the Prussian Failure proves it. If it has taken millions of dead 'fine animal men' to prove that Germany had the wrong hunch, let us accept the figures and the solution. The 'fine animal' basis of existence will no longer do.

"Third, my dear old chap, it does seem to me that you are a heap more fortunate than hundreds of other poor devils, and I believe you can blaze a new trail over which the other brave chaps may pass to something like happiness in the long years left to them."

The young captain sneered. "More *fortunate!*" he muttered bitterly, "because of my money."

"Because of your music," returned the older man firmly, "Your music, your superb power of imagination and those two, big, steely powerful hands. Your piano is to you like a huge Aladdin's lamp; I've seen you lick it with your uncanny elemental control and immediately whole regiments turned into children by the witchery and stubborn back of these Titan, pearl-dropping, piano surgeon's hands. I've watched the damnedest hound, the thickest hide, the most crass ignorant, shallow mind get queer and sensitive under your wizardry, your black, ungodly piano trances."

Through the sea-night the watchful older man could discern a slight lifting of the drooping unutterable misery in the hollow voice, and the chaplain's face, seared with battle exposure, death-watches, and the indelibly graven lines of inexorable self-control, relaxed a little.

"Well then," Brent purposely exaggerated his jibing note. "After all, he'll be really want to go home and be a 'harnsome horfcer' kissed by admiring women while the band plays and the County Judge makes a speech?"

At the inevitability of the picture, the two from the immemorial habit of the trenches fell into husky laughter. The young man's involuntary chuckle told his friend what he wanted to know. Brent straightened up, he squinted his measuring look at the stars.

"I'm turning in," he announced shortly; "see you to-morrow at landing. You'll probably note my ministerial observation balloon in Wisconsan, tho it's not likely they'll want me in my old pulpit after the sensation is over—I've grown a leetle bit unorthodox, you know."

THE two men stood upright, facing each other. The younger, suddenly alert, impulsively saluted, and held out his hand to the man who all these months had faced his despair with him.

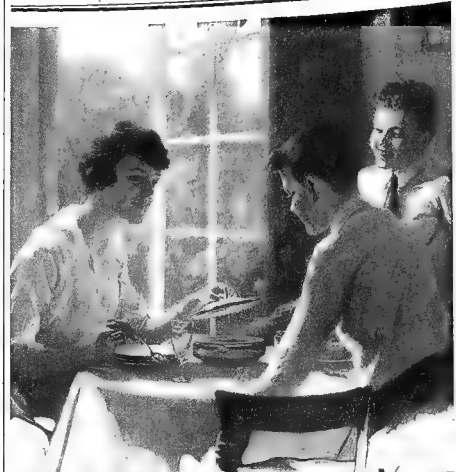
Brent, looking wistfully at the hand, slowly shook his head; again he gave his whimsical laugh. "Nothing doing, dear boy," he said gently. With a start the young officer peered at the armless man standing there in the dark.

"You, Brent," he whispered hoarsely, "you old shaggy dog, you. If you can see this thing through, I can."

The young captain's bent head, with its tragic mask, fell forward; it brushed for a second the shoulder of his armless comrade. Then the two men turned their backs upon each other, striding each his separate way.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

1869-1919
50TH ANNIVERSARY—FIFTY YEARS OF PROGRESS



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To you, the busy housewife, Heinz Baked Beans are a great convenience, because we have done the baking—in dry heat in real ovens—and all you have to do is the heating. To you, the thrifty housewife, they are a great economy, for too much meat makes the bills high.

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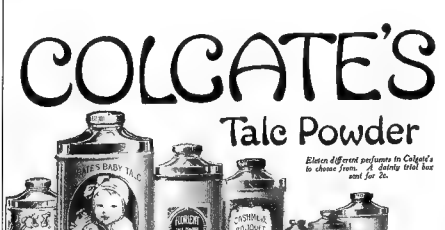

Eleven Different perfumes to Colgate's to choose from. A dainty trial box sent for 2c.

Do you use Talc often enough ?

Facing It

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

IT WAS a full year afterward that Brent Brent to New York. The big man paused at the great beehive station, looking about him at the surging of automobiles and people with an appreciative smile. Brent, coming from the West to attend a conference on the question of cripples in Civil Service opportunities of occupation, was also gathering data for personal lectures on the progress and prosperity of those maimed by industry and war.

To save time, his first meal was eaten at a restaurant near the station, and it was while waiting for service that he constituted himself a professional eavesdropper to the talk of two women at the table next his. One of these ladies was a short, curiously vital woman, whose face of extraordinary strength had at intervals an expression of free human sweetness that was quite unconscious. Brent's artificial arms were placed straightly at his sides as he sat glancing sidewise at the menu. He had caught the word "war cripples" and wanted to hear what this sorrow-lined face, with its enigmatic cloak of optimism, would utter on a subject so sorrowfully his own metier. Suddenly a man's name made him hold himself very still.

"I gave her my ticket for young Bloudon's last recital. Can't go myself, but there are other numbers on the program, so I don't much care. I'd rather have it all Bloudon -his playing—Oh, I can't describe it to you—it's what you'd expect, the voice of one crying in the wilderness."

The other woman looked up curiously.

"Wasn't there a girl, somewhere?"

The little red-headed woman smiled. "Ah, isn't there inevitably a girl, somewhere? These cheated, robbed, defrauded girls of war? If they were to take hands in all countries and put into a song some of their young tragedy, the blind warmakers of the world might slowly get another idea."

"She won't give him up?" pursued the other woman questioningly. She had a delicate white face, and dark eyes which turned from the consideration of her friend's clothes to a sort of sentimental relish of sad romances.

"Why, he absolutely flung her out of his life—not very prettily, they say, the same way a maddened animal bites the hand that tries to calm it."

The woman opposite bent a solemn look on her friend.

"You wouldn't have him do otherwise. Under that mask he must be a horror. Of course, any way he took would have to *seem* brutal." Then the pitiful dark eyes helplessly filled, "Oh, poor children, poor children, what else *could* they do?"

The man sitting by, in his heart, echoed this, but he suddenly observed the little red-haired lady stiffen.

"WHAT else can they do? I'll tell you. Simply face it. They dear, it would take less suffering than they are enduring today." She nodded her head emphatically. "More suffering perhaps, but less *suffering*. Somehow I think we've trained ourselves into false conception as to what is possible in love. It's all very well to talk about the spiritual demand for beauty. H'm! Spiritual demand? Well, we've stood enough Cultural Nonsense to know just what we can twist ourselves into believing *is* beautiful. I propose we do a little more of that transcendentally unfair now in the name of other kinds of beauty."

The small red-haired lady bit into some cinnamon toast with a snap of her fine teeth, as she remarked convincedly, "We've too long had a pampered pretified sense of what we could and couldn't 'bear' to look at—we are very proud of our little shudderings away from the diseased and malformed and ugly. I wouldn't a little poseur of an artist whose entire fame is built up on her delicate protestation that she can't look upon any face she thinks ugly. Of course she doesn't know that as an artist, the very fact defines her limitations into the painter of mere prettiness. She purrs over this virtue like a cream-fed kitten, but her words and actions are like the luchtstone of a head of wilted lettuce."

"You say such things," giggled the dark-eyed lady desperately.

"Yes," admitted the other, ironically.

"You've seen Bloudon, heard him play?" Her friend had the air of pinning her down to facts.

"Have I seen him?" demanded the little red-haired woman. "I've seen him with all my visions, past, present, and future. Every line of his body spells a manliness that is princely, the great, clean, brave lad. His hands—I can imagine little children clinging to them and burying their faces in them, and loving them—but, of course," the little red-haired fighter added with quick scorn, "with a marred face he hasn't *quite* the chance of a hotel clerk or a matinée idol—you see many perfect faces of war in the haberdashers' windows that are more generally satisfactory than would be his noble, crucified, shell-torn countenance—you see, my dear, our modistes' and tailors' standards are not set for us in vain, our idea of how a man should look coincides exactly with theirs—a matter of smoothness, contour, surfaces, symmetries."

The dark-eyed woman tasted her tea meditatively, putting in another lump of sugar. "How severe you are." She tasted the tea again and found it too hot. She put down the cup, saying with an air of finality, "They say that *with* his mask he looks fairly well, but uncanny, hardly human; that under it his face is just half a face, a great cavernous scar, and one eye gone!" She gave a long, pitiful sigh, the meager lines of her delicately embroidered blouse pulsated as she concluded. "There is absolutely no reason *why* we should be made to endure such a thing as the sight of that marred face, such torture to our—sense of—you know what I mean. We should not be so outraged If he decided to go without that mask he must be put where he can never frighten *anybody*. And yet people are saying that he is to be allowed to go without it because it interferes with his hearing! I'm the *thing*," concluded the dark-eyed lady decidedly "must not be tolerated."

THE little red-haired woman colored hotly, she glanced over at Brent, who, she had noticed, was listening; something in the chaplain's grave eyes met her own interrogative gaze. Suddenly she recognized the man's face as one she had seen photographed, a famous worker and teacher among the world's war cripples.

"Ah, that man knows Hardy Bloudon," she said impulsively; she leaned over to the adjacent table and again the look of human sweetness flashed over her face. Brent rose and bowed. His artificial arms moved stiffly to a set position as he replied quickly, "No one knows Hardy better than I." The chaplain looked searchingly at the admirable face lifted to his, catching something of the vivacious health of mind that played over the features of this red-haired woman.

"Madam, I have been a chaplain and a soldier of the American Army—I wish to tell you how heartily I can subscribe to the things you have been saying. The war-cripples'—the dark gaze courteously included the amazed face of the more conventional woman as Brent declared authoritatively—"we have somehow missed out on all the things we have subscribed to as Americanism unless a man horribly sacrificed to his country like this young Bloudon and thousands of others can go about in this country without masks and artificial defenses other than those needed to sustain life; go about freely, understood, welcomed, and" —Brent drew a short quick breath—"comforted."

The tenseness in the speaker's voice, the curious artificial movement with which he swept up his hat, made the dark-eyed sentimental woman place her hand to her throat and sigh; but the little red-haired lady stood upright, she spoke with understanding and spirit.

"You know Bloudon," she demanded eagerly; "I don't—[sic] If I could ever be of any help to him, and that girl, or," with a swift glance at the somber figure before her, "to you, this is my address!" She seized her shopping-bag, dove into its recesses, and produced a visiting-card which she herself with a pretty womanly movement of assurance slid into the chaplain's breast-pocket. The alert little lady smiled her short free smile of good fellowship and was gone.

BLOUDON'S closing recital was in February, when the individual with any experience of city life casts a dreary computative look toward piles of black snow still heaped near the crossing and wonders how many grippe germs will be released at the next thaw.

But the unwholesome crowding, the stifling heat of buildings, dust, and heavy fumes are small drawbacks when weighed against all the lights and sounds and bargains of a great city, and at Hardy Bloudon's, as at many other recitals of that week, the lobbies were thronged not only by cultivated people, but by many cripples: lame people, hunch-backs, blind, and paralyzed people. Brent, hurrying to the great music-hall, found that a large part of Bloudon's audience was of a post-military character. As he saw sailors and engineers he had known, all of them in some way disfigured or disabled from hurts got in the unspeakable war. There were women ambulance-drivers, officers from all departments of the service, but almost entirely was the audience composed of cripples.

Among the throng passing through the corridors that were not in some way physically handicapped, Brent marked particularly a tall, buoyant girl clad in dark-brown cloth and dark darker furs who slipped past him, consulting her program. Something in the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

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Diana's Discovery

By Beatrice Gordon

ILLUSTRATION BY WILL GREFÉ

FROM her accustomed place on the little porch, Diana Montgomery watched her husband out of sight on his way to the early train. But for the third successive morning, Don did not look around or wave to her from the bend in the road. Hurt and disappointed, she stood looking wistfully after him for a moment longer than usual. She wondered vaguely how many husbands stopped caring for their wives in three years—and what, if anything, these other women did about it. Then she turned mechanically and entered the house.

Every day for months there had been evidences of a change in Don's affection for her. All of them were small, of course, so small she hadn't been able to bring herself to mention them. Things were apparently just the same as ever, but Don was growing away from her, she knew. He had given up almost every little demonstration of his love. In the morning, he read the paper all through breakfast, scarcely giving her a word. Then, at the last minute before rushing from the door, he merely brushed her cheek in parting. All day long, she had just the memory of that hurried kiss.

At least two nights a week lately he had been staying down town for dinner. Usually he would phone late in the afternoon to tell her—"It's the busy season, you know," or "Got a big job that must be cleaned up tonight." And, of course, such messages meant long evenings alone for Diana—long evenings when thoughts were beginning to come that she tried and tried to push back. *Was* it always business that kept Don in town? Yes, it had gone that far. Suspicion, just a shade of suspicion, had begun to lift its head above the horizon of her great blind faith in her husband.

And so this morning, when again he had failed to turn and wave "Good-bye," the hurt went deeper in Diana's heart, and all that forenoon as she went about her work she change in Don was the thing constantly in her thoughts. Then, in the afternoon she had an inspiration. She would surprise him that night with a real "spread," a dinner after his own heart. Every dish should be something of which Don was especially fond. He could not help but see what pains she had taken to please him and maybe when it was all over, he would take her in his arms as he used to and tell her how wonderful she was to be always planning for his happiness. The prospect of it sent her forth gaily on a marketing expedition and her plans for the surprise carried her all through a happy afternoon.

And then, as the hands of the clock were falling toward six-thirty, and the snowy cloth had been spread and the very best silver laid, and the golden sweet potatoes were growing brown in the oven, and a juicy steak was just waiting his step on the walk outside to go over the roaring fire—the phone rang. Diana ran and caught it, received, "Yes?" and, then—"I'm at the St. James, just sitting down to dinner with Turner. Sorry. Get yourself a bite. I'll be home about ten"—and before she could really grasp the words, there was a click on the wire. He had gone.

Diana dropped to a chair, sat there a long moment trying to adjust herself to the overwhelming disappointment, then rose and half running, half stumbling up the stairs, threw herself upon the bed in her own room and gave herself up to a flood of tears.

TWENTY minutes later as she lay, fairly worn out with weeping, she was roused by the sound of footsteps on the porch below. She jumped up and rushed to the long mirror—to see how red her eyes were. Then as she listened, a familiar receding whistle proclaimed the caller only the boy with the evening paper and she was much relieved.

But the momentary excitement had dried up the fountain of tears. Diana was again herself now. She walked over to the mirror to arrange her hair, and as she stood there, her eye fell on a picture on her dressing table, a picture of herself taken the June they were married, a picture Don used to call his favorite. There was a girlish charm about it, emphasized by the dainty, becoming dress she wore. It was a dress that any one would have said must be Diana's even if they had seen it in a shop window. But what held her gaze now was not the picture itself so much as the contrast between it and what she saw reflected in the mirror. She looked from one to the other, and then, slowly, she seemed to feel coming over her a great understanding. And with it came a firm resolve. She would not submit quietly to the loss of her husband's love.

An hour later, the dining room cleared of its silver and linen, the carefully planned dinner things put away for tomorrow, she was running through a pile of magazines in the den. And, at eleven when Don came up the stairs she was fast asleep, the trace of a smile still upon her lips.

FOR a few months things went on apparently as usual in the Montgomery home. Don was deeply engrossed in his work at the office, where he was slowly but surely winning recognition from his firm. He frequently worked till late at night and always had to hurry to catch his train for town in the morning.

But there had been a subtle change in Diana. She had somehow chased away the shadow that formerly pursued her. During the day, she sang cheery little songs as she went about her work, and on more than one occasion she had failed to have dinner ready at the appointed hour. She seemed continually preoccupied—with something pleasant. Don noticed this, of course, and it bothered him a little. Once or twice he tried to discover Diana's secret, but he got no satisfaction from her.

When he came home at night and let himself in with his latch key, Diana was never there—was more to greet him. He had to get his slippers and hang up his coat and hat himself. But when he whistled, Diana was always upstairs in her room. And she would come downstairs simply radiating some pleasing secret! Could she be preparing some surprise for him—or what had come over her lately?

THEN finally one glorious October evening it all came out in a most wonderful way! Don had left the office a little later than usual. It had been one of those days—which happen in all offices and all kitchens—when everything seems possessed with contrariness. He was worn out physically and mentally.

Arriving at his station, he walked slowly, thoughtfully, up the hill toward his home. He was dreading that he felt more as he used to feel about his home. He pictured to himself the bright, attractive girl he had married three short years before. How she had changed! Had *he*? He wondered.

From the bend in the road, he noticed that the house was lighted brilliantly. "Probably callers—or worse still, *guests*," he thought. "Don't feel like it. I want to-night a few slippers, the big chair and a book! There isn't anybody in the world I want to see!"

Going up the porch steps, he tried the door. But it was locked and the curtains drawn. He listened, but heard no voices. So he produced a bunch of keys, turned the lock and entered. What he saw amazed—transfixed him!

There stood Diana—yes, it surely *was* Diana—but a NEW Diana! She was waiting for him with a strange, glad light in her blue eyes! She was younger—more beautifully alluring than ever before—and she was wearing the most wonderful and becoming dress he had ever seen!

Instantly he was conscious of a change within himself. Under the magic spell of reawakened love, he tried to speak, but could not. He moved toward her slowly—both arms outstretched.

"Diana!" he cried in a voice she could never forget. He was the old, proud, tender Don once more!

IN the big leather chair before the open fire that night, Don and Diana sat watching the dancing flames and talking of a new-found happiness. They had so much to say that words suddenly seemed inadequate. Most of what these two had to tell each other does not concern us. It cannot be told in minutes, nor yet in years; it cannot be perfectly told even in a lifetime, for it is endless and runs through eternity.

"I must have been blind, dear," Don said, after a long silence, "but—thank heaven!—my eyes are opened at last!"

"Well, it wasn't *your* fault, Don," Diana replied. "I don't know how it came about. But I grew careless and indifferent about myself. You really never saw me in anything much but dowdy housedresses or something equally untidy—and I don't blame you. But I haven't told you the real secret yet.

"You see, I felt that you were growing away from me—I saw it in so many little things. And one night when you phoned that you were not coming home, I had a terrible cry about it. Then I caught a vision of myself as I had been. And I saw at once, of course, that no woman can hope to win—or hold—her husband's love and respect, unless she keeps herself attractive.

"Right there I resolved to try and remedy the trouble. But the *expense* looked like an insurmountable difficulty. You know we haven't had any new clothes to speak of—either of us—since we were married. The money has always been needed, even before we had it, for what seemed just *necessary* things.

"Well, while I was pondering over my problem, suddenly the solution flashed into my mind. I recalled reading a magazine article, a few evenings before, about a girl who found the way to happiness, by learning how to make stylish, becoming clothes for herself.

"It told about an institute of domestic arts and sciences, through which any woman could learn during spare time, right in her own home, how to make all kinds of dresses and hats.

"So I hunted up that magazine and read the Cinderella story again. It was so convincing that I sent for more information at once.

"IN just a few days a handsome book came, telling all about the Woman's Institute and its 20,000 delighted members. I saw right away that here was just the opportunity I needed, so I joined and took up dressmaking.

"When my first lesson came, I knew *any* woman could learn to make her own clothes by this easy, fascinating method. The pictures make everything so plain that a child could understand. I really felt like a different woman just because I was so happy! I spent every minute I could on the lessons and at night, I dreamed I was wearing the kind of clothes that would bring you back to me!

"One delightful thing about the course is that almost right away you begin making actual garments. Why after only three lessons, I made the prettiest little house dress. It's in the closet of my room with a lot of charming, dainty things. I hid my work and lessons there because if you saw them too soon, it would have spoiled all my surprise for you!

"The course can easily be completed in a few months by studying an hour or two each day. The textbooks foresee and explain everything. And the teachers take just as personal an interest in your work as if they were right beside you.

"You see it makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is carried on by mail. And it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day or have household duties that occupy most of your time, because you can devote as much or as little time to the course as you wish, and just whenever it is convenient.

"Besides learning how to make every kind of garment at a saving of half or more, I also learned the all-important thing in making clothes—the secret of distinctive dress—what colors and fabrics are most appropriate for different types of women, how to really develop style and how to add those little touches that make clothes distinctly becoming.

"Luckily I began my studies in the summer—the logical time, because summer clothes are so much easier to make. Now I have more and prettier clothes than I ever had before in my life. And they cost only one-fourth of what *ordinary* clothes cost ready made. Some of the very prettiest things I have were made from out-of-date clothes of former seasons.

"I was soon able to work on even the most elaborate dresses and suits. I learned, too, to copy models in the shop windows, on the streets, or in fashion magazines. In fact, this wonderful method of the Woman's Institute has really made me more capable than most professional dressmakers—after just a few months of spare-time study at home!

"So that's the secret of my surprise, dear," finished Diana. "Just think what it is going to mean to us all the rest of our lives. And isn't it fine that *any* woman or girl anywhere can learn through the Woman's Institute to dress attractively at such little cost?"

"It certainly is," replied Don, drawing her face down close to his. "Any school that can teach women and girls the things you have learned in so short a time is performing a wonderful service. Now—let's go up and see the rest of this magic wardrobe!"

DIANA'S discovery will solve *your* clothes problem, whatever it may be. More than 20,000 women and girls in city, town and country have proved that you can easily and quickly learn at home, through the Woman's Institute, to make all your own and your children's clothes and hats or prepare for success as a dressmaker or a milliner.

It costs you nothing to find out just what the Institute can do for you. Simply send a letter, a postcard or the convenient coupon below and you will receive—without obligation—by return mail the full story of this great school that has brought the happiness of having dainty, becoming clothes, savings almost too good to be true, and the joy of being independent in a successful business to women and girls all over the world.

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There stood Diana—yes, it surely *was* Diana—a NEW Diana! She was waiting for him . . .

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There is only one "Rust-Proof" Corset and that is Warner's Rust-Proof. See that the name, with the words "Every Corset Guaranteed" is inside the corset you buy.

It is your assurance that your corset will fit, that it will be comfortable, that it will last a long while, and will give you satisfaction as long as it lasts.

GUARANTEED NOT TO RUST, BREAK OR TEAR

FRONT LACE BACK LACE

Do You Wear *Warner's Rust-Proof* orsets

Facing It

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

wide gray eyes, half recognition, swiftly turned aside, woke the curiosity of the chaplain. Watching to see where this young woman would take her seat, Brent slipped through a line of chairs and out through a side door and placed himself directly before her in one of the aisles that led to the tier of boxes.

Meeting this gray-eyed, fur-clad figure was incredible for Brent, an event almost epoch-making. Eleanor Fairlaight's hand went out impulsively with the "Oh!" of more confident recognition.

The hand was very slowly, lingeringly, withdrawn, as if the girl had felt through her glove the rigidities of the artificial member that went out to grasp hers. The luminous eyes ignored this curious handclasp in the unspectacular way, the quiet that Brent had come to know as the mark of good breeding among women of all nations. But, probably it was *only* breeding, the chaplain, who had seen many women at a spiritual disadvantage, waited quietly to see if he could perceive any other sign of disgust, of pity—for this was Bloudon's girl, the one who had been said to have "taken the veil," but who, as Brent now saw, had taken that other more courageous veil of reticence, dignity, and immortal patience.

As the two stood there chatting, Bloudon's friend found himself swept with concern for this gray-eyed, straight-shouldered creature. Standing before her, eagerly talking, he wondered if it was morbid weakness, morbid inability to put Bloudon forever out of her life, that had brought her here, that made her wish to come looking wistfully upon the man who had chosen to set her free. Perhaps the two stricken young people had agreed upon some makeshift of friendship, some communication through the medium of Bloudon's music—else why was she here? Brent, looking questioningly upon her olive dark-browed face, mused. "Oh, well, life today is a succession of negations, of compromises," he started at the mention of Bloudon's name.

"Hardy has really succeeded, you see. I am so proud of him." Then she explained simply, "Like you, I am one of his older friends, I can't help feeling a sort of—of ownership." This, from the woman whom Bloudon had, with relentless brevity, thrust out of his life!

"I think we are all proud of him," returned Brent slowly, "It is a great victory for the dear lad. I knew him well in France, during his sufferings." Brent could see her two gloved hands grip as he went on, "I tried to be there when he had to have something to—well, to hold on to."

"Ah! then he *had* you," breathed the girl, "I always wondered, who—who—"

The thought gripped Brent like pincers that this poor child had never known these particulars; for that he could have taken Bloudon out like a father and horse-whipped him.

"He was a sort of Apollo to us all," he said lightly; "we made him twang the lyre, I can tell you."

"Apollo?" the girl smiled sadly, "*Marsyas!*"

Her eyes darkened so that Brent went on quickly, "Those hands of his molded us into something that was neither machine nor animal; we were once more human men, the very stars of France seemed to love Bloudon's music, we all wanted just to *watch* him play."

"His hands? Yes, are they not beautiful?" said the girl eagerly. Her young face suddenly quivered as she added, "If he would only trust them more; to me, they are as lovely as two noble faces."

LOOKING at her as she stood there, calm, with a mature gentleness, smiling her controlled smile of the conventional woman, Brent wondered. Then she explained after a little embarrassed pause, "Hardy does not seem to be able to trust anything, yet—not even his—his old friends. He avoids us *all*;" but there was maturity and tolerance even in her difficult acknowledgment of this thing.

It was a maturity and tolerance that did not accord with her years. Hers was a face that had grown to womanhood in four years of war. There was an expression of courage and suffering that transcended the look of experience on older women's faces. Brent felt his entire attention arrested at these rich indications of character—a softened version of the too direct, hard security of the American girl. In a second he could have yelped with relief and pride in this fine-grained womanliness as Eleanor Fairlaight went on, "One would think he would wish to give us a chance to be superb too." She tried to say it lightly. "I wish he—" but the girl's under lip suddenly wavered in its firm line, her admirable control trembled.

"Dear child, the man's afraid," explained Brent gently. As the people slid by them in twos and threes down the softly carpeted aisle, he forgot where they were; this girl whom Bloudon had loved so, looked fixedly at him as tho beseeching him for counsel. Brent was before anything else a chaplain, he knew his way behind the closed doors of the human spirit.

At last, "Have you honestly *tried* to see him?" he asked quietly; "Have you really tried to make him change his decision?"

The hands in the dark-brown muff suddenly twisted together, but the girl's mouth retained the proud tolerance he had at first noticed. She looked back into his piercing gaze, answering frankly,

"No. In his letter," Eleanor Fairlaight let Brent understand that there had been only one letter and that of a final character, "he tried to make me think that he—he had ceased to care." The young woman smiled brightly at Brent as if to say, "*You* can see why he would do that."

"But"—Brent's protest came quickly—"of course you—you——"

Her eyes helplessly softened.

"Ah—there was really nothing to do, then—" once more she set the grip on herself as she finished quite calmly, "the only thing to do then, was to wait—wait—and," she added quietly, "be sure of myself."

A GROUP of men in uniform filed by. They were all wounded, all chatting merrily in American speech, but with an added élan, a dashing *joie de vivre* rather different from anything America had known before the war. Brent recognized French spirit grafted on native American energy. He turned from the wounded soldiers, pausing to sweep the face before him with one more penetrating look; the dark-eyed woman standing before him waited, it seemed to him for counsel, and he, the counselor of all suffering had none to give!

Eleanor Fairlaight, it was borne in on him, was no sentimentalist, she had the entrenched position of the woman of strong spiritual conviction, but also, as a woman, she must some time break upon the wheel of her own tragedy. She was strong—terribly strong; Brent could see why Bloudon had taken the cruelest means to break that gallant spirit; with the fierce whip of his own self-loathing, the young officer had flogged this helpless girl, cast her forever out, then tied the cord about his own starved celibacy, hoping thus to end the chapter.

"Would you dare to see him, as he is—without, without the protecting mask—you—you are sure of yourself?" Brent demanded rigorously.

"Absolutely sure, that is why I am here to-day," she smiled resolutely at him. "You have heard, then, that rumor that Hardy means to leave off the mask—it affects his hearing, I believe. He feels that it is absolutely essential to his playing to give it up—well then—" With a curious smile of triumph, she took from her shopping-bag a list of the cripple workrooms she regularly visited, places where as a nurse and helper and teacher she had been working among the brutally disfigured. "These men," the girl said swiftly, "have a quality of courage and faith that I have never seen before among human beings;" she fastened her dark eyes on Brent, "You must have witnessed it? Why, they seem to have had ugly things, things that you and I might still bear as cancers in our souls, burned out of them as by a great radium of suffering. They are gentle, like children; wise with a curious sad wisdom like the old—and they are most of them only boys. Oh!" breathed the girl impulsively, "they make me believe in all sorts of curious religious things that used to seem only words, things like, 'They are washed in the blood of the Lamb;' 'Oh, Sacred Head, now wounded——'."

Something like a sob came into the young voice as she looked pitifully at Brent's moved countenance. "*They*," said Bloudon's fiancée, proudly, "*they* let me work with them and try to help them; they are not afraid of me nor I of them, it is like being among an elect and purified people. It is we, who are sound, whose faces are made in the image of God, who are somehow still coarse and selfish and blundering." The girl a little *exaltée*, fixed dilated eyes upon the wondering soldier chaplain, saying, "I have mingled with these mutilated fellows and I love them—but Hardy would not understand that, you see," she added in explanation, "for all his piteous boyishness he is such a man—so stern, so inexorable to himself, and—to me!" As Brent stared at her, he saw the soft yearning flood up in her. She suddenly dropped her head. The troubled chaplain could only stare at the face under the veil, it looked helpless, lost, like a gallant ship foundering. He tried to speak, but the girl turned with a dumb gesture and was gone.

The lights went up, revealing the stage and the piano standing in its black isolation. The audience, checkered with men still in uniform, was nearly all, so it seemed to Brent, composed of cripples, both military

CONTINUED ON PAGE 49

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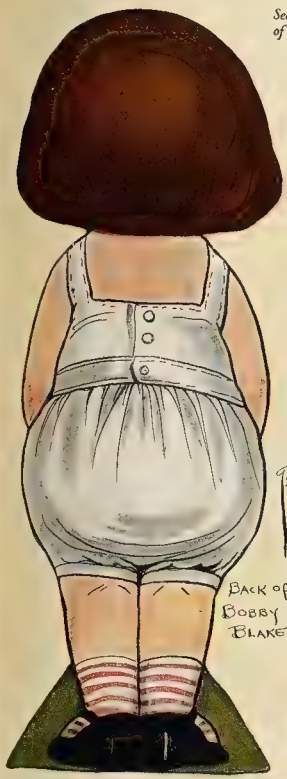
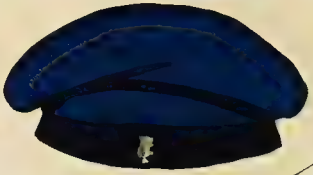
BOBBY BLAKE IN HIS NEW SUNDAY SUIT

Second of a New Series of Dolly Dingle Cut-outs

By GRACE G DRAYTON





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Baby's Slumber

BY MANA-ZUCCA

Words by Elsie Jean

A CRADLE-SONG

Moderato
p
Dolce
Hush my ba - - by now the dark night gath - - ers, And the
p
hills are white, with fur - red lit - tle sheep... Hush my ba - - by
rit....
a tempo
rit....
a tempo
Fair-y sha-dows hold you, close your weary eyes, babe... go to sleep
pp
rit.
go to sleep.

THE rather remarkable young woman who wrote this little cradle-song is perhaps one of the most versatile and well-known of the younger composers. Perhaps it is due in some part to her unique experiences that Mana-Zucca has made such a striking success, as well as to her innate talent which is marvelously developed for one so very young.

A brilliant pianist, she has studied with the best-known people both here and abroad, she has played with all of the big symphony orchestras, and the most celebrated operatic stars have used her original compositions.

No one who has heard her more pretentious motifs, bristling with technique and with brilliancy, could believe her capable of writing a tender little lullaby like this one called "Baby's Slumber," which conjures up a lamp-lit room, the croon of a mother's voice, and the softness of star-shine sifting through the window. Here there is only the effort of a woman to reach the hearts of other women with the tenderest of melodies. Mana-Zucca must have felt the heart-strings of the grim old world, and tuned them to music under her fingers when she wrote this lullaby for a world of mothers.

A New Pose and a Favorite with Mana-Zucca

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Strawberry Pie

1 cup flour
½ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
4 tablespoons shortening
¼ cup cold water

Sift the dry ingredients together; rub in shortening very lightly with finger tips; add water slowly, just enough to make a stiff dough; roll out on floured board and use for bottom crust of pie, being careful to fold the paste way over the edge of pie plate. Bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes. If a glazed crust is desired, brush over the edge of the crust after baking with two tablespoons corn syrup and one tablespoon of boiling water which have been brought to the boil and used while hot, return to oven for a minute or two until the syrup hardens; then fill the pie crust with fresh selected uncooked strawberries which have been hulled and all sand removed; pour over a syrup made as follows.

2 cups boiling water
¼ cup sugar
½ cup strawberries
(select very ripe, firm berries)
1 tablespoon cornstarch

Put the boiling water, sugar and strawberries into a saucepan over fire, bring to boil and strain; add the cornstarch which has been mixed until smooth in a little cold water. Cook over hot flame stirring constantly for a minute or two, remove from fire and beat hard; return to slow fire, cook very gently until thick; pour while hot over strawberries which have been put into pie crust. This is very good served hot or cold.

Peaches or raspberries may be used in the above recipe in place of strawberries.

A Royal Fruit Creation

A pie—and yet not a pie—, the crust of which is quite different. To be just right, it must be leavened with

ROYAL Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure

Delicious with strawberries, raspberries, peaches or other fruit.

You will notice a great improvement in all your pie crust if you use Royal Baking Powder.

Luncheon Rolls

4 cups flour
1 teaspoon salt
6 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 tablespoon shortening
1½ cups milk

Sift together flour, salt and baking powder. Rub in shortening; add milk, and with spoon mix to a smooth dough easy to handle on floured board. Turn out dough, give one or two quick kneadings to impart smoothness. Divide kneaded dough into pieces size of egg; form each by hand into short, thick tapering roll; place on flat greased pans, allow to stand in warm place 15 to 20 minutes; brush with milk and bake in very hot oven. When almost baked, brush again with melted butter; bake 10 minutes longer and serve hot. If a glazed finish is desired, before taking from oven brush over with yolk of egg, which has been mixed with a little water; or if desired, roll out dough on floured board, ½ inch thick and cut with biscuit cutter which has been dipped in flour; lay in greased baking tin in even rows just touching; smooth over with clean muslin dipped in milk and bake in fairly hot oven 25 minutes or less. These rolls make excellent sandwiches using for fillings either lettuce and mayonnaise; or sliced or chopped seasoned cucumbers; or egg and mayonnaise with very little chopped onion and parsley.

Old Fashioned Strawberry Short Cake

2 cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
2 tablespoons sugar
3 tablespoons shortening
1 egg
½ cup milk

Sift dry ingredients. Cut in shortening; add beaten egg to milk and add to dry ingredients to make soft dough. Smooth out lightly and bake in greased deep layer tin in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes. Split; butter; and spread crushed and sweetened berries between layers. Cover top with whipped cream and whole berries. Dust with powdered sugar and serve. Peaches or Raspberries may be used in place of Strawberries.

There are hundreds of other exceptional and every-meal cooking and baking recipes in the Royal Cook Book. If your copy is worn out, you can have a new one by addressing

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Royal Luncheon Rolls

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COLES PHILLIPS

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Did You Ever Make this Mistake?

Work in the Right Spirit and You Won't Be Misunderstood

By AGNES ATHOL

IT ISN'T easy to write of one's humiliations. And yet, because I strongly suspect that there may be other well-meaning women who have committed mistakes like mine, and who have no wholesome sisters to pull them up short and make them think, I want to speak of what my sister said to me.

To begin with, three of us came down at once with the "flu"—myself and two of the children. A common experience last Fall, and happily, in our case, with no tragic consequences. (There, I'm doing better already.) It was sufficiently mortifying to be laid low by a mere microbe or so, and obliged to submit meekly to having my sister wired for. And then, after she had nursed us, cooked for us, even washed for us, she began to voice her opinion of me. It was a humiliating experience, indeed.

Looking back on her stay here, I would have given a great deal if Agatha could have found one single little thing about my home or my management of it, to approve. But lack of that did not constitute the chagrin I still bear about my own stupidity. Agatha is like her paternal forebears. It is characteristic of them to deprecate loudly to one's face and praise as loudly behind one's back.

I am quite sure she does not go about the world saying that I spend my husband, or that my children are not properly trained, or that I have always conducted my life like a fool and an incompetent. She says these things, in implication, to me, after relieving one of our horribly awkward situations with the labor of her own hands. After a while I find I can hold my head up again and carry on my life as usual.

What she said at the end of her visit was in substance like this:

"Everybody in the family is worried about you, and pitying you. The reason you've been sick is that you're all tired out. Now there's simply no sense in it. We never get a letter that doesn't say how tired and busy you are. Aunt Ella and Aunt Em are so sorry for your hard life, they don't know what to do—but *I* believe it's just bad management. Your brothers ask me all the time why you have to work so much harder than anybody else in the world—why you can't have any fun. Everybody I know speaks of you as 'poor Agnes.' I should think, with your husband making a good living, and your children growing up to an age where they can help you (if you only get after their bad habits a little better), you might learn to save yourself so there'll be something left of you when they grow up."

I Don't Want To Be Pitied

THERE was much more of this sort of scolding. The burden of it, and the thing that humiliated me above everything else, was the reiterated statement that "every one was so sorry for me." It made me mad all over. I wanted to rise up from my bed and tell my sister—tell everybody—that pity was not in the least what I anticipated when I wrote about all I was doing.

I wanted to explain, to argue, to justify myself in my own sight—to point out all that Agatha seemed unaware of.

To argue with Agatha is about as useless as arguing with the tide. It was an utter waste of words to telegram out for her just why, in my particular case, I felt the need of "working harder than anybody else in the world." After all, the work itself was not my offense. Lifting the curtain of privacy from our finances could do no possible good. Agatha has no children. Explaining that my failure to nag the children was a deliberate educational theory was equally senseless. Nothing would ever convince her that I wasn't perversely doing my own washing.

The actual truth I could never admit to Agatha. That would be carrying humiliation a step too far. I went over all the daily duties that made my program particularly full, and decided that one after another, the tasks for which I was being criticized were necessary, and that for the present there was no one else to delegate them to.

Almost every mother, I imagine has had this much of my experience—being told sharply that she is "doing too much." She usually has to confess sadly to herself that there's no way out because no one who *knows how* can be persuaded to understudy her.

But—and this was the explanation I could not voice to Agatha—I had always been *proud* of working hard for my family. I had gone on and on in a fine maternal frenzy of economy and self-denying service—*and I had talked about it too much!* That was where the trouble really lay—in the impression I was giving out, all the time, to other people. What shocked and mortified me was the realization that down in the depths of my heart *I expected to be praised* when I wrote my relatives I was too tired and busy to do things they suggested.

I was willing to mend, to make over, to cook, wash, and clean indefinitely, but somewhere within a cheap, petty corner I didn't know existed in my being, I was disappointed all the time at not being more audibly *appreciated*. That was the price I set on my services in my own home. My cheeks burned as I remembered the sigh with which my little daughter answered, when I told her I was too tired to go out for a walk. "But, mother, you're always too tired or too busy, or something!" I thought over the months immediately past, and wondered how often I had really *smiled* or joked in any of those tasks nonsense and fun. It always seemed to be going over my head while I kept my anxious thoughts on our week's budget or the tasks for the next day. I was always *saying* how busy I was, how little time I had, how much I had to do, how tired I was, how writing that sort of thing in my letters quite unconsciously, *ad nauseam*, until the family began to call me "poor Agnes."

My Work Is a Pleasure

WELL, I wasn't going to be "poor Agnes" a minute longer. To begin with, I *like* to work—to keep my house sweet and clean and orderly for those who live in it. I like to be economical and careful. I want, more than anything in the world, to give my children a fine start in life, and that means the best training I can afford. I *love* to drive John to business and save his precious strength. Why should I be *pitied* for doing things I *like* to do? Or praised, either? Why should I talk in a woe-begone fashion all the time about how much there is to do, when it's mostly of my own choosing? Why, oh, why, should I hope to be patted on the back for living my life as it has to be lived and as I want to live it? Isn't it satisfaction enough to know that I can do certain things well, that I *am* a good manager (in spite of Agatha's opinion) and that my children adore me, and delight in their own darling ways to relieve me of some of the things that keep me so busy?

What's to be done about it? *Am* I really so very tired—or is that just a psychological reaction from thinking constantly in the wrong way? The two children who came down with the "flu" were not tired—they were my two husky boys, and they simply got in the way of an influenza germ which they generously shared.

I haven't had a single other real sickness since I was a young girl, and I am quite strong and vigorous again. Don't I sometimes think I am too "tired" to do things the children ask because I don't want to be diverted from a self-appointed piece of work? Can't I eliminate any wasteful use of time and use the surplus to play more? Can't I possibly save up a few bright and entertaining bits of news to put in my letters instead of talk about overwork? Can't I be economical without advertisement or save money without arousing pity?

My overly solicitous sister couldn't have lectured me for looking lovely and draggled if I had worn a smile instead of a worried frown, and cheerful clothes instead of eternally practical garments. If I never spoke of work she could not possibly discover how my days were spent. It should be as easy to contribute something tonic and pleasant to the evening talk as to discuss the trials of the day.

When had I made time to go out and *play* with my husband? To be frivolous and silly for an evening, and pretend we were bride and groom again? Agatha was right, in some ways; not because of *doing* work, but because of my talking and thinking wrongly about it, I have been losing a precious quality of the spirit which I owe to my family as surely as I owe them a clean and orderly home. I have no right to lay my youth on the altar of drudgery when it belongs to my dear ones. Fortunately, I think Agatha has opened my eyes—and there is much of the joy of living to be garnered from even the humblest task about the home, if it be well done.

If you're still "getting along" with an old fashioned coal stove or range with a dark solid door oven you should know about the famous Boss Glass Door Oven, and also about the Boss Oil-Air Stove.

With the Boss Glass Door Oven, you can always see what you're doing, how fast the things are baking, the exact time to take them out—all without opening the door. This puts an end to uncertain, unsuccessful baking.

The Boss is very economical. You can keep the flame of your Oil, Gas or Gasoline Stove lower than with the ordinary oven. It heats up in a few minutes. All the heat passes directly into the oven and is evenly distributed by the patented heat deflector. Convenient to handle and durable.

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Plain, for general uses, easily prepared

Rice Peach Whip

1 tablespoonful Knox Gelatine
¼ cupful cold water
½ cupful boiling water
¾ cupful sugar
¾ cupful peach preserve juice or marmalade
½ teaspoon salt
1 cupful boiled rice
1 cupful heavy cream
1 teaspoonful vanilla

Soak gelatine in cold water for five minutes. Add the boiling water, sugar, peach preserve, salt, and rice. Let cool until mixture begins to set and then add the heavy cream, beaten stiff, and vanilla.

Mrs. Knox Says

"Economy means making the most of what you have"

For instance, with one pint jar of fruit and a package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine, you can make four exquisite desserts, each sufficient for a family of six.

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Economy is only one of the wonders of Knox Sparkling Gelatine. Every woman should read the Knox Knowledge Books, "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy." They are an education. Sent free if you give your grocer's name and address.

"Whenever a recipe calls for Gelatine—it means KNOX"

KNOX GELATINE
Mrs. Charles B. Knox
135 Knox Ave. Johnstown, N. Y.

Peach Almond Cream

1 tablespoonful Knox Gelatine
¼ cupful cold milk
½ cupful scalded milk
12 whole almonds
2 eggs
¼ cupful sugar
¼ teaspoonful salt
¼ cupful peach preserve

Soak gelatine in cold milk for five minutes. Make a custard of the scalded milk, adding the yolks of the eggs beaten with sugar and salt. Cook over hot water. Pour on to softened gelatine. Set aside to cool and when mixture begins to set, add the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Line bottom of mold with the peach preserve and almonds. Pour over custard mixture.

Peach Jelly Salad

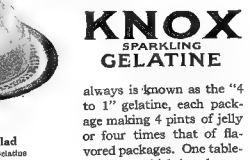
1 tablespoonful Knox Gelatine
¼ cupful cold water
1½ cupfuls boiling water
Juice of one lemon (¼ cupful)
¼ cupful sugar
¼ cupful peach preserve

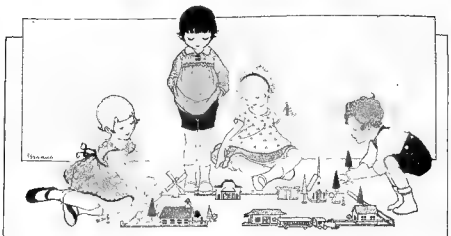
Soak gelatine in cold water for five minutes. Dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar and lemon juice. Place preserve in bottom of mold, or individual molds if desired, and cool mold, or individual molds if desired, and pour in the gelatine. Cool and serve, garnished with lettuce leaves and mayonnaise.

Peach Caramel

1 tablespoonful Knox Gelatine
¼ cupful cold milk
1½ cupfuls boiled milk
1 tablespoonful caramel
¼ cupful peach preserve

Soak gelatine in cold milk for five minutes. Then add the hot milk and caramel scalded together, and lastly the peach preserve. Pour into cold wet mold. To make the caramel, melt 1 cupful of sugar in a pan and add one cupful of hot water. Keep this in a jar to use for flavoring.





How I Tell Stories to Children

By NINA TACHAU

I'HURRIED quickly, through the rain and gloom, lured by visions of a cozy, firelit room and a hearty welcome. A ring at the bell, and I soon found myself divested of my damp clothes and ushered into the room of my vision. My hostess and her three children fell upon me bodily and I emerged from my tumultuous welcome flushed and hopelessly crumpled, but exceedingly refreshed in spirit. After order had been partially restored the children clamored determinedly for a story, so before the open fire where cast fitful gleams over their interested faces I told them one. Never do I feel such a sense of power nor experience such thrill as when I have children gathered about me listening to a tale. When the two stipulated stories were finished and the children packed off to their room, the children's mother begged me to teach her the art of holding her audience spellbound.

"You're no idea how critical they are," she said dolefully, "they never hesitate to correct me and sometimes they pay no attention to me at all. I don't know why, but I don't seem to have the story-telling gift."

"OH, it can be cultivated," I said, "but you must know your story well, and in selecting one you must consider the child's age. I remember when I first began telling stories my little audience were children eight or nine years old, and I told them some simple action stories and was horrified to see that their attention wandered. Now, if I had told those same tales to children of three and four they would have been entranced. You see, a very young child must have ideas conveyed to him in some different ways, by actions as well as words, and so we have the finger plays in which he both hears the words and sees the action, and to make it all quite plain to him you have to make your gestures very simple and direct and they will help him to understand the words. For instance, if you tell the little finger play 'All for Baby' by Emilie Poulsson, with ten soldiers standing in a row, hold your fingers stiff and rigid so they will vividly express the ten little soldiers. And always be sure to turn the palms of your hands outward, for this is a much more expressive gesture, and denotes 'a giving out,' rather than a certain repression which is suggested when the palms are turned toward the speaker. And now, dear, please don't smile so unbelievingly, for all these little details help toward the making of a successful story-teller.

"And another thing I've noticed in the course of my long experience is that the raconteur must show a great deal of enthusiasm in her voice. If I were to sit down before a mixed group of children without feeling a real interest in what I am going to say, or without showing some vivacity and spirit, very soon my audience would reflect my indifference and loll in their chairs with eyes straying about the room, instead of eagerly expectant on the very edge of their chairs with fascinated eyes watching me. And so, if all of you mothers who have such wonderful opportunities every day of telling your children stories, would enter into the joy of it instead of making it a perfunctory duty it would soon become a real pleasure that both you and the kiddies would look forward to.

"After the child has outgrown the finger plays, he'll begin to demand stories with plenty of action in them, for this is just about the time when he, himself, is full of energy and must constantly be doing something. He loves repetition, but woebetide you if in a moment of absentmindedness you depart by so much as a hair's breadth from the original version of your story.'

"'Oh,' said Mary feelingly, "you can't tell me anything about that; that's the time they interrupt.'

"And they've a perfect right to," I interrupted rudely, "for you can tell them 'The House that Jack Built' and Emilie Poulsson's 'Rhyme for the Bowl of Milk,' that have to be repeated just so. And never forget dear old 'Mother Goose.' Her verses are so simple and direct, and yet they've lots of humor and the jingles just say themselves, no wonder the children love them. You can hunt high and low and never find anything so completely satisfying. But of course you can't keep telling 'Mother Goose' forever. You'll presently graduate into the real story-telling class, and then begins the fun.

"As I said before you will have to enter into the spirit of the thing, forget yourself and you'll find yourself imitating the bird, with broad sweeping gestures, your arms well extended and actually ready to go soaring away. And don't ever be satisfied with any but the very best imitations you can give. Did you notice when I was telling the story of the 'Lion and the Mouse' how I gave full value to my verbs? The mouse gnawed and gnawed and GNAWED, repeated over and over again to convey the patience and industry of the mouse, and you'll find that this often lends fulness and variety to your story.

"CHILDREN who are eight or more love fairy tales and the adventures of knights and heroes. All of Andrew Lang's collections; 'Red,' 'Blue,' and 'Green' Fairy Books; and for the hero stories, 'Tanglewood Tales,' 'The Wonder Book,' 'Greek Heroes,' Bulfinch's 'Age of Fable,' not to mention 'Heroes of Asgard,' and 'The Iliad' and 'The Odyssey.'

"But, my dear, please, please don't forget that stories are first and foremost for the child's amusement and entertainment, so if he chooses you to choose those which will interest him. Of course many a wrong tendency is checked and a fault corrected by relating a good story, for a child quickly draws conclusions for himself and he is easily inspired by the brave and noble deeds of a favorite hero, or an act of charity by a little child. And indeed stories, and poetry, too, which has a distinct and important place in the child's education, help him toward right impressions of life and are the means of instilling in him a real appreciation of good literature and art."

Books for the Children

THERE are some charming new books on the market just now that children will enjoy hearing read aloud, and among the best of them is "The Noah's Ark Book" by Frith and Margaret Lavington (John Lane). This is a really excellent child's book and the fact that it is written in rime adds much to the general interest. Cartoons illustrate the text, and the pictures are beautifully colored.

"FAIRY Roads to Science Town," by Mary Earle Hardy (Dodd, Mead), is an illustrated book of an unusual kind. All manner of queer creatures and inanimate things play heroes and heroines in it, and there is even one charming story about a pink sea-shell. Children will love the quaint manner in which this book is handled, and while hearing it read, or perhaps spelling out the first words for themselves in their eagerness to find out what happens next, they can not help being initiated into a love of animal lore.

EVEN quite small children love the Charles G. D. Roberts books because he writes about the wonderful doings of animals, and animals are always better understood by children than they are by grown-ups. Mr. Roberts's new book, "Jim, the Story of a Backwoods Police Dog" (MacMillan), which is delightfully full of whimsicalities, is now available, and should be on every shelf, so that bits of it can be read aloud to the children before bedtime.

"THE Pearl Story Book," by Ada M. and Eleanor L. Skinner (Duffield), is a book for cozy Winter nights when the wind is howling outdoors, or perhaps for a rainy day in Spring or Summer when the children must stay indoors and are tired of playing. Most of the stories are legendary, and are intended to arouse and stimulate the interest and imagination of the child. This early stimulation is almost always sure to result in later originality of thought.

A WONDERFUL collection of folk-lore stories dealing with the fairies in and about Ulster, Ireland, is called "Ulster Folk-lore," by Elizabeth Andrews (E. P. Dutton). The book has all the haunting quality and the elusive charm that old folk-tales always seem to have, and for reading aloud, these stories are really excellent.

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The Simple Way~

The easy, practical way to polish and preserve finished surfaces is with Johnson's Prepared Wax and a cloth—you don't need brushes, sprays or mops of any kind. Simply apply the wax with a cloth and then polish with a dry cloth—very little rubbing is required to produce an exquisite, lustrous polish of great beauty and durability.

Johnson's Prepared Wax is not only a polish but a wonderful preservative—it forms a thin, protecting film over the finish, similar to the service rendered by a piece of plate glass over a desk, table or dresser-top.

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Auto owners will find Johnson's Liquid Wax the most satisfactory polish for their cars. It sheds water and dust and makes a "wash" last twice as long. It adds years to the life of automobile varnish. Write for our booklet on Keeping Cars Young—it's free.

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Polishes and protects linoleum

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Pictorial Review Mother Club

Insuring Your Baby Against Summer Complaint

Conducted by ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

AUTHOR OF "KEEPING BABY WELL," "THE PROSPECTIVE MOTHER'S OWN BOOK," ETC.

THE fifth month of your baby's life is one of the most interesting periods in his development, and, if it happens to fall in the late Spring, one of its most critical.

This statement is particularly true if yours is a bottle-fed baby; for just 'round the corner from each and every nursery in America to-day lurks the grim figure of diarrhea or Summer complaint, as most mothers call it.

During the past nine or ten years, there has been a steady decrease in infant mortality through intestinal diseases. Public health education, co-operation between doctors and mothers, improved sanitation in dairies, and a clearer knowledge concerning the modification of cow's milk have worked together to save the lives of bottle-fed babies. But doctors the country over recognize that this year brings a renewal of the old dangers to babies, and they urge mothers to give the feeding problem grave thought.

One danger is the shortage of dairy products and the uncertainty in the grade and the delivery of milk. Milk which was safe for your baby while cold weather kept the bacteria in check, will become unsafe directly hot weather encourages bacteria to develop. Milk which comes to your door by what is known as the long haul (either by rail or motor-truck) might not injure your baby in Winter, but it may cause dysentery in Summer because it is subjected to heat during delivery.

A second danger is the bad sanitary conditions existing in towns which, two years ago, even one year back, were clean and safe for babies. Thanks to shortage of labor, unsettled business conditions, and the peculiar reactions and evils of civil life when a nation has been at war, the vigilance of municipal and village authorities has relaxed. In many localities, the annual clean-up campaign has been abandoned, which leaves breeding-places for germs and germ-carriers.

Still a third condition which mothers of young children must consider is the general lack of resistance which always follows on the heels of war. Physical and nervous strain, rigid economy, shortage or high cost of nourishing food, the presence of mothers in war industries, all these have reduced individual and community resistance to disease. And epidemics of one sort and another are the natural result. Last Fall and Winter, influenza thrived on this lack of resistance. While it seemed to lay low the healthy and strong, it proved that looks are deceptive, for behind outward strength, lay a lack of power to resist disease and to throw off germs. Pediatrists are now urging mothers to arm their children to resist the germs of diarrhea, lest this Summer bring an epidemic of intestinal diseases among children.

Guarding Breast-Fed Babies

THESE specialists issue special warning to the mothers of young infants. Do everything in your power to maintain a supply of breast milk, so that your baby may avoid the dangers of bottle-feedings. Build up your own strength by nourishing food, plenty of sleep, regular hours, and self-control.

In arming yourselves and your babies against Summer complaint, it is necessary to classify the babies. The baby most easily guarded is the breast-fed infant. The next class to be considered is the baby who has supplementary feedings from the bottle, a combination of breast and modified cow's milk. The third class includes all babies who depend upon the bottle, cow's milk, or proprietary foods.

Let us consider, first, that fortunate little creature, the breast-fed baby.

The germs of diarrhea or Summer complaint do not just sprout and grow in a baby's system. They are carried into the stomach and intestinal tract, usually through food. If you nurse your baby, there can be no germs in the breast milk, which flows directly from nipple to baby's throat. Therefore, your baby must pick them up by some other means than milk.

So, first: Keep the nipples immaculately clean. Before nursing the baby, cleanse the nipples with sterile gauze or old linen, dipped in a solution of boric acid. Never hand-breast or nipple with unwashed fingers, soiled towel, or handkerchief.

Second: Never give your baby unboiled water to quench his thirst. Every morning boil a pint of water, pour it into a sterilized bottle, cork with non-absorbent cotton and bottle, cork with non-absorbent cotton and boil a pint of water, pour it into a sterilized set in a cool place. When baby is thirsty, give him a drink from the bottle, using a sterilized nipple which you keep under cover, or an absolutely clean spoon.

Third: Protect your baby from flies, which are notorious germ-carriers. Do not wait until the season advances and flies become troublesome. Protect your baby from the very first by covering his crib and buggy with mosquito netting.

Fourth: Keep your baby out of dust and dirt. If he is at the creeping age, spread a clean sheet or cloth on the floor and confine him to this by a play-pen or any sort of fencing that you can afford to buy. And make an ironclad rule that grown-ups are not to step on his sheet or play-area. He is bound to rub his fists into any black, dusty mark they may leave, and then stuff the fists in his mouth, dust germs, and all. Supply him with washable toys—*and wash them.* A smeary celluloid ring or dog is quite as dangerous as a dusty rag doll or dog. The value of the washable toy does not lie in the material used, but in the fact that you can and do wash it frequently.

The breast-fed baby protected in this way is almost sure to pass through the Summer without ill-ness, and even to escape an epidemic of diarrhea if one should break out in your community.

Where Do You Buy Your Milk?

NOW for the baby who is having one or two bottles daily to supplement scanty breast-feedings. Please bear in mind that if the quality of the milk is not good, if it is alive with bacteria because it is carried too far, or if it comes from a dirty dairy, your baby is just as likely to develop Summer complaint on a single daily bottle as the baby of your neighbor who has seven bottle-feedings a day. The germ of the disease lurks in *each ounce of unclean, or stale milk.*

Therefore the suggestions which follow deserve the attention of two classes of mothers, those who give only one or two supplementary bottle-feedings to their babies and those who are raising babies on bottle-feedings exclusively.

The first step in protecting your bottle-fed baby, it does not matter whether he has one or seven feedings daily, is to know the source of your milk-supply. If you live in a large city, patronize a reputable dairy which delivers milk in clean bottles, filled and sealed at the dairy. Never give a baby bulk milk, measured from cans. Look up the location of the dairy and its management. Find out how far the milk is carried and how it is packed for delivery. All high-class dairies pack bottled milk in ice to prevent development of bacteria. And in this connection I must repeat what has been said on this page before. *All milk* contains bacteria from which germs spring. Milk should be fed to the child while it is still fresh, before heat develops the bacteria to alarming quantities and strength. Packing bottled milk in ice prevents the development or increase of the bacteria. Carrying milk, uniced, for any length of time means that the bacteria will develop or increase to the danger-point. Certified milk has the date of milking printed on bottle-cap.

If you live in a small town and depend for baby's milk-supply on a small, nearby dairy, by all means make an occasional call at the dairy or farm, and see how it is run, whether the barns, sheds, milk-house, and milkers are clean, and whether the cans and bottles are properly cleansed and sterilized.

If you have any doubt concerning the freshness and cleanliness of your milk-supply, pasteurize or sterilize the milk immediately it is delivered at your door. Instructions for these processes will be sent on receipt of stamped and self-addressed envelop.

Fresh, clean milk is better for your baby than milk which has been pasteurized or boiled, but in case of an epidemic of any sort, boiled milk or condensed milk may save the life endangered by fresh milk which is unclean.

Next in importance to the selection of milk is its care after delivery. No matter what time it reaches your door in the morning, have it taken in and placed on ice. Even early morning sunlight will develop bacteria if the milk stands in it any time. The place for milk is a clean refrigerator. The third step in protection is the care of all utensils used in feeding the baby or preparing his food.

A young mother recently wrote asking whether she should have more than one bottle, and explaining that it is not always *convenient* for her to clean the bottle thoroughly between feedings!

I can hear experienced mothers who have raised babies on the bottle fairly gasp at the question, yet it was asked in all seriousness, and proves that there is still need for education in the care of bottles.

Hot-Weather Bottles

BOTTLES must not be cleaned between feedings. There must be a bottle for each feeding whether there be two, three or seven feedings a day, and two bottles to spare in case of accident. Then, at one time during the day, preferably in the morning, the bottles must all be *cleaned and sterilized.*

There should also be a separate set of utensils for use in preparing baby's food, including a graduate or measuring-glass, a stone or enamel-ware pitcher, a tablespoon, a fork, a knife, and a small, cream-dipper for measuring off top milk, a quart jar (glass) for holding the boiled water or the cream used in modifying the milk, a bottle-brush and a large preserving-kettle with cover in which to sterilize the bottles. All these should be kept in a special corner of closet, cupboard, or shelf, covered with mosquito-netting to protect them from flies.

No matter how admirable the formula selected for your baby, if the bottles and utensils are not clean, the diarrhea germ can get in its deadly work.

A word as to nipples. Buy them in half dozen lots. Wash inside and outside with a solution of boric acid, rinse and keep on a clean saucer, covered with a jelly-glass. Every other day, they may be sterilized or boiled in fresh water.

These suggestions are for the *prevention* of Summer complaint. On this page next month, we will discuss the symptoms and treatment of the trouble, in connection with teething, which usually starts during the baby's sixth month.

Now for other interesting features of the month under consideration—the fifth.

Your baby knows you, welcomes your appearance with smiles and cooing noises, and sometimes weeps when you leave him. This is very flattering, but it betrays a development of intelligence and will-power which calls for firmness on your part. He may decide that he does not want to go to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 48

MOTHER CLUB BULLETIN

Schoolroom Fag

DO YOU notice how hard it is to get the older children out of bed these morning? How listlessly they go at their tasks?

And how indifferently they regard the food you place before them?

It all means a natural reaction from speeding up in the schoolroom. They are suffering from brain-fag, because under the present system of education, the same sort of speeding up prevails in the schoolhouse as in the workshop. Children are kept up in the classroom and then burdened with "home work" practically every evening.

From now until school closes, allow your children more hours of sleep, and serve them lighter food. Avoid stimulating dishes and particularly cut down on tea and coffee if they have been permitted to drink either beverage. Especially "eats" or examinations are under way, serve food which is light and easily digested. If you are at your wits' end to plan varied menus, send stamped and self-addressed envelop for "Twelve Selected Recipes for Young Children"—just the dishes to tempt tired digestions

Binders for Hot-Weather Babies

INEXPERIENCED mothers frequently ask, "Should a baby born in late Spring or Summer wear a woolen binder?"

The question has been discussed on this page before, but because we have many members every month, I will answer it again. The majority of physicians recommend the flannel binder in Summer as well as in Winter, but for various reasons. First: it helps to keep the navel dry and prevent rupture or protuberance. Second, it keeps in position the intestinal and urinal organs which are still in need of firm support. Third: wool absorbs moisture and protects the abdomen from chill, to which young babies are extremely sensitive.

Properly made and applied, the binder is enormously comforting to the young baby. The Summer binder should pass round the abdomen only once and measure from 5 to 8 inches in width and 18 inches in length. Soft flannel, torn in strips, unhemmed and unbound, makes the best binder

Five Dollars Reward!

FOR Information Helpful to PICTORIAL REVIEW Mothers. We want the Mother Club to be of greatest possible service to American mothers and American homes. The surest way to increase its usefulness is to hear what readers think about it. If you give us one brand-new idea on the subject, we will use it—and pay you for it.

Read the Mother Club, as we have been running it since January, 1919; then ask yourself these questions: Has it met your needs? If not, why?

Would you like us to discuss a wider range of topics on child-raising, than infant care and feeding?

If so, what subjects?

If interested in our Mother Club, take your pen in hand and write us a letter on "How You Can Make the Mother Club More Helpful."

For the most helpful, constructive, up-building suggestion, we will pay $2.00. For the three next best suggestions we will pay $1.00 each. But we will not award any letters which do not win awards.

Write in ink on one side of paper only. Write 200 words or less. Longer letters will not be read. Write your name and address at top or bottom of letter, and address it to Mother Club Contest, PICTORIAL REVIEW, 200-220 West 39th Street, New York City.

ATTENTION, MEMBERS!

NO MATTER what the age of your baby, read this page from start to finish. While it treats of baby care during the fifth month, it contains invaluable information on the subject of Summer complaint which attacks babies of all ages.

Have you in your town a wide-awake teacher, district nurse, cradle-roll superintendent, or club-woman who might be interested in forming a Summer class in better motherhood? If so, send me her name, address, and occupation, and in return I will send her a copy of our new 8-ply outline, "How to Form a PICTORIAL REVIEW Mother Club"—a most inspiring booklet.

Do you know any young and inexperienced mother who might be helped by any of the leaflets listed at the end of this article?

If so, send me her name and address on a plain stamped envelop, and I will see that she receives any pamphlet or pamphlets you may select. For this service there is no charge.

Never in the history of America has the life of a child been so precious to the nation. The publisher of this magazine is helping America to save her children. These practical educational leaflets are PICTORIAL REVIEW'S contribution to the nation-wide campaign for child welfare and preventive medicine in the home.

Help us to help your neighbors and friends by sending in the names of any mothers who might have healthier, happier children through the aid of these pamphlets. Never mind whether your friend lives next door, on the other side of town, or in another State, just send me the name and full address, and she will receive the pamphlets you choose for her. See list on page 48

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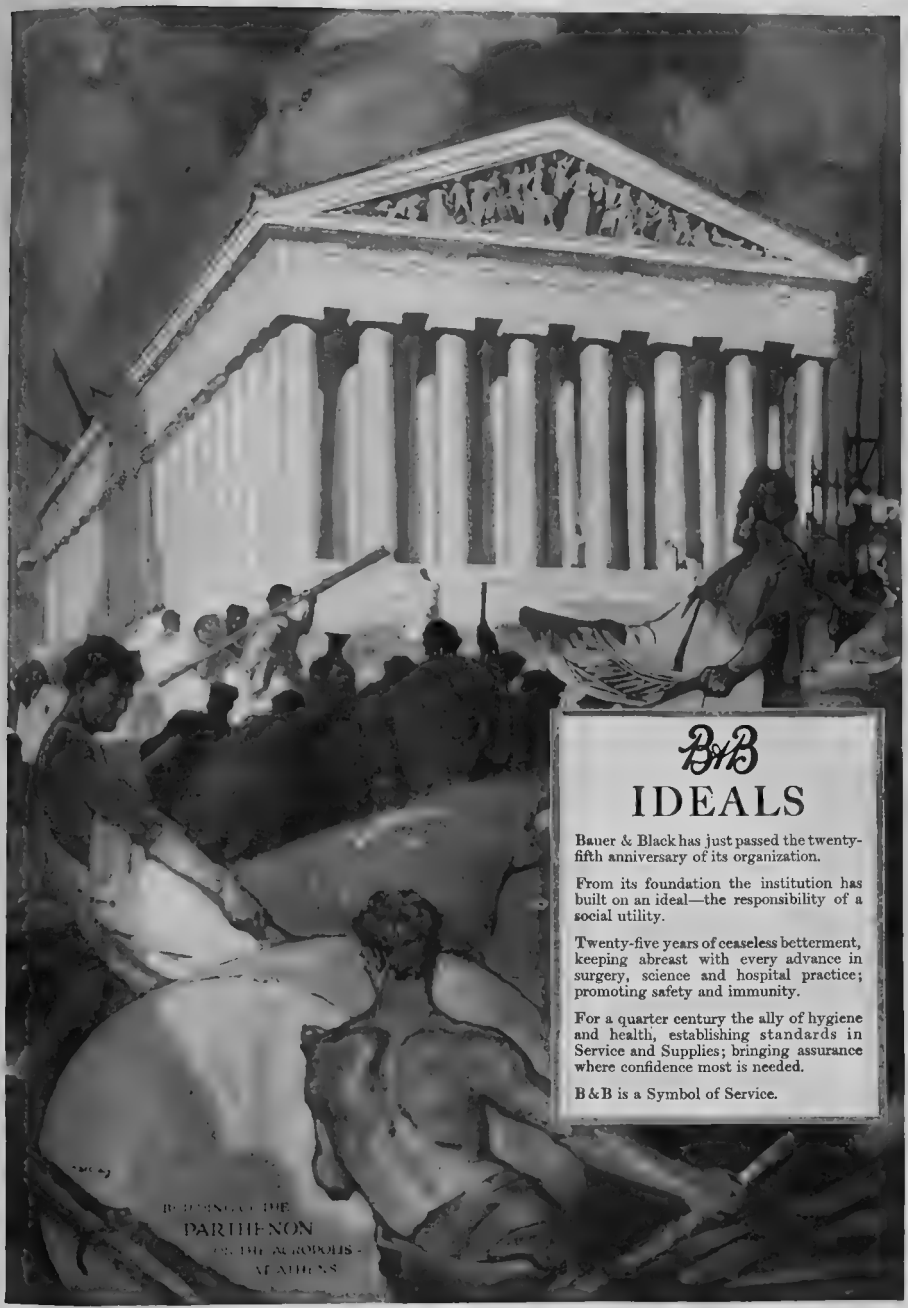

B&B

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Bauer & Black has just passed the twenty-fifth anniversary of its organization.

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Twenty-five years of ceaseless betterment, keeping abreast with every advance in surgery, science and hospital practice; promoting safety and immunity.

For a quarter century the ally of hygiene and health, establishing standards in Service and Supplies; bringing assurance where confidence most is needed.

B&B is a Symbol of Service.

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Baby's Life May be the Difference Between These Bottles

DO you know that a baby's life is risked 2,000 times during the first year if it feeds from a small-necked nursing bottle? A nursing bottle with a narrow neck may *look* clean, yet contain enough bacteria to start baby on a fatal sickness.

The neck allows food particles and germs to collect at the shoulders. It prevents these danger spots from washing out clean. The swab collects germs, sheds bristles inside the bottle, and scratches the glass. Boiling water cannot circulate freely, and dirt and germs are not always washed out.

The neckless Hygeia has no danger spots. No swabbing is necessary. The Hygeia washes out as readily as a tumbler. In boiling, water rushes in and out of the wide mouth and renders the bottle *absolutely safe* and clean.

Best for baby, easiest for you –that's the Hygeia, invented over 20 years ago by a physician to save his own baby. Since used by hundreds of thousands of intelligently-cared-for infants. Breasts made of red or black rubber.

Sold at drug stores everywhere with the name Hygeia on box, breast and bottle.

THE HYGEIA NURSING BOTTLE CO., Inc., 1206 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Hygeia NURSING BOTTLE

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Turn him out in a
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Notice the strong double seams of these economy clothes, and how tightly the buttons are put on. Remember, too, that every SLIPOVA is guaranteed to be fast color and standard fabric. They are roomy, full garments, and are great favorites with the kids.
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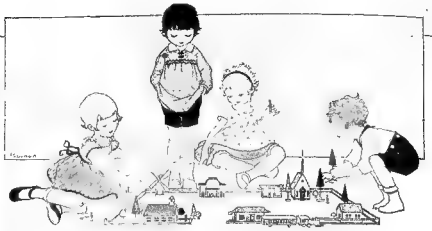

Pictorial Review Mother Club

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

sleep as early as he did last month. But now is the time to stick firmly to the 6 or 6:30 bed-hour, or in a short time the adult members of the family will have no free evenings. Some one will always be called upon to soothe a restless baby, who in justice to health and nerves should sleep all evening long.

Many mothers ask for a sleeping-schedule suited to a baby at five months. Here is an excellent one. Bed at 6 P.M.; one nursing at a regular hour in the night, between 9:30 and 12; then sleep until 6 A.M. I make the single night feeding-hour flexible for various reasons. Some mothers like to nurse or feed their babies just before they, themselves, retire, so the feeding-hour may be arranged accordingly. Other mothers are so tired from the day's duties that the milk-supply runs low or is of poor quality at 9 P.M., when, after an evening's rest, or perhaps an hour's sleep, it may be better. These mothers prefer the 11 o'clock feeding. But at five months there should be just one feeding between 6 P.M. and 6 A.M., and that at the regular hour best suited to the habits of the mother and the needs of the child.

During the day, the baby should have one long morning nap after his bath, preferably out-of-doors, and a shorter one after the noon feeding, with a play-time from this nap until he is undressed for the night.

If well and strong, your baby will now try to sit up, and this desire may be encouraged if his back is properly supported. If the pillows in his crib or buggy are raised at a comfortable angle so that they furnish support without forcing him to sit upright, he will learn first to support his head in an upright position and then to use the muscles of the back. But he must not be left too long sitting upright in buggy, high-chair, or chamber-chair. Frequent change of position is best, and during his play-hour, when undressed, he should be laid on his stomach and allowed to exercise like a wee swimmer. Holding up his head to look about strengthens the muscles of neck and back.

All sorts of little habits will manifest themselves now. Perhaps he has been sucking his thumb, finger, or fist. You have rather ignored the trick, thinking he was a bit hungry and would drop the thumb or finger when better satisfied with his food. Do not delude yourself. A baby may learn to suck his thumb or finger through hunger, but the continued habit is the result of inclination.

Now is the time to break him of the habit, for each week will strengthen his determination to have his own way. When you tuck him into his crib, wind him in a shawl, or blanket, like an Italian bambino, with both hands so snugly wrapped that he can not get them to his mouth. During his waking hours, slip on a soft stocking or thumbless mitten, fastening it to the shoulder with a small safety-pin or tapes.

If, in spite of these precautions, he persists in finding a finger or thumb to suck, you will need a metal device, light in weight and ventilated, which will cure simply because there is no comfort in sucking an aluminum mitten or a fiber wire thumb-guard. The pleasure comes from sucking soft flesh.

What Does Your Child's Weight Tell?

DURING the past few years, we have heard a great deal about how a young baby should grow and how the increase or loss of weight proves whether the children are being properly nourished or underfed. But child welfare workers did not seem to be deeply interested in the weight of children who had passed the teething age.

Weight, in correct proportion to height and age, is just as sure a test in children of kindergarten age and the adolescent stage as in infants. If a boy or girl is below normal weight, there is good reason for some sort of medical examination, a sort of general looking over by some one who knows about young growing creatures. Anemia may be crying out for more proteins in the diet. Malnutrition may be sapping at the strength. The child who seems dull may be merely undernourished. It is always worth while to learn whether your children are up to the standard weight.

And at last a card showing the proper relation between weight and height for boys and girls, from five to eighteen years of age, has been devised, approved by medical authorities and accepted in many schools where the health of pupils is conserved and protected.

If you would like to know whether your son or daughter is normal in weight, or if, as a teacher, you would like to test the health of your pupils, send a three cent stamp in an envelop to PICTORIAL REVIEW Mother Club, 200-226 West 39th Street, New York City, and a card will be sent to you without charge. Ask distinctly for "Weight Card—Five to Eighteen Years," as we issue also a height-record card for babies from birth to twelve months.

A Snappy Letter

HERE is a story which I hope will induce many mothers to follow PICTORIAL REVIEW'S plan for bringing up babies. "My sister-in-law lives in the apartment below mine. Our babies were born at the same hospital, twenty-four hours apart. Mine was born with a broken arm, so she started with a handicap. Both babies had good habits and an excellent start when we left the hospital.

"I continued to feed and care for my baby according to schedule, just as you advised through PICTORIAL REVIEW. My baby grew and thrived like a healthy young animal. She was happy, slept well, ate well, and was a joy to all who saw her.

"But on reaching home, my sister started to feed her baby every time he cried, and to disregard the rules he had become accustomed to at the hospital. In a few days her baby was having spells of acute indigestion. He became fretful, and slept only a few minutes at a time. His bowels got into bad condition and he did not gain much. Our babies are now nearly eight months old. Mine weighs twenty-one pounds, and hers barely fourteen pounds. Mine is strong in every way. It pays to stick to a schedule!

"WISCONSIN."

Pictorial Review's Mother Service

DON'T take chances on your baby's health. Keep him well by studying hygiene and preventive medicine.

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S Healthy Baby Pamphlets will show you the way.

The Prospective Mother's Own Book.
Feeding Chart for Bottle-fed Babies.
Colic and Its Cure.
Diet Suggestions—Ten Months to Four Years.
Hot Weather Dishes for Young Children.
Diet for Listless Babies.
Treatment for Constipation in Breast-fed Babies under Six Months.
Treatment for Constipation in Babies from Nine Months to One Year.
Treatment for Constipation in Children of Two Years and Over.

Select the pamphlet which you need, and send a large stamped and self-addressed envelop for it.

Two Booklets for Mothers and Girls

Keeping Baby Well

By ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

CLEAN milk and clean bottles are the best form of insurance against Summer complaint. Do you know how to buy safe milk, and how to keep bottles clean? If not, send thirty-five cents for this booklet. Two entire chapters devoted to bottle-fed babies. Address Mother and Baby Department.

Course in Sex-Education

By LOUIS HENRY LEVY, M.S., M.D.

WHOLESOME knowledge is the best protection for young girls. If your daughter is about to marry, to graduate from school, or to enter the industrial world, send twenty-five cents for Pictorial Review's Correspondence Course in Sex-Education. Address Public Health Editor.

The Pictorial Review Company, 200-226 W. 39th St., New York

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Facing It

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

and civilian. Hardy Bloudon had created his own following—a strange following of maimed and stricken. Brent felt a comforting at-homeness; he had without knowing it taken a seat beside a youth crippled precisely as he was himself. The two exchanged humorous smiles over Brent's struggle with the seat-flap, which he finally pushed down with the toe of his boot.

In the seat ahead of them was an officer with a mask, something like the one Bloudon wore. Brent, scanning the fine ears and brow, crisp, splendid hair thick on the beautiful head, wondered what lay beneath that immobility, turned toward the stage. He found himself becoming impatient with the mask idea, longing, with a strange contradiction of the usual human evasions, for the absolute naked truth of that ruined young face.

The place was full of women also. Women, beautiful, calm, spiritual, or just plain, comfortable, and steady. Many of these sat quietly by their marred men.

The chaplain, out of his deep knowledge of a woman's heart, its childlike idealism, its seeking for magical, almost miraculous perfection of faith in an unreal purity and beauty, blamed himself for ever having doubted that vaulting, ardent, inconsistent but valiant nature.

"They'll stick," he muttered to himself, "they'll stick as long as there's anything in it they can *idealize*," he craned his neck to find the dark beauty of the woman, who, he now knew, for two years he had cruelly misjudged.

SHE was sitting alone in a box-stall. There was no other occupant, she was entertaining, palpably alone. As Brent stared at her he was aware of the deathless passion that invested and surrounded her like flame. No comment or speculation could touch her remoteness, who, passionately yet divinely self-controlled, was determined yet to win back Hardy Bloudon.

An opera star in an irritating hat sang some Russian songs. There were some flirts by a solemn Spaniard and a hard Dutchman. Then Bloudon appeared.

Brent heard his armless neighbor growl to a friend,

"They say he is going to come out later without his false face. Don't it beat all how his spirit must squirm! The chap's an artist brought up on beauty. I was in his home once. Della Robbias on the ground floor, Cimabues on the top floor, and everything else in between. You know that kind of family—awfully nice, loads of money, but always talking about art and literature."

"Maybe Bloudon's family won't find his face so awfully out of kilter if they're fed on Cimabues," the other man returned, then gleefully, "Remember those things in the Louvre? What?" The two cripples rubbed shoulders, failing into appreciative chuckles over the medieval in art.

Bloudon came out on the stage in a fierce, alert way like a man who swings straight to the grip of big affaire. His very twist of the piano-chair was decisive, a light grip of steel, his very down-sitting, a deliberate placing of his tall body as if it were a dynamo that must be deftly and exactly adjusted. That there had been long months for intellectual reconstruction, for adaptation to a huge and engulfing sorrow since he had last looked upon him, Brent remembered. His delight and wonder at seeing the splendid figure, the superb, masterful hands was supreme. The good, human profile of the musician was turned to the audience, from that view few could have told that Bloudon wore a mask, and were he to unmask that profile would still be noble and unbroken. It was only the other side—Brent looked suddenly up again at the lonely girl in the box—She? Why she had deliberately chosen the angle that, should he unmask, would reveal the whole damnable thing. At last he understood. With a curious longing to be with her, to share the ordeal she was about to experience, he watched her. The woman's clenched hands met on the dark velvet of the box-rail. She leaned forward, her lips not parted, but set in a grip terrible to see. Eleanor Fairlaight was looking at the full-masked face of the musician, her own features wearing the look of youth gazing fixedly, turned to stone by the Medusa of contemporary life. Studying her, the armless chaplain suddenly found himself with an old desperation of ugly nights on the battlefields, prayerfully cursing.

A rage unlike anything he had ever known seized Brent, the old enigma of life, its mockery, its confusion, its vileness, set against the glad intentions of youth and love and nature! The agony tore at him, twisting his reason in its poisoned claws, but suddenly, soft on his rage, he felt unaccountable soothing like the falling of rain on a safe roof at night. The passing of strong magnetic hands seemed to calm him, the poisoned fire died down in his heart and a cool brook of sound bathed his body. His brooding gaze went away from the solemn bravery of the young girl's face and he sought the stage. Bloudon was playing—

Apollo in a gorgeous sun-strength striding through the flower-dappled fields of Thessaly might have played thus. Only the god would not have had that other precious part of music, the tender and faithful knowledge of human forlornness and suffering. Brent's eyes suddenly filled with tears, for the first time in six years he thought of that one perfect year with his wife—some apple-trees in bloom, the wafting white curtains of a room filled with books, an apple-twig Spring fire. The week little Brent died! Little Brent! Suddenly the man pulled himself together. Why, there was no longer any little Brent! Was it only that Bloudon, that masked and disfigured man up there on the stage was playing his knowledge and grief for all the little Brents that had ever died in this world?

The startled chaplain looked about him. The house was magnetized, there was a white silent field of faces that wavered in groups like wheat touched by Summer wind; every one, it seemed, was listening to the story of little Brent. All this great gathering of strangers seemed to grieve that that little being was no more. The chaplain's gaze went almost timidly to the face of the woman sitting alone in the box—did Bloudon know that Eleanor Fairlaight was there, looking straight down upon him? Through his rage and pain in the piano-music watched her, absorbed, dazzled, her face turned stedfastly upon the mutilated lover, who out of the bitterness of his soul had repudiated her. Brent tried to remember when he had seen a look like hers on a human face. Ah! It was when he had all made up their minds that Winter night on Hill Z that they would stay and die and hold the hill—they had only thought "die" with its great gulf of oblivion, they had not thought of living, maimed, helpless, taking life on a re-statement, a rehabilitation of their own once strong and powerful bodies.

The woman in the box would have stayed with them and held the hill! Brent saw how she kept her face upon that of the musician. It was as if the girl drank in anticipation a cup mixed for all her life of anguished realization and intolerable sweetness. Brent thought she looked purposely enigmatic, a sort of maternal Sphinx, warmly confident and sure of herself, but determined to guard herself from all the world but the one lonely man playing there on the stage.

The program went on; the smooth melancholy of the Spaniard, the bluff integrities of the Dutchman wore a little on this great audience. These two musicians, perfect in every detail from their specially tailored garments to their egoistic poses and remote artistry, were passively received by throngs that shrieked for the naked truths and bold assertions of the musician of whose tragedy they knew something. There was a brief interval of waiting before Bloudon come on again and this interval was tense, while the whispering ran high. Something like a relieved yet baffled sigh swept through the house as the young officer came back on the stage. Walking from the left wing, Bloudon's great profile was turned to the audience and he went straight to the piano, playing one chord for silence.

Then he turned.

THE silence was like the grasping pause between sobs, as with this strained lifting of the shoulders, this terrible pushing movement of his whole trembling body, the young fellow walked down to the footlights, and Bloudon without his mask forever faced his world.

Then the sigh became audible.

It rushed like a wind of Pentecost over the house—the long "ah!" of relieved keenness which was like a malignant sting to the man who so loved that brave trembling figure on the stage. Brent turned scarlet at hearing that low horrible human, "Oh, shut up, you fools," he turned and hissed to these about him, but no one heard. All eyes were fixed with a terrible fascination upon the distorted riven countenance of the man who stood there high on the bare stage, head lifted to meet this blast of icy silence that was to wither him forever. And then happened a thing that even the Greeks with all their passion for saving miracle could not shadow forth. This audience, selflessly casting away the fetters of thousands of years, swung suddenly out on a new and passionate human ethic, a new postulate, the acceptance of spiritual beauty! The whole house, like men and women chastened and awake, arose; the people stood with their eyes fixed steadily as on candles on an altar. Like primitive souls caught by a great light, like peasants before some ikon of suffering, these men and women stood firm, not one of them turning their gaze from that figure standing

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

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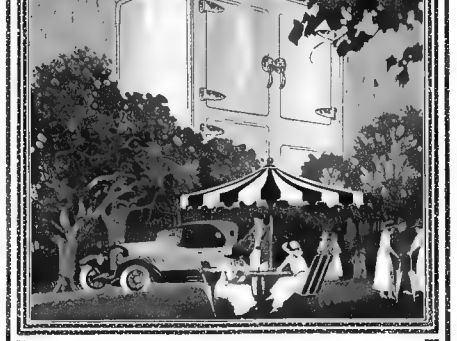

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Decorations by M. T. and T. H. Boyard

The City Woman Learns Co-Operation

The Home Demonstration Agent Teaches Her the Power in Organization

By HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT

WHEN I first heard that there were city Home Demonstration Agents, I asked quite frankly, "What for?"

Make allowance, my city sisters, for the not unnatural attitude of a countrywoman. We in the country, being not only housekeepers but producers, working by the most primitive methods at times—to our shame be it said—are too apt to regard our city sister as a person well spoiled by electric-lights, water on tap, vegetables already prepared, and perhaps even a janitor to clean the front stoop. It was with something of a shock, therefore, that I heard the reply to my question.

"Because the city housekeeper, from the standpoint of the country and the government, is as valuable as the country one. Think of the waste in cities! Think of the power of the women there! They buy nine-tenths of all the food eaten. Think——"

But I was already thinking. And when across my engrossed mind came the concluding words of the H. D. A. State leader, "You know to us a city is forty thousand people," I was converted. Forty thousand people! There is a city near me like that, and to me it is just a big, sprawling, country town where most of the folks have gardens and the real country is just a walk away. Too often we country folk use the word "city" to mean metropolis, and when we use it we get a vision of high walls and endless paved streets bereft of green. In reality there are about a dozen cities like that in the whole world, and the average American city is a much-spread-out place and boasts lawns and back yards which reach out to an invisible line marking the boundary of the real country. And because this is true, the Home Demonstration Agents sent out by the Department of Agriculture and the State Colleges of Agriculture during the war found themselves crossing that invisible line without knowing of its existence and working in cities because city housekeepers had the same problems as those in rural districts. When they found out that they had invaded foreign territory, so to speak (for who ever heard of a Department of Agriculture sending officials to municipalities?) they withdrew and the city women sent out a wail of appeal after them.

"Why," demanded one angry city woman, "can't I have advice on my garden and my canning and my cooking as well as any woman in the country? The government expects me to obey the food laws."

Marketing Together

THERE wasn't any reply possible to that question and as there was no agency equipped as the Department of Agriculture and the State Colleges of Agriculture were equipped to deal with these problems, these two bodies, with great wisdom, overlooked the apparent incongruity of working in a city and set to work to establish a H. D. A. urban service, sending out two hundred Agents for special work in cities or units of cities, a unit meaning a population of forty thousand. When the war was over, the city women, as well as the countrywomen, demanded that they be kept on.

The chief value of the urban H. D. A. to the government of the country in the past war years was in her immense saving of waste; the chief value of the H. D. A. to the city woman was in the saving of money. Both of these ends were accomplished by the same means—by teaching both the city woman and the countrywoman to co-operate, to buy and can and cook together. Markets and community kitchens have sprung up like mushrooms in the wake of the H. D. A.'s.

Down at Lynchburg, Virginia, a place where the line of demarcation between city and country is not visible at all, the country H. D. A. and the city H. D. A. organized their women into selling and buying groups. They took an old tobacco barn and turned it into a city market where the countrywomen came to sell and the city women came to buy. The city women were presented with baskets in which they carried their purchases home, and the cost of the baskets was more than paid for by the elimination of the middleman. In Miami, Florida, the county and the city co-operated in the same way, only, lacking the tobacco barn, they used the farmwomen's market-wagons. Twenty-one of these drove to the curb outside the Woman's Club Building and the H. D. A.'s office. So successful was this market that the city administration has now taken the work over and established a curb market where countrywomen may sell to city women.

San Antonio, Texas, established a curb market in which it disposed of the products grown within the city, particularly the products of the children's gardens. Indeed, Texas was so thoroughly converted to the garden idea and so many gardens came into existence that they were a distinct asset in food production, and a State urban garden-specialist was appointed.

At Chattanooga, Tennessee, the women of the Bartlebaugh Home Demonstration Club decided that they wanted to market their own vegetables, cottage cheese, fowls, and butter. This city has a Market House and the Market Master arranged a table for the selling. It was an entirely new business for the women, many of whom had never killed or dressed a fowl before.

A Food Lesson in the Thrift Kitchen, Syracuse, New York

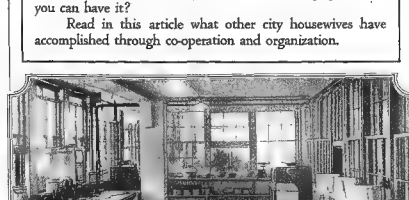
Mrs. City Housekeeper

DO YOU know that you and your city sisters spend ninety per cent. of all the money put into food in your town?

Do you realize that you can control the cleanliness, the cost, and the quality of your city food supply?

Do you know that if you want clean, cheap, good food you can have it?

Read in this article what other city housewives have accomplished through co-operation and organization.



A Corner of the Virginia Home Demonstration Plant at Richmond

The H. D. A. held special sessions to teach them how. At Superior, Wisconsin, an empty store building was rented and fixed up with tables. The store was open as a market on Wednesdays and Saturdays. It was supplied with food both from the children's gardens in the city and by the farmers nearby. It sold on Saturdays from three hundred to six hundred dozen fresh eggs, to say nothing of the other products. At Syracuse, New York, an organized group of city women went out in auto trucks to the farms and brought in vegetables which were about to spoil in the fields and sold them, or canned and sold them.

Every one of these markets was a money-saver for the city woman who bought, and a money-maker for the country-woman who sold. So the invisible line between city and country was crossed—by market wagons.

MARKETING together meant a saving of money and a prevention of waste. The community kitchen, the win-the-war kitchen, the liberty kitchen, the food conservation kitchen, the diet kitchen—they were all the same thing—meant a still greater saving. These were places where people cooked together. I say "people" advisedly. For the community kitchen, altho organized for women housekeepers, did extend its services in unexpected ways that often included both sexes.

In New Orleans a municipal kitchen was established where groups of housekeepers, bakers, hotelmen, and grocerymen met together to experiment on recipes and discuss methods of following out the food laws. From this one kitchen so much inspiration flowed that seventy-eight kitchens patterned on much the same plan were established in eighty-seven cities in the South with H. D. A.'s to look after them. In Minneapolis, Minnesota, way up North, a man who was running a bean-baking business came to the municipal kitchen to find out why his beans soured. After he had watched the H. D. A. bake beans he went back to his factory and brought his baker with him to the kitchen. The baker took the H. D. A. recipe for baked beans back to the factory with him and the beans soured no more.

In one Wisconsin city, men who were shooting game to aid in meat conservation stopped with the game at the municipal kitchen on the way home and got recipes for preparing it. All along the Pacific Coast the kitchens made a special feature of fish demonstrations so as to get more fish on the market and thus save meat and money.

In various Southern cities instruction was given to chefs in the aviation stations, hotels, and boarding-houses. But the main mission of the community kitchen was not to these for, after all, they are in total but a very small factor in buying and cooking, but to the women who were housekeepers.

In community kitchens women met to can and dry foods—together. City kitchens are small; canning and drying apparatus is costly and takes space. It does not pay to equip, to can, or dry a comparatively small quantity of food. But it does pay to add even a score of jars to the family pantry, when there is a community kitchen, and it pays the country to avoid the waste of perishables. In Richmond, Virginia, both of these facts were illustrated clearly. The H. D. A. and three assistants organized the women of the city and put their kitchen next to one of the large markets. They put in a drying-plant, a steam-pressure canner, a storage-room, a rest-room, and two offices. *It was planned to handle a ton of food a day.* The work was put on a business basis. A committee representing the three city markets went over the day's supplies as they came in. The markets knew just how much they could handle, and before the surplus went into the markets it was sold to the kitchen. There was no glut in the market houses and the kitchen had fresh goods. The canned goods were bought by the women who worked in the kitchen or sold to the general public. At Holyoke, Massachusetts, over six hundred women and girls volunteered for work in the community canning-kitchen. Four thousand jars were canned in the kitchen, but how many jars those six hundred women and girls canned at home no one knows. This kitchen paid all its expenses through the sale of canned goods. It, too, bought its goods from the farmer's surplus.

Study Clubs Start

OUT of the canning and drying parties there grew study clubs, groups of women who wanted to learn something of actual food values. Such groups formed last year are studying this year, when the matter of food waste is hardly less important. Demonstrations on the food question lead to well-being, especially upon the feeding of children of various ages, have become a permanent part of the community kitchen. And altho I have mentioned this before, I must repeat that no war emergency ever gave the community kitchen its secure place in the city as did the influenza epidemic. Every community kitchen of which I have heard became a diet kitchen during the epidemic, serving meals at the home, suitable to the need of the sick people, and this, more than the whole work of the year, made friends for the kitchen.

In Boston, one of the largest cities of the country, the work was thoroughly organized. This city was divided by the forty-thousand rule into eighteen districts. The famous Boston Common was plowed up for the first time in history to show what a home garden should raise to feed a family of five. In the Food Facts House the produce was cooked and the portions needed were shown. In the Child Welfare House the special needs of children were attended to. One house on wheels traveled into every part of the city giving street demonstrations to any one who could be induced to listen. Out of this activity grew classes of mothers, of teachers, of housekeepers. Five such

CONTINUED ON PAGE 68

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A fine pure lard that never varies

Foods fry quickly in this fine, pure lard —fry deliciously crisp and brown.

Exactly the right consistency for shortening. Biscuits and muffins made with it are light as a feather and unusually good!

Packed for you in these three convenient sizes.

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"Just Like New Again!

KIRK'S FLAKE WHITE SOAP

"My favorite for fine laundering

"Oh, if you and every other woman would only realize the wonderful purity and quality of Kirk's Flake White. Then you would know as I do, how much longer the dainty lingerie and apparel that you're so fond of, would keep fresh and like new.

"I've found Kirk's Flake White washes most easily in water warm or cold, soft or hard. A quick, rich, pure white lather—a careful washing—a thorough rinsing—and my most delicate lingerie, Georgette crepes, silks, linens, laces and colored goods, come out so sweet and clean and without the slightest injury.

"And for every household use you'll find Kirk's Flake White *the* economical and *safe* soap."

That wonderful white soap for all purposes.

JAMES S. KIRK & COMPANY, CHICAGO

Makers of Jap Rose Soap and Jap Rose Talcum Powder

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CHEAPER TO BUY GOOD SOAP THAN NEW CLOTHES

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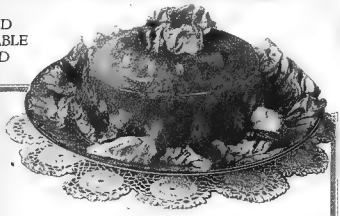
Sunday-Night Suppers

By MARION HARRIS NEIL

JELLIED VEGETABLE SALAD



DISSOLVE two tablespoonfuls of gelatin in four cupfuls of hot vegetable stock or water. Cool, add three cupfuls of chopped cooked vegetables, one teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper, and one-eighth teaspoonful of celery salt. Pour into a wet mold and when firm turn out on to crisp lettuce-leaves. Garnish with pickles and serve with salad dressing.

RICE AND EGG PIE

COOK one cupful of rice in boiling salted water until tender then drain. Put a layer of the rice into a greased fire-proof dish, then a layer of hard-boiled eggs cut in slices, add one-half cupful of white sauce, one teaspoonful of salt, and one-half teaspoonful of pepper. Repeat the layers until the dish is full, having the rice on the top. Dot with butter-substitute, and bake in a moderate oven until thoroughly hot. Serve garnished with parsley, squares of buttered toast and lemon; cut into thin slices.

CHICKEN A LA MARENGO

CUT a chicken into joints. Melt four tablespoonfuls of vegetable-oil, put in the pieces of chicken, and season with one teaspoonful of salt and one-half teaspoonful of pepper. Fry until slightly browned, add one tablespoonful of corn-flour, two small onions chopped, one-half cupful of tomato sauce, one bunch of herbs, and sufficient stock or water to cover. Cook slowly until the fowl is tender. Add more seasonings if necessary and serve garnished with slices of hard-boiled egg and small pieces of toasted bread.

JELLIED FISH AND EGGS

COOK three pounds of fish in boiling salted water until tender, then drain and cool. Pour five cupfuls of the fish-liquor into a saucepan, add four tablespoonfuls of gelatin, one-half teaspoonful of celery-salt, one bay-leaf, one-half teaspoonful of paprika, and one tablespoonful of lemon-juice. Stir over the fire until the gelatin dissolves and strain. Garnish a mold or dish with slices of hard-boiled eggs, put in the fish freed from skin and bones, and pour over the gelatin-liquid. Chill before serving.

Add Another Joy to June

Strawberries are vastly better with Puffed Rice scattered on them.

These grains are so thin, so flimsy, so flavory that they just fit in with fruit. And they add what crust adds to a shortcake—a delicious blend.

The ideal summer supper is Puffed Wheat in a bowl of milk.

These grains are toasted whole-wheat bubbles, crisp and flaky, eight times normal size. Every food cell is exploded, so they easily digest.

Crisp and douse with melted butter for hungry children in the afternoon.

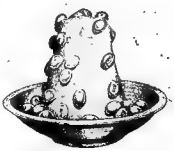
Teach girls to use Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs in home candy making. They make candy lighter and give a nut-like taste.

Float in Milk

Or serve with cream and sugar. At a touch the grains will crush into almond-flavored granules.

As Confections

Salted or lightly buttered they are perfect playtime dainties.



Use like nut meats as a garnish on ice cream.

Whole Grains Steam Exploded

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are whole-grain foods, of which children get too little.

Over 100 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel. Thus every granule of the whole grain is fitted to digest.

Serve them abundantly.

In summer time keep all three kinds on hand.

Puffed Rice

Puffed Wheat

Corn Puffs

All Bubble Grains

Each 15c

Except in Far West

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers (3083)

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The Dish of Pure Delight

A breakfast that is a banquet! The luscious Kernel of the whole wheat gives ***Wheatena*** that nut-like flavor everybody loves and no other breakfast food possesses. ***Wheatena*** is a delicious surprise to you—from the moment you try it you "wish you'd known of it before."

An all-day food—good at any hour—endless delicious ways to serve it. It is ***ALL*** nutrition. ***Wheatena*** makes sturdy sons and fair young women. Children love ***Wheatena*** and the more they eat it the rosier they get. It is a B-U-I-L-D-E-R. Yet unlike most truly nourishing foods, it never tires the taste. You just can't get enough of it.

Wheatena makes many desserts and other delicacies. It is not alone an all-day food but an all-purpose food, ever handy for the housewife. Ideal for fish, sauces, gravies.

Why not try this peerless Breakfast Food that combines so many uses, is so easily prepared and is good hot or cold?

Order ***Wheatena*** from your grocer to-day. You'll be glad you did. So will every member of the family.

The Wheatena Company,
Wheatenaville,
Rahway, New Jersey.

No More "Spoiled" Preserves

Never again should home canned fruits or vegetables "spoil" because of defective jar rubbers. The foremost rubber scientists of the greatest rubber manufacturer in the world and expert home economic specialists have combined their talents and produced a jar ring that is positively 100% perfect.

USCO
Kold Pak Jar Rubbers

remove every possibility of spoilage. They are made of a special quality of rubber, specially prepared for this one special purpose.

Neither the heat, steam, nor pressure of any canning processing can possibly affect them in any way.

Do not risk your canning investment of money, time and labor. Order USCO Kold Pak Jar Rubbers of your grocer and be sure of success.

United States Rubber Company

Ready for Canning Days

Proper Equipment Makes Your Work Easier

By EDITH M. BARBER

IN THE home-canning factory as well as in the commercial factory good tools lighten labor, and the forewoman of the kitchen realizes that they are a good investment. With the increase of patriotic gardening in the last few years, the practise of home-canning has swept the country like an epidemic. Probably one of the reasons for this is the fact that the popular one-period cold-pack method is such an easy one to follow, but even this simple process can be made simpler by implements that fit the job. Last year I decided to prepare ahead for the Summer's campaign and to get anything that was needed to make it an easier matter.

First of all I made sure that my jars were in good condition. I had been taking time by the forelock, and as a jar was emptied during the Winter I had washed it thoroughly and put it away with its cover in a paper bag. One of the important points in preventing spoilage is to have a cover that fits well, and if the contents of that particular jar had kept I took it for granted that the fit was perfect. Putting the cover on the jar also prevents its breakage if it is glass, or the chipping of the enamel lining if it is tin. The paper bag prevents its collecting dust and saves some labor later. I counted my paper-gowned collection and decided how many more jars I should need. The next question was what kind to buy.

Several Kinds of Jars

THERE are several types of jars on the market. I have used the screw-top, the glass-top with the double-bale fastening, and the friction seal jar which demands a new cover each year, and have had success with all. The first year I was afraid to use the screw-top for vegetables that took a long sterilization, as sometimes the rubber cut as the top was tightened. This, however, was before the days of standardized rubbers, and I found last Summer that this type of jar was perfectly satisfactory when the rubbers came up to test. The first year, also, before I had a really good canning-fork, I found this jar hard to handle, but last year with better equipment there was not this objection. There is one warning, however, and that is do not be tempted to use a jar with a chipped lining, as that makes an ideal place for the spoilage bacteria to lodge. The jars with the glass covers are easy to clean and to keep clean, and the only thing to be said against them is that the covers do break sometimes, but most manufacturers enclose one or two extra covers with each dozen jars, and it is also possible now to purchase them.

The patent vacuum-seal jars are satisfactory as far as keeping the products is concerned, altho having to purchase new covers each year makes them a little more expensive. In general, however, one type of jar is as good as another—each has devoted friends and can see no good in any other. I confess to having my own preference, but I am pretty sure that it is really only a prejudice, and because with it my first successes were made.

To go back to the question of rubbers, I found from sad experience that upon them depends largely the success of the cold pack. It naturally takes a good rubber to stand the several hour's boiling which this process demands for many products. While there always will be standardized rubbers on the market after this, it will pay to test your rubbers when you purchase them. There are a number of excellent makes, and some of the medium-priced ones are as good as the more expensive. Even those of a good brand will not be worth buying if they are of last year's stock, so it is good policy to open the package when you make your purchase and use some simple tests. The merchant will not be afraid to have a good rubber tested, and if he objects, that answers the question—don't buy that brand. A ring should possess enough elasticity to be folded and pinched without breaking—a tiny crack will not matter. There should not be more than twelve rubbers to an inch when they are stacked together. Both of these tests can easily be done in the store. You can also tell at a glance whether the rings are wide enough. If there is any doubt, they can be measured, and each should be a little over a quarter of an inch in width. Of course, when fitting them to the jar, they should require a little stretching to go around the neck.

Selecting a Canner

I AM afraid I have talked a long time on a very small thing, but that same little article can make or break—sometimes literally—your jar. To go on to a larger essential -the canner! The first year, not daring to try large quantities at a time, I used a ninety-eight cent galvanized garbage-can in which I could do five jars at once. I had a rack which I had bought at the ten-cent store and which fitted into the bottom. It held six jars, but because my pail was not very high, I found that I could not do more than five jars at a time and have the water cover the tops, which is, of course, absolutely necessary. The first part of the season I used a button-hook as a lifter for the jars with bales, and burned my fingers trying to manage the screw-tops without a regular lifter. Later, a number of good lifters came on the market, costing from ten to twenty-five cents, and I chose one which remedied that to some extent.

The second season I graduated to a wash-boiler and bought a large rack to fit it. In this I could do ten jars at once, but I found so many hard to lift, so when I came across some individual wire baskets for ten cents apiece, I immediately invested in a dozen and found them the greatest aid in my work. As I was using my own garden products, I often had different vegetables which called for different times of sterilization to do on the same day and it was most convenient to be able to lift the jars in and out so easily. I also found it much safer when canning corn, peas, and beans, which should be put into the sterilizer as soon as possible after packing, to be able to put them in without any danger of slipping from the canning-tongs, and not the least thing to be said in favor of the baskets is that burned fingers actually became a thing of the past.

Any housewife who has a wash-boiler, a rack, or a set of wire baskets, a good jar-lifter, a large-mouthed funnel, sharp knives, two or three granite-ware bowls or kettles, and a supply of cheese-cloth has all that is essential for making her canning easy. Some "canners" prefer to use a wire basket instead of cheese-cloth, but it is not as convenient in my estimation as the cloth. There are some very good commercial canners on the market, which if you can afford them save time and fuel. If I finally decide to leave the amateur class entirely and join the professional—in this case also the commercial class and yield to the request of some of my neighbors to do their canning as well as my own this season, I shall buy either a pressure-cooker or a steam-cooker.

The large size steam-cooker which fits over one burner of the stove will hold twenty-one jars on its shelves, and could certainly save time and fuel by doing so many at once. The actual time for sterilizing is the same as when a wash-boiler is used, altho when doing peas, beans, corn, and asparagus it is best to use a thermometer in order to make sure that a temperature of 212 degrees is maintained in the cooker. The pressure-cooker cuts down the time of sterilization, but one that can be managed on a home range will not hold as many jars as the steam-cooker. I have not yet decided which will be my choice, but when I have decided which shall be my one addition to my canning equipment, I shall feel that my kitchen machinery is complete for my home-canning factory.

Can the Right Way

Write to the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for Farmers' Bulletin 839—Home-canning by the One-period Cold-pack Method. This will be sent to you free of charge and will give you detailed directions for canning all products.

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Another Example of Oval Label Goodness

THE convenience, variety and quality of foods guaranteed by the Armour Oval Label were never better expressed than in the spreads pictured here. For formal or impromptu entertainment, for the outing hamper, or for the family meals of midsummer, Armour Spreads offer many appetizing suggestions for wholesome, nutritious dainties, ready to serve.

These spreads, with other Oval Label foods on the Armour shelf in your pantry, provide the proteins, fats and carbohydrates essential to the perfectly balanced diet. And they add the final touch of delicacy and flavor to meals for every occasion.

Thus, whether your needs be for butter, oleomargarine, nut margarine, peanut butter, jams, jellies, potted or deviled meats, your dealer can supply you with Oval Label quality. Also under this reliable trade-mark you can enjoy the same wide range of choice in prepared meats, cooking fats, desserts, sea foods, beverages and other staple delicacies. If your dealer has not these products on his shelves he can readily obtain them for you from our nearest Branch House.

For new and appetizing ways to serve all Armour foods, write our Department of Food Economics, Division 75, Armour and Company, Chicago, for a free copy of "The Business of Being a Housewife." This book is full of practical information on economical home management.

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QUALITY
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PHOTOGRAPHS BY MRS. ALLEN.

When You Want to Serve a Crowd

The Housewives' Forum Plans the Food for Your Church Suppers and Community Gatherings

By IDA C. BAILEY ALLEN, Author of "Mrs. Allen's Cook Book"

I HAVE driven fourteen miles in the rain to ask you what would be nice to serve at our church supper." She was just the dearest little old lady you would care to meet, and her sunshiny face had singled her out of quite a large crowd of eager questioners who had waited to speak to me after my lecture.

It may seem a trivial question, but this woman realized the importance of introducing dishes that were new and attractive as well as nutritious and inexpensive. "The problem is one," she said, "of feeding the multitude, and doing it in the very best way. That's how I look at it." And she was right, for just as it is the supreme privilege of the housewife to serve correct and attractive food to her immediate household, it should be the supreme pleasure of the hostess to give perfectly planned and prepared food for her guests, and for the committees of women in charge of club banquets, lodge and grange suppers, college and school affairs, to give quite as much thought to the refreshing and the keeping well by proper food of the folk who partake of their bounty.

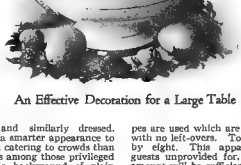
Cater to Popular Taste

A FEW of the factors to be kept in mind for successful catering to the crowds are the suitability of the food chosen, with regard to its cost, its ease of service, the ability to keep it hot or cold, as the case may be, the feasibility of entire beforehand preparation, appealing to popular taste, and yet at the same time being a little "different" without being bizarre. If the meal is to be a "pay" affair, there is no reason why the price can not be gauged by that of a good restaurant, hotel, or tea-room, provided the quality of the food served is at least as good. On the other hand, the service must also be equal. To this end, the actual serving-dishes, the silver and the linen, should be taken into consideration, lest a menu be planned which at the last minute can not be properly served. Whatever the affair, whether a church supper, a lawn party, a banquet, or an afternoon tea, there is no reason why the best of the commercial points, which have made certain eating-places famous throughout the country, should not be applied as far as possible.

In planning a hotel dining-room, a restaurant, a tea-room, or an outdoor refreshment porch, what is the first consideration of the proprietor? It must be made attractive and then kept scrupulously clean. The church vestry or the college dining-room, or the town hall where the grange supper is to be held, can not be redecorated each time an affair is given, but it can be made attractive. Each season of the year brings its own suggestions, and May and June, with their abundance of wild apple-blossoms, hawthorn, Japanese quince, forsythia sprays, and up-springing garden flowers, as well as an abundance of inexpensive flowers at the florists', and the ease with which delightful artificial decorations may be made, will make possible the beautifying of any room.

Any table decorations should carry out the general color-scheme and must be carefully arranged. If blossoming plants are used the pot should be covered with ruffled crêpe paper, and if bouquets of flowers are used the vases should be uniform and preferably of clear white glass. I can not think of anything prettier than small fish-globes full of sprays of apple-blossoms, roses, iris, or daisies and ferns. At the same time they are inexpensive and the bouquets are low in height, a point to be kept in mind in decorating for the comfort of one's guests. If the flowers must be purchased, the use of low Japanese or glass bowls with flower-holders will prove an economy, as very few flowers need be used to make a charming display. Again, fruit always makes a suitable and easily arranged table decoration.

Any meal at which the guests are to be seated is always more attractive when possessing the element of surprise. To this end little nut-cups containing a few nut-meats, a mint or two, or a little home-made candy, may be supplied to each guest. They are surprizingly easy to make, and can always be fitted in with the general color-scheme. If the affair is a private one, at which place-cards would be used, little name-cards may be attached to these nut-cups, or may be fashioned separately, and placed at the left, either on the napkin or just above it, if a bread-and-butter plate is not used.



An Effective Decoration for a Large Table

In any well-regulated restaurant the waitresses are always suitably and similarly dressed. Nothing will give a smarter appearance to the dining-room in catering to crowds than uniformity of dress among those privileged to serve. A basic background of plain white shirt-waist and skirt can again be made to fit into the color-scheme, when topped by a charming crêpe-paper cap and bounded by one of the new crêpe-paper aprons which can be stitched up on a sewing-machine. A little trouble, you may think? Of course, but the successful business man is he who not only thinks of, but carries out every detail of any idea which will help his business. The woman of the present who has tasted the interest of business life will be willing to apply the principles that she has learned during the war to whatever she may undertake to do, especially when it deals with the business of feeding the public for financial gain, no matter what the purpose may be.

Serve Dainty Portions

WHATEVER the occasion, the services of food should never be overlarge, but rather dainty, and attractively garnished. The day of the four-layer-whipped-cream-cake has gone. The big wedge of pie and the huge mug of coffee have passed. To-day, the well-combined meal satisfies the appetite as quantity could never do. The bread should be twenty-four hours old, so that it may be sliced thin. The butter should be cut in small squares, forty to the pound print. The easiest way to do this, by the way, is to wrap a silver knife in a single layer of paraffin paper.

The appetizer, or first course, if it is served, of any luncheon, supper, dinner, or banquet should be small and dainty. This means that if a fruit-cup is served, two tablespoonfuls are sufficient for each person. Three-fourths of a measuring-cupful of soup is enough, be it oyster or clam chowder and is to act as the main course of the meal. If an entrée is to be served, an easy method is to prepare some extra ramekins which may be kept hot in an oven or hot closet. Generally speaking, the main course, which may consist of meat with vegetables, or a substantial salad, should be arranged on the dinner plate and served individually, as is done in many *table d'hôte* of the better class.

Small portions of salad may be placed in tiny ramekins or paper cups, then on the salad plate with a garnish of lettuce and parsley; fish salad may always be served in a similar way in scallop shells. The individual services may be prepared ahead, and take up little space in the ice-box.

The dessert should always be served individually, and at the end of a dinner or banquet the coffee should be a demi-tasse rather than in large cupfuls with cream. It is only by standardizing the size of each portion and enforcing this service that the business of catering to crowds can be put upon a proper paying basis.

It is not a difficult matter to estimate the amount of raw material which will be needed to feed fifty people if standard and home recipes are used which are apportioned for six with no left-overs. To feed fifty, multiply by eight. This apparently leaves two guests unprovided for, but in reality the amount will be sufficient to feed fifty-four, as all materials gain when measured in quantity.

Quantities for Fifty

THE following table may be helpful in calculating amounts for fifty people:

Medium-ground coffee, good grade, 2½ pounds.
Tea, 1 pound. Cocoa (to ten quarts liquid), 1 pound. Butter, 2 pounds. Rolls or biscuits (small), two to each person.
Vegetables, including potatoes, two heaping tablespoonfuls.
One pint can of peas, beans, corn, etc., serve from six to seven persons.
Raw meat, as beef, lamb, veal, pork, etc., one-third pound per person.
Chicken, turkey, or duck, to be roasted, one-half pound per person.
Chicken for pie or fricassee, one-fourth pound per person.
Raw fish, one-fourth pound per person.
One ten-pound ham, sliced thin, serves thirty people
Two pounds raw meat in a loaf with a sauce serves ten people.
Salads, as Russian, salmon, potato, etc., one-half measuring cupful per person.
Ice-cream, eight servings per quart, ten with a sauce.
Canned fruit, allow two pieces per person, as pears, peaches, etc.
A medium-sized pie should be cut into eight pieces.
Allow two small cakes or cookies per person.
In making custards, rice puddings, etc., bake them if possible in eighth-quart cups and serve individually.

However, the most delightfully cooked meal and the prettiest of dining-rooms will not achieve the desired success if the service is good. Success in this respect lies with the conveniences in the dining-room and good arrangement in the kitchen. Tray-stands must be placed at intervals in the dining-room, two to each waitress, with a side-table to hold extra glass, water-cracked ice, butter, silver, napkins, and so on, for each twenty-five guests. As soon as the waitress has taken her order and placed the silver, water, butter, and napkin, in case the table is not already set, she should go to the kitchen and give the order which should be written out, if there is a choice of foods, to a head "pantrywoman." She, with two assistants, will fill the orders, collecting the various foods from the various women in charge of them. If soup is to be served, the waitress will, of course, take it back with her, but the "pantry-woman" should collect it, as otherwise the kitchen will be full of clamoring waitresses. After the main course is served, the waitress serves the salad, which she may bring in to the dining-room and put on her tray-stand, while her guests are finishing the main course. When the salad plates are removed, the table should be crummed by means of a clean napkin on to a small plate. The dessert may then be served and should be followed by the coffee.

Kitchen Arrangement

IT IS not every church, lodge, or grange kitchen that is equipped with a steam table, or hot closet. But food may be kept hot in double-boilers, or in lieu of this, the dishes of food may be placed in hot water, over gas or electric plates, with low heat. Under these circumstances, roast meats should be carved several servings at a time, and kept in the double roaster on the back of the stove, or just inside the oven door. A long table should be placed in front of the range, so that these savory foods may be served quickly. Another long table, away from the heat, will take care of the soups, crackers, salads, and breads, while a third will be needed for the desserts and beverages. Dish-washing should be carried on throughout the meal, as it is generally necessary to use the implements several times over.

A suitable menu for a May or June dinner may be as follows,

STRAWBERRY AND PINEAPPLE FRUIT-CUP OR BOUILLON
RADISHES OLIVES
CHICKEN FRICASSEE, OR ROAST VEAL WITH DRESSING AND GRAVY
MASHED POTATOES OR RICE CROQUETTES
PEAS OR STRING-BEANS
BREAD AND BUTTER BABY SAVORY SALAD
CHOCOLATE NUT SUNDAE OR LEMON MERINGUE PIE
DEMI-TASSE SALTED PEANUTS

Such a meal should bring not less than a dollar a person.

The difference between a dinner and a banquet lies largely in the number of courses. An attractive menu would be,

CRAB MEAT COCKTAIL
CLEAR VEGETABLE SOUP, HOT OR JELLIED
RADISHES PICKLES OLIVES
SCALLOPED FISH IN RAMEKINS
VIRGINIA BAKED HAM RAISIN SAUCE
MASHED POTATOES
CREAMED PEAS OR ASPARAGUS
LITTLE ROLLS AND BUTTER
GOLDEN GATE SALAD FRENCH DRESSING
CHEESED WAFERS
PRALINE PARFAIT OR STRAWBERRY BAVARIAN CREAM
LITTLE COCONUT CAKES
ASSORTED SALTED NUTS DEMI-TASSE

The minimum price per plate for such a meal should be a dollar and a half, and, to compete with the hotels, attractive music or a short entertainment should be included. If the materials are bought at wholesale in person, and not over the telephone, such a meal can carry quite a profit, especially if the help and banquet-room are donated.

If the price to be charged is to be less than a dollar, the meal had better be termed "supper" rather than "dinner," as so much is not expected, and it is possible to introduce many "made" dishes into a supper that could not be used in a dinner. Suitable menus would be,

SUPPER No. 1
TOMATO BOUILLON, HOT OR JELLIED
SALMON LOAF OR SLICED HAM WITH POTATO SALAD
WARM ROLLS AND BUTTER
PICKLES OLIVES
STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE OR COCONUT CUSTARD ICE-CREAM WITH WAFERS
COFFEE OR TEA
HOME-MADE CANDY

This should bring seventy-five cents a plate.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

Large Wicker Trays Are Useful When Serving in Quantity. The Photograph on the Left Shows a Fish Salad Served in a Scallop Shell

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why have a smoky kitchen?

The house is free from smoke and smell when you fry with Crisco—the wholesome, modern cooking fat. It is odorless, and does not smoke at frying heat. This means that you can fry doughnuts, fritters, or croquettes in the kitchen, without sending a cloud of greasy smoke through the house, to settle in curtains and draperies, and announce your menu in the parlor.

Butter smokes at 329 degrees; lard at 400; Crisco, because it is a pure ***vegetable*** fat, does not smoke until it is heated to 455 degrees, much hotter than is needed either for deep or shallow frying. There are no black specks of burned grease on Crisco-fried foods.

You need no other cooking fat when you have Crisco. It makes tenderer, flakier pie-crust and biscuits than you have ever tasted. Add salt, and it gives cake the real butter taste at half of butter cost. Put it on your grocery list now.

Crisco comes in this air-tight, dirt-proof package. Get it at your grocer's. One pound, net weight, or more.

Send 10 cents for this 25 cent book: "The Whys of Cooking." Tells why Crisco makes foods more delicious and digestible. Tells how to set the table and serve meals. Gives over 150 appetizing recipes, with many colored illustrations. Written by Janet McKenzie Hill, founder of the Boston Cooking School and Editor of "American Cookery." Address Dept. N-6, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY MISS ALLEN

When You Want to Serve a Crowd

The Housewives' Forum Plans the Food for Your Church Suppers and Community Gatherings

By IDA C. BAILEY ALLEN, Author of "Mrs. Allen's Cook Book"

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A FEW of the factors to be kept in mind for successful catering to the crowds are: the suitability of the food chosen, with regard to its cost, its ease of service, the ability to keep it hot or cold, as the case may be, the feasibility of entire beforehand preparation, appealing to popular taste, and yet at the same time being a little "different" without being bizarre. If the meal is to be a "pay" affair, there is no reason why the price can not be gauged by that of a good restaurant, hotel, or tea-room, provided the quality of the food served is at least as good. On the other hand, the service must also be equal. To this end, the actual serving-dishes, the silver and the linen, should be taken into consideration, lest a menu be planned which at the last minute can not be properly served. Whatever the affair, whether a church supper, a lawn party, a banquet, or an afternoon tea, there is no reason why the best of the commercial points, which have made certain eating-places famous throughout the country, should not be applied as far as possible.

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Raw meat, as beef, lamb, veal, pork, etc., one-third pound per person.
Chicken, turkey, or duck, to be roasted, one-half pound per person.
Chicken for pie or fricassee, one-fourth pound per person.
Raw fish, one-fourth pound per person.
One ten-pound ham, sliced thin, serves thirty people
Two pounds raw meat in a loaf with a sauce serves ten people.
Salads, as Russian, salmon, potato, etc., one-half measuring cupful per person.
Ice-cream, eight servings per quart, ten with a sauce.
Canned fruit, allow two pieces per person, as pears, peaches, etc.
A medium-sized pie should be cut into eight pieces.
A medium-sized layer-cake should be cut in ten pieces.
Allow two small cakes or cookies per person.
In making custards, rice pudding, etc., bake them if possible in eighth-quart cups and serve individually.

However, the most delightfully cooked meal and the prettiest of dining-rooms will not achieve the desired end unless the service is good. Success in this respect lies with the competences in the dining-room and good arrangement in the kitchen. Tray-stands must be placed at intervals in the dining-room, two to each waitress, with a side-table to hold extra glass, water, cracked ice, butter, silver, napkins, and so on, for each twenty-five guests. As soon as the waitress has taken her order and placed the silver, water, butter, and napkin, in case the table is not already set, she should go to the kitchen and give the order which should be written out, if there is a choice of foods, to a head "pantrywoman." She, with two assistants, will fill the orders, collecting the various foods from the various women in charge of them. If soup is to be served, the waitress will, of course, take it back with her, but the "pantry-woman" should collect it, as otherwise the kitchen will be full of clamoring waitresses. After the main course is served, the waitress serves the salad, which she may bring in to the dining-room and put on her tray-stand, while her guests are finishing the main course. When the salad plates are removed, the table should be crummed by means of a clean napkin on to a small plate. The dessert may then be served and should be followed by the coffee.

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A suitable menu for a May or June dinner may be as follows,

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RADISHES OLIVES
CHICKEN FRICASSEE, OR ROAST VEAL WITH DRESSING AND GRAVY
MASHED POTATORS OR RICE CROQUETTES
PEAS OR STRING-BEANS
BREAD AND BUTTER BEET SAVORY SALAD
CHOCOLATE NUT SUNDAE OR LEMON MERINGUE PIE
DEMI-TASSE SALTED PEANUTS

Such a meal should bring not less than a dollar a person.

The difference between a dinner and a banquet lies largely in the number of courses. An attractive menu would be,

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SCALLOPED FISH IN RAMEKINS
VIRGINIA BAKED HAM ALSHN SAUCE
MASHED POTATORS
CREAMED PEAS OR ASPARAGUS
LITTLE ROLLS AND BUTTER
GOLDEN GATE SALAD FRENCH DRESSING
CHEESED WAFERS
PRALINE PARFAIT OR STRAWBERRY BAVARIAN CREAM
LITTLE COCONUT CAKES
ASSORTED SALTED NUTS DEMI-TASSE

The minimum price per plate for such a meal should be a dollar and a half, and, to compete with the hotels, attractive music or a short concert should be included. If the materials are bought at wholesale in person, and not over the telephone, such a meal can carry quite a profit, especially if the help and banquet-room are donated.

If the price to be charged is to be less than a dollar, the meal had better be termed "supper" rather than "dinner," as so much is not expected, and it is possible to introduce many "made" dishes into a supper that could not be used in a dinner. Suitable menus would be,

SUPPER No. 1
TOMATO BOUILLON, HOT OR JELLIED
SALMON LOAF OR SLICED HAM WITH POTATO SALAD
WARM ROLLS AND BUTTER
PICKLES OLIVES
STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE OR COCONUT CUSTARD ICE-CREAM WITH WAFERS
COFFEE OR TEA
HOME-MADE CANDY

This should bring seventy-five cents a plate.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

Large Wicker Trays Are Useful When Serving in Quantity. The Photograph on the Left Shows a Fish Salad Served in a Scallop Shell

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why have a smoky kitchen?

The house is free from smoke and smell when you fry with Crisco—the wholesome, modern cooking fat. It is odorless, and does not smoke at frying heat. This means that you can fry doughnuts, fritters, or croquettes in the kitchen, without sending a cloud of greasy smoke through the house, to settle in curtains and draperies, and announce your menu in the parlor.

Butter smokes at 329 degrees; lard at 400; Crisco, because it is a pure ***vegetable*** fat, does not smoke until it is heated to 455 degrees, much hotter than is needed either for deep or shallow frying. There are no black specks of burned grease on Crisco-fried foods.

You need no other cooking fat when you have Crisco. It makes tenderer, flakier pie-crust and biscuits than you have ever tasted. Add salt, and it gives cake the real butter taste at half of butter cost. Put it on your grocery list now.

Crisco comes in this air-tight, dirt-proof package. Get it at your grocer's. One pound, net weight, or more.

Send 10 cents for this 25 cent book: "The Whys of Cooking." Tells why Crisco makes foods more delicious and digestible. Tells how to set the table and serve meals. Gives over 150 appetizing recipes, with many colored illustrations. Written by Janet McKenzie Hill, founder of the Boston Cooking School and Editor of "American Cookery." Address Dept. N-6, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

PROCTER & GAMBLE PRODUCTS EST. 1837

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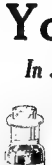
Loganberry
Our Finest
Berry Flavor

You Get Real Fruit

In Jiffy-Jell, the New Style Gelatine Desserts



Fruit-Juice Essences Sealed in Glass

Try Jiffy-Jell—the new-style quick gelatine dessert. It will be a revelation. Try it now and we will send you any gift mentioned below.

You will find a bottle in each package filled with fruit-juice essence. All fruit flavors are made by condensing the juice of fresh, ripe fruit.

The flavors are abundant. We use half a Pineapple to flavor one Jiffy-Jell dessert. We use 65 big Loganberries to flavor another. So each dessert brings you the healthful delights of much fresh fruit.

12½ Cents Per Dinner

Jiffy-Jell comes ready-sweetened, in proper color and acidulated. You simply add boiling water, let it partly cool, then add the flavor from the vial.

One package serves six people in mold form, or twelve if you whip the jell—all for 12½ cents. That means a rich fruit dainty for less than pies or puddings cost.

Lime-fruit flavor makes a tart, green salad jell. Serve with your salad or mix the salad in before cooling. Or mix in meat scraps and make a jellied meat loaf.

Mint flavor makes rich mint garnish jell to serve with roast lamb or cold meats.

Just Compare It

Compare this real-fruit Jiffy-Jell with the old-style gelatine dainties. It costs no more, yet it supplies you true-fruit desserts and salads. Try Loganberry, Pineapple, Lime and Mint. Do this now, and we will pay you by sending aluminum molds, as we offer.

Jiffy-Jell

For Desserts and Salads

Made with Pint Fruit Salad Mold Style E

Gifts to Users

Style 6

Style 5

Style 4

Buy from your grocer two packages of Jiffy-Jell, then send this coupon to us.

Enclose 10c—cost of mailing only—and we will send you three Individual Dessert Molds as pictured, made of pure aluminum.

Or enclose 20c and we will send you six of these molds in assorted styles—enough to serve a full package of Jiffy-Jell. The value is 60c per set.

Or enclose 10c—cost of mailing only—and we will send your choice of our pint molds as follows. All are pure aluminum, valued at 50c each.

Pint Dessert Mold, heart shaped, like Style 5. Ask for B.

Pint Dessert Mold, fluted, like Style 6. Ask for C.

Pint Vegetable Salad Mold. Ask for D.

Pint Fruit Salad Mold. Ask for E.

10 FLAVORS
in Glass Vials
One in Each Package
Mint
For Mint Jell
Lime
For Salad Jell
Raspberry
Cherry
Loganberry
Strawberry
Pineapple
Orange
Lemon
For Desserts
Also Coffee
Flavor
Two Packages for 25 Cents

448 P. R.

Mail Us This Coupon

When you buy Jiffy-Jell from your Grocer

I have today received two packages of Jiffy-Jell from

(Name of Grocer)

Now I enclose .... cents, for which mail me the following molds as per your offer

(State Molds Wanted)

Write plainly and give full address

Your Name ....

Address.....

Be sure you get Jiffy-Jell, with package like picture This alone has the true-fruit flavors in vials. Mail coupon to

Waukesha Pure Food Company, Waukesha, Wisconsin

Make Gelatin a Kitchen Stand-By

By IDA C. BAILEY ALLEN

MANY will wonder why I have called gelatin a "stand-by" for the kitchen, when it is by no means a food that is universally understood. There are many households where it appears only occasionally and then merely as a dessert. Why is this true? Because the housewife so often looks upon it as a food low in nutritive value, and at the same time one that will not "stick to the ribs." But how many, who have these ideas, have ever investigated the real food value of gelatin?

Good, high-grade gelatin is very nutritious, because it supplies protein and, as it dissolves so readily, it passes quickly through the digestive tract, thus acting as an almost immediate food to hungry tissues. This makes it a particularly good food for young, weather, as the digestive process of heavier foods creates an undue amount of heat in the body.

Besides, gelatin is seldom used alone. In a dessert, the addition of a sweetening agent or a flavoring in the form of fruit, when necessary, changes it not only as a protein, but as an energizer, mineral, and acid food as well. If whipped cream is added, as in a true "Bavarian," then it becomes a protein, an energizer, and a fat.

IT IS a "stand-by" because it may be used in innumerable ways in combination with almost any food. You question this? Just think for a moment of the Summer menu of a mammoth hotel or restaurant, with its variety of jellied bouillons, delightful eggs or meats in aspic, fish jellied with mayonnaise, little molded salads, of chicken and mayonnaise, macédoines of vegetables, jellied cheese savory, and molded fruits with marmalade. Think further to the desserts, jellied peach pie, coffee jelly with nuts and cream, the various cereal and fruit Bavarians, chocolate or caramel Spanish cream, and cooling sherbets. These show the many uses for gelatin.

It is not at all difficult to make up these dishes. Of course, regulation recipes always may be followed, but it is the housewife who possesses a little initiative and an "elastic" mind that will find it the most adaptable. Often there will be left the framework of a roast chicken This can be made into stock with the addition of a few vegetables, then jellied for the next day's luncheon. To prepare this, soak one tablespoonful of gelatin for five minutes in one-fourth cupful of cold water, and add it to one and three-fourths cupful of the boiling, strained, fat free stock Veal broth or any other meat stock may be used in this way. Then, there is the jellied meat and vegetable salad which may be made of cooked leftovers with the addition of stock, prepared as described, to moisten.

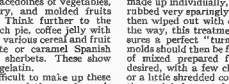
Many like a vegetable salad molded in a tart jell Such a base may be made in the following way. Soak one tablespoonful of gelatin for five minutes in one-fourth cupful of cold water. Then add a cupful of boiling water and three tablespoonfuls of sugar; when tepid stir in one-fourth cupful of weak vinegar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and one tablespoonful of lemon-juice. Suitable vegetable combinations which may be added are shredded cabbage, beets, and olives; sliced cucumbers, sliced radishes or stuffed olives, and shredded cabbage; peas, string-beans, pimentoes, or cooked carrots, and diced cucumbers; spinach, dandelions or cowslip greens cooked, chopped, and molded in layers with sliced hard-cooked eggs.

These salads should be garnished with a salad-green and mayonnaise, or boiled dressing should be passed. They are very attractive if unmolded on sliced tomato.

Every provident housekeeper usually does her warm-weather cooking in the cool of the day. It is therefore an easy matter to make up a gelatin dessert for dinner in the morning while the kettle is still boiling and the dishes are being washed, and perhaps most important, while the ice-box is being "gone over." A few left-over strawberries, half a banana, a few sections of orange, some cooked or canned pineapple that otherwise would be difficult to use, can quickly be made into a delightful dessert. Just make up a pint of lemon gelatin according to your favorite formula, and when it has become slightly thickened, stir in the fruits, which should be cut in suitable pieces, pour into the serving-dish, and let it stand till set, in a cold place. Care must be taken never to add any fruit-juices—not even lemon, to a gelatin mixture until it has become tepid, as otherwise the flavor and often the color will be impaired.

THE prepared gelatins which may be obtained in so many delightful flavors, and which contain in proper proportion the gelatin, sugar, and fruit flavoring for making up a pint of gelatin mixture, are especially well-adapted to this type of dessert. For variety they may be whipped, when beginning to stiffen the fruit then added or not as desired; or they may be made up with two-thirds the amount of water called for, and when slightly thickened a cupful of whipped cream may be folded in. They may be served with additional fresh or canned fruit.

A jellied fruit salad to be served with whipped cream, mayonnaise, or whipped cream honey dressing with a garnish of lettuce, is easily made, and may be served as the salad course at luncheon or supper, or as a dessert with cheese and crackers at luncheon, supper, or dinner. These are made up individually, the little molds being rubbed very sparingly with a good salad-oil, then wiped out with crumpled paper. By the way, this treatment for all gelatins insures a perfect "turning-out." The little molds should then be filled three-fourths full of mixed prepared fruits, interspersed if desired, with a few chopped walnut meats or a little shredded coconut. In the meantime a plain lemon gelatin should be made up or a prepared lemon or orange gelatin may be used, and set in cold water or in a cool place until it has begun to get a little thick. This should be poured into the fruit-filled molds. When firm they are ready to serve.



Jellied Chicken and Vegetable Loaf

Quick Jellied Bouillon

Strawberry Bavarian Cream

Suitable fruit combinations are: Strawberries and cooked or canned pineapple; cooked or canned pineapple, coconut, bananas, and oranges; bits of cooked rhubarb, plump raisins, and bananas; cooked or canned pineapple, shredded dates, and strawberries; raspberries, oranges, and cooked or canned pineapple.

To make any of the molded gelatins especially attractive, a little decoration should be arranged on the bottom of the mold. To do this pour into the oiled mold a film of the gelatin mixture, and set the mold in cold water. When almost stiff arrange the design upon it, face down; then pour in just enough of the gelatin to hold it in place. When this is almost set pour in the remainder of the gelatin, which, by the way, must be tepid, not hot. Of course the mold should be allowed to stiffen in a cold place. Suitable decorations for vegetable, meat, or fish molds are: diced or sliced cucumbers, sliced stuffed olives, sliced pickles, capers, parsley, cress, designs fashioned from pimentoes, sliced hard-cooked eggs, and so on. For fruit molds, halved dates cut lengthwise, raisins, whole berries, and neatly cut sections of fruit as well as walnuts or a little coconut may be used.

And so we see that gelatin is not just a vehicle for combining other foods but that it acts as an actual extender of flavor and is therefore a great economizer. If the housewife will take time to look into its possibilities for her own kitchen she will soon find that she can make many dishes just as attractive as those turned out by the best of hotels and restaurants.

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Keeps

Kitchen Wares

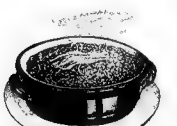
Bright and Clean

For sanitary cleanliness in the kitchen use Old Dutch The Quality insures Economy

Google

"You've Solved the Baked Bean Problem"

At the Van Camp laboratories we serve Baked Beans to countless interested people. Among them are doctors, who come to congratulate our scientists on solving the Baked Bean problem.



Crisped and Broken Hard to Digest

Every doctor knows that old-style baked beans were unfit. So do most other people.

They were not one-fourth baked. Digestion was difficult. Yet the beans were crisped and broken by the heat.

Some years ago the Van Camp scientific cooks took up this baked bean problem. They found what beans were best for baking, and they select them by analysis.

Hard water makes the skins tough. So they free the boiling water from minerals.

And they devised steam ovens, where beans could be baked for hours at high heat without either crisping or bursting.

A Four-Year Dish

Then came the sauce problem. These culinary experts compared 856 recipes. Step by step they thus attained the utmost in tang and zest. Now they bake that sauce with the beans.

It took four years to perfect this dish. But the result is beans four times better baked, yet mealy and whole and nutty. And a zest which gives them multiplied delights.

If you don't know Van Camp's you should find it out. You owe that to yourself. It will change your every idea of Baked Beans.

Whole and Mellow—Easy to Digest

VAN CAMP'S

Pork and Beans

Baked With the Van Camp Sauce—Also Baked Without the Sauce

Other Van Camp Products Include

Soups — Evaporated Milk — Spaghetti — Peanut Butter
Chili Con Carne — Catsup — Chili Sauce, etc.
Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis

Van Camp's Soups 18 Kinds

Famous Parisian recipes made vastly better by these scientific cooks.

Van Camp's Spaghetti

The greatest Italian recipe perfected in this scientific way.

Van Camp's Peanut Butter

Made from blended peanuts, with every germ and every skin removed.

(526)

One-Dish Meals

Recipes that Iowa Women Are Using

THIS is the first of a series of tested recipes used in food demonstrations and study classes in different States by Home Demonstration Agents of the United States Department of Agriculture and the State Agricultural Colleges.

Vegetable Beef Stew with Dumplings

2 Lbs. Brisket, Rump, or Chuck Beef
Fat for Searing Beef
1½ Cupful Boiling Water
½ Small Onion (Chopped)
1 Cupful Cubed Carrots
2 Tablespoonfuls Vinegar
2 Cloves
1 Cupful Cubed Potatoes

SEAR meat on all sides in hot fat, cover with boiling water. Add onion, carrots, vinegar, and cloves. Simmer three and one-half hours. Add cubed potatoes and cook twenty minutes. Add dumplings and cover. Boil ten minutes without removing the cover.

Meat and Vegetable Pie

2 Pounds Beef (Chopped)
1 Pt. Potatoes (Sliced Thin)
2 Carrots (Sliced Thin)
1 Onion (Chopped Fine)
6 Tablespoonfuls Flour
3 Cupfuls Stock

COOK the meat two hours, add vegetables and cook one-half hour. Drain off the stock (should be three cupfuls). Mix the flour with cold water, blend thoroughly and add to stock. Cook until smooth and thick. Place meat and vegetables in a baking-dish. Pour over gravy and cover with baking-powder biscuit dough.

Tamale Pie

2 Cupfuls Tomato Sauce
2 Cupfuls Chopped Cooked Meat
1 Teaspoonful Salt
1 Green Pepper or 1 Pimento (Chopped)
1 Small Onion
½ Cupful Corn-meal
Cooked in ½ Cupful Boiling Salted Water ½ Hour
½ Cupful Grated Cheese

TO ONE cupful tomato sauce add meat, salt, onion, pepper, and corn-meal mush. Put in a pan, sprinkle with cheese, and bake. Serve with remaining sauce to which may be added one-half cupful chopped olives.

Italian Macaroni

1 Cupful Macaroni Cooked until Tender in 6 Cupfuls Boiling Water
½ Chopped Onion
1 Cupful Tomato Sauce
1 Chopped Green Pepper
1 Cupful Chopped Cooked Meat
½ Cupful Grated Cheese
2 Teaspoonfuls Salt

DRAIN the macaroni, add tomato sauce, onion, pepper, and salt. Cook slowly ten minutes. Add meat, cheese, and cook until cheese is partly melted.

Potted Hominy and Meat

2 Cupfuls Cooked Hominy
1 Tablespoonful Fat
1 Tablespoonful Flour
1 Cupful Milk
2 Potatoes
1 Cupful Carrots
½ Teaspoonful Salt
½ Lb. Dried Beef or 1 Cupful Cooked Fish

MAKE a sauce of the fat, flour, and milk. Add seasonings. Cook until it thickens. Cut the carrots and potatoes in cubes and mix with hominy and meat. Put in baking-dish in layers with the sauce. Bake one hour.

Cottage Cheese Loaf

1 Cupful Cottage Cheese
¼ Teaspoonful Soda
2 Cupfuls Cooked Beans or Peas
1 Cupful Boiled Rice
1 Cupful Bread-crums
2 Tablespoonfuls Chopped Onion
2 Tablespoonfuls Fat
Chopped Celery or Celery Salt

WASH beans or peas, mix with cheese, bread-crums, and seasoning. Form into a stiff roll as it will become softer on heating. Bake in a moderate oven, basting with fat.

Rolled Flank Steak with Vegetables

1 Lb. Flank or Round Steak
2 Potatoes (Diced)
2 Carrots (Diced)
2 Onions (Sliced)
1 Turnip (Diced)
2 Parsnips (Diced)
1 Cupful Tomatoes
1 Cupful Bread-crums
1 Tablespoonful Butter
2 Teaspoonfuls Salt
¼ Teaspoonful Pepper
2 Tablespoonfuls Flour

DREDGE steak with flour. Make a dressing of bread-crums and melted fat, one teaspoonful salt, and the pepper. Spread over the steak. Roll and tie. Sear in fat until well browned. Place vegetables and remainder of salt in baking-dish. Lay meat-roll on top. Add enough water to almost cover meat. Cover and bake slowly one or two hours, adding more water if necessary.

Casserole of Meat and Spaghetti

1 Cupful Spaghetti
2 Cupfuls Cooked Meat
1 Cupful Tomatoes
1 Cupful Meat-stock
3 Tablespoonfuls Drippings
½ Cupful Bread-crums
1 Tablespoonful Butter
½ Teaspoonful Salt
Pepper

BOIL the spaghetti, broken in one inch pieces in water until tender. Combine with cooked meat, tomatoes, meat-stock, drippings, salt, and pepper. Place in buttered baking-dish, cover with buttered crums. Bake until brown.

Baked Rice and Steak

1 Lb. Round Steak
2 Cupfuls Boiled Rice
1 Cupful Tomatoes
2¼ Teaspoonfuls Salt
½ Cupful Grated Cheese
¼ Teaspoonful Pepper or Dash of Cayenne

CUT steak in one-inch cubes. Brown thoroughly in fat. Add boiled rice and tomatoes. Season highly. Cook slowly until meat is tender. Just before removing from fire, add grated cheese, stirring until melted.

Macaroni Loaf

½ Cupful Macaroni
1 Cupful Milk
1 Cupful Bread-crums
1 Cupful Grated Cheese or ½ Cupful Cooked and Chopped Meat
3 Eggs
1 Teaspoonful Onion-juice
1 Tablespoonful Chopped Parsley
1 Tablespoonful Sweet Red or Green Pepper
1 Teaspoonful Salt

COOK the macaroni in boiling salted water until tender; drain. Scald the milk, add bread-crums, pepper, salt, parsley, meat or cheese, onion-juice, beaten eggs, and macaroni. Turn the mixture into a buttered baking-dish. Set in a pan of hot water and bake one-half to three-fourths hour. Serve with tomato sauce.

Corn Chowder

1 Cupful Canned Corn
4 Cupfuls Potatoes (Diced)
Salt Pork (Small Piece)
1 Slice Onion
4 Cupfuls Scalded Milk
Salt
Pepper

CUT the pork in small pieces and fry out. Add the onion and brown. Parboil potatoes five minutes. Drain, add potatoes to fat, then add two cupfuls boiling water and cook until potatoes are done. Add corn and milk. Heat to boiling point. Season with salt and pepper.

Scalloped Rice with Codfish

¼ Cupful Shredded Codfish Which Has Been Parboiled 10 Minutes
1 Cupful White Sauce
½ Cupful Uncooked Rice
¼ Cupful Grated Cheese
Buttered Crums

BOIL the rice and cover the bottom of the baking-dish with it. Add codfish, cover with white sauce. Sprinkle the top with grated cheese and buttered crums. Bake in a moderate oven until crums are brown.

Pittsburg Potatoes

4 Cupfuls Diced Potatoes
2 Tablespoonfuls Onions
1 Pimento
½ Teaspoonful Pepper
4 Tablespoonfuls Flour
4 Tablespoonfuls Fat
1 Teaspoonful Salt
2 Cupfuls Milk
½ Cupful Cheese

COOK the potato cubes in boiling salted water with the minced onion until the potatoes begin to get tender. Then add chopped pimento and cook five minutes longer. Drain and put into a baking-dish. Make sauce of flour, fat, salt, pepper, and milk. Add grated cheese. Pour over potatoes and bake until golden brown.

Vegetable Chop Suey

1 Cupful Cooked Beets
1 Cupful Cooked Turnips
1 Cupful Cooked Carrots
1 Cupful Cooked String-beans
1 Cupful Chopped Onion
Salt
Pepper
2 Tablespoonfuls Vinegar
1 Tablespoonful Kitchen Bouquet
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
1 Cupful Meat-stock
2 Tablespoonfuls Flour
¼ Teaspoonful Mustard
1 Teaspoonful Sugar

MIX dry ingredients, add to melted butter. Blend and add liquid gradually. Cook until thick. Pour this hot mixture over first five ingredients, and heat thoroughly.

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Bobbie's Good Judgment

"Whoop-e-e!" Bobbie says. "I'm glad it aint that old shortcake."

Whether Bobbie's preferences are shared by Betty and Nan or not, their approval of the Jell-O is plain enough. They know what they like and mamma knows what is good for them.

At this time of the year when fruit kept over is about all gone, and only strawberries are to be had, Jell-O largely takes its place, for Jell-O is the next best thing to the real fruit itself.

If you cannot get strawberries you can have Strawberry Jell-O, which is wonderfully enjoyable these warm spring days.

And there is Raspberry Jell-O, beautiful to see and delicious to eat—raspberries in a lovely new form.

And Cherry Jell-O that looks like the richest of the fruit, and tastes like it.

And the other three flavors of Jell-O—Orange, Lemon and Chocolate—pure, true flavors, like the fruit itself.

All these can be made into cool and sparkling "plain" desserts or the more substantial Bavarian creams that women and children are so partial to and men find so satisfactory that they always want more.

To Make Bavarian Creams

Everybody knows, of course, that a plain Jell-O dessert is made by dissolving a package of Jell-O in a pint of boiling water and letting it cool and harden, but everybody doesn't know how to make Bavarian creams in the easy Jell-O way; so we will tell you how.

For a strawberry cream, chop or cut fine with a knife half a box of strawberries, sprinkle with half a cup of sugar and stand in a colander to drain. Dissolve a package of Strawberry Jell-O in half a pint of boiling water. When cool, measure strawberry juice and add enough cold water to make half a pint and turn into the dissolved Jell-O. Whip until of thickness of whipped cream and then fold in the cut strawberries. Serve in sherbet glasses. Garnish with fresh berries.

Any fresh or canned fruit can be used instead of strawberries.

For a perfect pineapple Bavarian cream dissolve a package of Lemon Jell-O in a half pint of boiling water and add a half pint of juice from a can of pineapple. When cool and still liquid whip with an egg beater to the consistency of whipped cream and add half a cup or a cup of shredded pineapple from the can.

Never overlook the fact that Jell-O can be whipped with an egg-beater in the same manner as cream, and that whipping Jell-O changes it fully as much as whipping cream changes that.

The six flavors of Jell-O are Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Chocolate. Grocers and general storekeepers sell them two for **25** cents.

In the latest Jell-O Book there are recipes for dainty salads as well as desserts, and a great deal of information that will save money for the housewife and make her work easier and pleasanter.

JELL-O

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY,
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Ont.

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Bradley KNIT WEAR —for Summer Play-Days

SWEATERS for mountain and shore—golf links and tennis court—sturdy sweaters to pack on the trail, stylish sweaters to complete your smartest costume—Bradley has them all.

The newest colors, the very latest styles make Bradley Sweaters a fashion feature of every Summer wardrobe. The whole family will want Bradleys—send for the Bradley Book of Spring Styles—it's a sure guide to the best in sweaters.

As for quality, season-after-season service is characteristic of all Bradley-made garments. The longer you own them the more proud you grow of their sterling style and the oftener you choose to wear them.

Ask for Bradley Sweaters in any good store near you and inquire for Bradley Bathing Suits, too.

Bradley Knitting Co., Delavan, Wis.

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Wanted: A Home Assistant

Business Hours and Wages Are Helping Women to Solve the Servant Problem

By LOUISE F. NELLIS

WANTED: A HOME ASSISTANT—Eight hours a day; six days a week. Sleep and eat at home. Pay, twelve dollars a week.

WHENEVER this notice appears in the Help Wanted Column of a city newspaper, fifty to one hundred answers are received in the first twenty-four hours!

"Why," we hear some one say "that seems impossible. When I advertised for a maid at forty dollars a month with board and lodging provided not a soul answered. Why are so many responses received to the other advertisement?" Let us look more closely at the first notice.

Wanted: A Home Assistant! How pleasant and dignified it sounds; nothing about a general houseworker or maid or servant just Home Assistant. We can almost draw a picture of the kind of young woman who might be called by such a title. She comes, quiet, dignified, and interested in our home and its problems. She may have been in an office but has never really liked office work and has always longed for home surroundings and home duties. I remember one case I was told of—a little stenographer. She had gladly assumed her new duties as Home Assistant, and had wept on the first Christmas Day with the family because it was the only Christmas she had spent in years in a home atmosphere. Or perhaps the applicant for the new kind of work in the home may have been employed in a department store and found the continuous standing on her feet too wearing. She welcomes the frequent change of occupation in her new position. Or she may be married with a little home of her own, but with the desire to add to the family income. We call these Home Assistants, Miss Smith or Mrs. Jones, and they preserve their own individuality and self-respect.

The New Home Assistant is Trained for Her Work

"Well, I would call my housemaid anything if I could only get one," says one young married woman. "There must be more to this new plan than calling them Home Assistants and addressing them as Miss."

The Eight-Hour Day

LET us read further in the advertisement. "Eight hours a day; six days a week." One full day and one half day off each week, making a total of forty-four hours weekly which is the standard working week in most industrial occupations. At least two free Sundays a month should be given and a convenient week-day substituted for the other two Sundays. If Saturday is not the best half day to give, another afternoon may be arranged with the Home Assistant.

"Impossible," I can hear Mrs. Reader say, "I couldn't get along with eight hours' work a day, forty-four hours a week." No! Well, possibly you have had to get along without any maid at all, or you may have had some one in your kitchen who is incompetent and slovenly whom you dare not discharge for fear you can not replace her. Would you rather not have a good interested worker for eight hours a day than none at all? During that time the Home Assistant works steadily and specialization is done away with. She is there to do your work and she does whatever may be called for. If she is asked to take care of the baby for a few hours she does it willingly, as part of her duties, or if she is called upon to do some ironing left, in the basket, she assumes that it is part of her work, and doesn't say, "No, Madam, I wasn't hired to do that," at the same time putting on her hat and leaving as under the old system.

The new plan seems expensive? "Twelve dollars a week is more than I have paid my domestic helper," Mrs. Reader says. But consider this more carefully. You pay from thirty-five to fifty dollars a month with all the worker's food and lodging provided. This is at the rate of eight to eleven dollars a week for wages. Food and room cost at least five dollars a week and most estimates are higher. The old type of houseworker has cost us more than we have realized. The new system compares favorably in expense with the old.

I am perfectly certain it wouldn't be practical not only feed my helper," Mrs. Reader says. Under the old system of a twelve to fourteen-hour working day, it would not be feasible, but if she is on the eight-hour basis, the worker can bring a box-luncheon with her, or she can go outside to a restaurant just as in the case of the office or factory. The time spent in eating is not included in her day's work. Think of the relief to the housekeeper who can order what her family likes to eat without having to say, "Oh, I can't have that; Mary wouldn't eat it you know."

"I can't afford a Home Assistant or a maid at the present wages," some one says. "But I do wish I had some one who could get and serve dinner every night. I am so tired by evening that cooking is the last straw." Try looking for a Home Assistant for four hours a day to relieve you of just this work. You would have to pay about a dollar a day or six dollars a week for such service and it would be worth it.

How does the Home Assistant plan work in households where two or more helpers are kept? The more complicated homes run several shifts of workers, coming in at different hours and covering every need of the day. One woman I talked to told me that she studied out her problem in this way! She did every bit of the work in her house for a while in order to find out how long each job took. She found, for instance, that it took twenty-five minutes to clean one bathroom. Ten minutes to brush down and dust a flight of stairs, thirty minutes to do the dinner dishes, and so on through all the work. She made out a time-card which showed that twenty-two hours of work a day was needed for her home. She knew how much money she could spend and she proceeded to divide the work and money among several assistants coming in on different shifts. Her household now runs like clockwork. One of the splendid things about this new system is its great flexibility and the fact that it can be adapted to any household.

Thoughtful and intelligent planning such as this woman gave to her problems is necessary for the greatest success of the plan. The old haphazard methods must go. The housekeeper who has been in the habit of coming into her kitchen about half past five and saying, "Oh, Mary, what can we have for dinner? I have just come back from down-town; I did expect to be home sooner," will not get the most out of her Home Assistant. Work must be scheduled and planned ahead, the home must be run on business methods if the system is to succeed. I heard this explained to a group of women not long ago. After the talk, one of them said, "Well, in business houses and factories there is a foreman who runs the shop and oversees the workers. It wouldn't work in homes because we haven't any foreman." She had entirely overlooked her job as forewoman of her own establishment!

Pay for Overtime Work

"SUPPOSE I have company for dinner and the Home Assistant is in the midst of her work when her eight hours are up, what happens?" some one asks. All overtime work is paid for at the rate of one and one-half times the hourly rate. If you are paying your assistant twelve dollars for a forty-four-hour week, you are giving her twenty-eight cents an hour. One and one half times this amounts to forty-two cents an hour, which she receives for extra work just as she would in the business world.

"Will these girls from offices and stores do their work well?" They have had no training for housework unless they have happened to do some in their own homes," some one wisely remarks. The lack of systematic preparation for housework is one of the troubles with our domestic helpers. It is true that the new type of girl trained in business is punctual, alert, and to use her mind, adapts herself very quickly to her work, but the trained worker in any field has an advantage. With this in mind the Central Branch of the Young Women's Christian Association in New York City has started a training school for Home Assistants. The course provides demonstrations on the preparation of breakfasts, lunches, and dinners, and talks on the following: Housecleaning, Laundry, Care of Children, Shopping, Planning work, Deportment, Efficiency, and Duty to Employer. This course gives a girl a general knowledge of her duties and what is even more important she acquires the right

CONTINUED ON PAGE 66

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Wanted—A Home Assistant

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

mental attitude toward her work. The girls are given an examination and those who successfully pass it are given a certificate and placed as Trained Home Assistants at fifteen dollars a week.

The National Association would like to see these training-schools turning out this type of worker for the homes all over the country. This is a constructive piece of work for women to undertake. Housewives' Leagues have interested themselves in this in various centers and the Y.W.C.A. will help wherever it can. There are always home economics graduates in every town who could help give the course, and there are excellent housekeepers who excel in some branch who could give a talk or two.

The course would be worth a great deal in results to any community. The United States Employment Bureaus are also taking a hand in this, and with the co-operation of the High Schools are placing girls as trained assistants on the new basis. I have talked with many women who are not only using this plan to-day but have been for several years.

It has been more than six years ago since Mrs. Helena Barker's book "Wanted a Young Woman to Do Housework" was published. This gave the working plan to the idea. Women in Boston, Providence, New York, Cleveland, and in many other cities have become so enthusiastic over their success in running their homes with the Home Assistants that a number are giving their time to lecturing and talking to groups of women about it

Two Women's Schedules

LET me give two concrete illustrations of the practical application of housework on a business basis.

Mrs. A. lives in a small city in the Middle West. Her household consists of herself, her husband, and her twelve year old son. She had had the usual string of impossible maids or none at all until she tried the new system. Through a girls' club in a factory in the city, she secured a young woman to work for her at factory hours and wages. Her assistant came at seven-thirty in the morning. By having the breakfast cereal prepared the night before, breakfast could be served promptly at eight, which was necessary in order that the boy get to school on time. Each morning's work was written out and hung up in the kitchen so the assistant wasted no time in waiting to know what she had to do. Lunch was at twelve-fifteen and at one o'clock the Home Assistant went home.

She came back on regular duty at five-thirty to prepare and serve the dinner. Except for times when there were guests for dinner she was through her work by eight. When she worked overtime there was the extra pay to compensate. Mrs. A. paid her thirteen dollars a week and felt that she saved money by the new plan. The assistant was off duty every other Sunday, and on alternate weeks received all day Tuesday off instead of Sunday. Tuesday was the day the heavy washing was done and the laundress was there to help with any work which Mrs. A. did not feel equal to doing. Even tho there are times in the day when she is alone, Mrs. A. says she would not go back to the old system for anything.

Mrs. B. lives in a city apartment. There are four grown people in the family. She formerly kept two maids, a cook-laundress and a waitress-chambermaid. She often had a great deal of trouble finding a cook who would do the washing. Also as her apartment had only one maid's room, she had to give one of the guest-rooms to the second maid. She paid these girls forty dollars apiece and provided them with room and board. Her apartment cost her one hundred and fifteen dollars a month for seven rooms, two of which were occupied by maids.

Mrs. B. decided to put her household on the new business basis last Fall. She moved into a five-room apartment which cost her ninety dollars, but she had larger rooms and a newer building with more up-to-date improvements than she had had before. She saved twenty-five dollars a month on rent plus eighty dollars wages and about thirty dollars on her former maids' food. All together she had one hundred and thirty-five dollars which could be used for Home Assistants. This is the way the money was spent:

A laundress once a week	$2.00
Home Assistant, on duty from 7.30 A. M. to 2 P. M.	10.00
Home Assistant, on duty from 12 M. to 9 P. M.	15.00
Week	$27.00

Some One Always On Duty

ON THIS schedule the work was done better than ever before. There was no longer any grievance about the washing. Mrs. B. had some one continuously on duty. The morning assistant was allowed a half hour at noon to eat her luncheon which she brought with her. Mrs. B. entertained a great deal, especially at luncheon, so she arranged to have the schedule of the two assistants overlap at this time of day. The morning worker it will be noted was employed for only six hours. The afternoon worker was a trained assistant and, therefore, received fifteen dollars a week. She had an hour off, between three-thirty and four-thirty and was on duty again in time to serve tea or afternoon refreshments. If there were a number of extra people for dinner the assistant was expected to stay until nine and there was never any complaining about too much company. Mrs. B. has a better apartment and saves money every month besides!

EDITOR'S NOTE — Pictorial Review wants your experiences with part-time helpers in your home. Write us how you schedule their work and what you pay them. Helpful letters will be paid for and published to assist other readers solve their servant problems.

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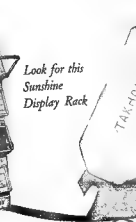

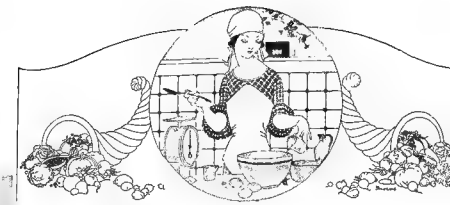

When You Prepare Asparagus

By ELISE MORRIS

THE statement has often been made that canned asparagus is better than the fresh vegetable. In many cases this is true, but it is not so of the asparagus that is eaten fresh from the bed. Whether you are serving the canned or the fresh, asparagus should compoer a generous part of your Spring diet.

If you do not own one of the little wire baskets that are made especially to boil asparagus in, try cooking it in a vessel sufficiently deep to stand the bunch of asparagus upright. The boiling water should just come to the neck of the asparagus, leaving the heads out. The heads will cook from the steam and you will have your asparagus whole instead of letting the tips boil away.

Do not cook asparagus too long or it will lose its delicate flavor. The recipes given here are practical for either canned or fresh asparagus. If using the fresh boil till tender in salt water, using never more than one teaspoon of salt to one quart of water. Too much salt toughens it. Do not boil over twenty minutes, unless the asparagus is extra large.

Asparagus Omelet

4 eggs
½ Teaspoon of Salt
1 Can or 1 Bunch of Tender Asparagus
1 Cup of White Sauce
Cayenne Pepper

BEAT the yolks very light and add the cream sauce, salt, and pepper. Beat the whites stiff and fold into the yolks. Pour half of this into a hot buttered pan, lay in the asparagus, then add the rest of the egg. Cook till firm and brown and serve at once.

Asparagus Loaf

1 Can or 1 Bunch Asparagus
3 Tablespoons Butter
1 Egg
1 Small Loaf Bread
1 Cup of Milk
2 Tablespoons Flour
Salt and Pepper to Taste

TRIM the crust from the bread, which should not be too fresh, remove the top and hollow out the inside until a wall of a half-inch thick is left. Butter this inside and set in oven till crisp and slightly brown. Melt three tablespoons of butter and stir into it the flour. Stir in the milk and cook to a cream sauce. Add the salt and pepper, then stir in the beaten egg. Lay the asparagus in the loaf and cover with the cream sauce. Set in the oven long enough to be hot through and serve immediately.

Baked Asparagus

1 Cup Milk
1 Tablespoon Flour
Salt and Paprika
2 Tablespoons Butter
1 Cup Chopped Asparagus
3 Eggs

MELT the butter in a hot sauce-pan and add the flour. Stir in the milk and salt and paprika, but do not let it lump. Cook slowly till a creamy sauce is the result, then remove and cool slightly. Beat the eggs lightly and stir into them the sauce and asparagus. Bake for five or six minutes in hot baking-dish. Serve with an acid jelly.

Asparagus Soufflé

USE tender asparagus and run it through a wire sieve till there is one cup of it. To this add three well-beaten eggs, a half cup of milk and salt and pepper. Beat the mixture thoroughly, then bake for ten minutes. A little cheese grated over the top before baking changes the taste of this dish, but personally I prefer it without the cheese.

Asparagus au Gratin

1 Cup Bread-crums
1 Cup White Sauce
2 Tablespoons Grated Cheese
1 Can Asparagus

MAKE white sauce by directions given above. Place a layer of asparagus in bottom of baking-dish and cover with bread-crums. Fill the dish with alternate layers of crume and asparagus, then pour over it the cream sauce. Cover the top with the grated cheese and set in the oven to bake. If the bread-crums are dipped in melted butter before using the dish will be richer, but it is excellent without this addition.

Asparagus with Meat

1 Cup Ground Cold Meat
1 Green Pepper
1 Cup Stock, or White Sauce
1 Can, or Bunch, Asparagus

MIX the meat with the sauce into which a beef tablet has been dissolved. If using the stock omit the beef tablet, but thicken before adding to the meat. Fill the bottom of a baking-dish with the meat, shred the green pepper over it, then on top fill in with whole asparagus. Pour the sauce over it and set in a slow oven to bake thirty minutes.

Ham and Bacon at Their Best

By GRACE VIALL GRAY

Ham Soufflé

2 Cups Scalded Milk
2 Tablespoons Butter-substitute
2 Tablespoons Flour
1 Teaspoon Salt
¼ Teaspoon Pepper
½ Cup Stale Bread-crums
2 Cups Cooked Ham, Finely Ground
Yolks Three Eggs, Well Beaten
1 Tablespoon Finely Chopped Parsley
Whites Three Eggs, Beaten Stiff and Dry

MAKE sauce of first five ingredients. Add bread-crums. Cook two minutes. Remove from fire, add ham, yolks of eggs, and parsley, then fold in whites of eggs. Turn into a buttered dish and bake 35 minutes. This makes a delicious dish for dinner, luncheon, or supper. It utilizes left-over ham.

Ham à la King

2 Cups Ham Cooked and Diced
2 Cups Medium White Sauce
2 Hard-cooked Eggs, Sliced
1 Cup Mushrooms, Quartered
1 Pimento Cut in Narrow Strips
1 Minced Green Pepper

HEAT the white sauce. Add green pepper, pimento, mushrooms, and ham. The egg may be used as a garnish, or added with the other ingredients. This can be made in chafing-dish for Sunday-night supper.

Ham Scallop

2 Cups Cooked, Chopped Ham
1 Cup Cooked Carrot Cubes
1 Cup Cooked Tomatoes
1 Tablespoon Chopped Parsley
¼ Teaspoon Pepper
2 Tablespoon Chopped Onion
1 Cup Bread-crums
1 Tablespoon Butter or Butter-substitute

MIX first six ingredients; add melted butter to crums. Place ham mixture in baking-dish, and cover with buttered crums.

Spaghetti With Bacon

¾ Cup Spaghetti (Broken in Pieces)
½ Can Tomatoes
½ Teaspoon Salt
1 Tablespoon Sugar
½ Green Pepper (Cut in Shreds)
2 Slices Onion
2 Tablespoons Bacon Fat
3 or 4 Slices Cooked Left-over Bacon
½ Cup Grated Cheese

COOK the spaghetti in rapidly boiling water until tender; drain; rinse in cold water and drain. Add salt, sugar, and pepper to the tomatoes, and heat for a few minutes. Fry the onion in the bacon fat. Add the spaghetti, cheese, onion, and fat to the cooked tomato mixture. Let it become very hot (over boiling water), and serve.

Ham and Bean Salad

1 Cup Cold Boiled Ham Cut in Squares
2 Cups Baked Beans
½ Cup Chopped Green Peppers
½ Head Lettuce
1 Teaspoon Salt
¼ Cup Boiled Dressing
Minced Parsley

WASH lettuce and wrap in damp cheese-cloth. Mix remaining material and toss with fork. Pack to keep cool. A thermos bottle may be used for the salad by filling the salad mixture into the bottom of bottle and packing in lettuce leaves on top.

Ham Omelet

¼ Cup Diced Ham
3 Eggs
¼ Cup Diluted Evaporated Milk
Salt and Pepper

PUT the ham into a frying-pan over the camp-fire and broil until browned. Beat eggs, add evaporated milk and seasoning, and pour into pan with ham. Cook slowly, stirring frequently. Serve on slices of bread toasted before the camp-fire on long sharpened stick.

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Freshening Up for Summer

Odds and Ends of Cleaning that Any Woman Can Do Herself

By EMMA GARY WALLACE

FOR reasons of economy as well as because of the shortage of labor, housewives will undertake the usual Spring painting, papering, and rejuvenating with caution this year. We are so glad that the war is over and victory ours, that the stain on the ceiling where the roof leaked in the Winter, and the worn place in the rug at the foot of the stairs, seem like mere trifles, whereas once they would have bulked large in the housewifely scheme of things.

The new thrift which our war experience has brought us encourages us to do some of the things for ourselves which we have been accustomed to pay others for doing for us, that we may have more money for those things which we consider truly worth while and patriotic.

A disfiguring grease spot can be removed from the wall-paper by mixing a saucer of pipe-clay with water to the consistency of very heavy cream, just heavy enough that it will not run. Apply this to the spot and let it remain until next day. Take a stiff brush, hold a dust-pan beneath, and brush the pipe-clay off. It will have absorbed the grease.

If papered walls themselves have become dull and soiled-looking, take a loaf of fresh rye bread, cut it into square chunks, and use one after another with which to clean the paper, until the whole surface has been gone over. Use the crust part as a handle. Begin at the top and work directly down, tearing away the bread as soon as it is soiled.

Taking the Soil off Walls

IF DARK tapestry paper looks dingy, take one-half pound of powdered pumice and three pounds of rye flour, and mix together. Make into a stiff paste with water. Shape into rolls three inches in diameter and six inches long. Roll these up in muslin and boil for an hour. Let dry over night. Remove the muslin and use these cylinders for cleaning the paper. Perhaps a quicker way which can be used with safety if doors and windows are all left open and there is no light or fire near, is to take a sponge or soft cloth, moisten the surface in gasoline, and brush the walls over quickly. The soil will be removed and the color seemingly renewed.

Furniture can be made to look almost like new if it is wiped all over with a cloth wrung out of warm water which contains a slight trace of mild soap and a tablespoonful of turpentine to a quart. Carved portions should be cleaned with a soft brush and the surface thoroughly dried and polished. It is surprising how much grime can be removed from the arms of a chair or even the piano-case.

There are several ready prepared furniture polishes on the market, but if you can not get one in your town, a very good home-made polish, which is particularly desirable for articles with a highly finished surface, is made as follows:

Raw linseed-oil	1¼ pts.
Oil of turpentine	5 ozs.
Benzine	2½ ozs.
Ammonia water	2½ ozs.
Alcohol	2 ozs.

Shake before using.

Polished floors should be thoroughly cleaned with water containing turpentine and quite a strong soap, then they can be dressed with a simple polish. Use a prepared liquid wax if possible. If you want to make your own, cut one pound of beeswax into small pieces. Dissolve this in three pints of oil of turpentine. Stir frequently. If heat is necessary to effect the perfect dissolving of the wax, set the container into a water bath or kettle of warm water with something underneath the inner pail or can which holds the wax and turpentine. Heat gently. The mixture will be quite thin. Apply with a cloth to a clean floor. The harder and closer the wood, the less liquid wax will be needed; the more coarse grained or open the wood, the more it will take up. Leave until thoroughly dry. The polish will be better if it stands over night. Rub with a cloth or weighted brush. If for any reason it is desirable to apply the dressing and polish immediately, add a very little Japan dryer.

Renew linoleum by cleansing with equal parts of milk and water, and rub with some of the turpentine and wax mixture. Polish with a soft cloth. Once in a while "feed" the linoleum by rubbing it over with boiled linseed-oil, and then rubbing until dry.

Matting, which has been stained or has yellowed, should be washed with salt and warm water. Use a pint of salt in a half a pailful of water, and add a few drops of ammonia. Let dry quickly by opening the windows. As matting is so open, it should be thoroughly cleaned by taking up from the floor or by the use of the vacuum cleaner.

Window-shades which have grown faded can be sponged on both sides with ammonia and water. If they are not sufficiently renewed, they can be given a coating of any desired color. Use paint which has been much thinned with turpentine and to which dryer has been added. New pulls and rings can be obtained for a few cents apiece, and if the curtain requires it can be changed end for end and a new groove put in for the stick.

Often the paint about the piazza grows shabby while the rest of the house still looks in fairly good condition. This is due in part to the frequent brushing and cleaning piazza woodwork must have. The appearance of the whole house will be greatly improved many times if the piazza and window-ledges outside are all given a freshening coat of paint. The task is not a long one for either a professional painter or an amateur.

Wicker furniture can be cleaned with a brush and the salt water and ammonia mixture used for matting. It is wonderful what a thorough cleansing will effect and the addition of freshly covered, bright cretonne cushions. For wicker which is weather-beaten or badly darkened, a stain harmonizing with the rest of the furniture is often desirable. It is not difficult to apply but it takes patience to reach all of the parts.

Carpets and rugs should have at least one annual cleaning and airing out-of-doors, and they should be turned so that they will wear equally. A carpet may be much brightened by cleaning all of the dust from it, then washing the whole surface with the following mixture:

Water	2 qts.
Soap jelly (any mild white soap melted with water)	1 oz.
Gasoline	2 ozs.
Turpentine	1 oz.
Alcohol	2 ozs.

Denatured alcohol will do for this as it is much cheaper. Open the windows and go over the whole surface of the carpet with a stiff brush. Take just enough of the mixture in a basin to moisten the brush and discard when soiled. This will renew the colors wonderfully by cutting the grease and cleansing the nap.

Many people prefer to leave their draperies down during the Summer, both at the windows and between connecting rooms. This is a matter of individual taste. It is well, however, to put away all heavy draperies and to use only very light ones which will not obstruct the air and that can be properly cleaned if soiled from months of open windows.

It is a relief to put away much in the way of bric-a-brac and pictures, and many a good housewife purchases a supply of the really handsome paper-doilies which come in such an excellent imitation of embroidery, drawn work, and hemstitching. These can be used freely, cost but a trifle, and can be discarded often, as the vases, bowls of flowers, and baskets of fruit are hard on linen treasures.

Change the Furniture About

THE re-arrangement of the furniture in the room will often make the whole apartment seem quite fresh and different, and more than one home decorator has done wonders with odds and ends of furniture from different rooms, which were sandpapered down, the pieces removed, and all painted alike in a delicate shade of gray, soft pink, or blue, being finished with a coat of enamel of the same color, and the fixtures put on when paint is thoroughly dry.

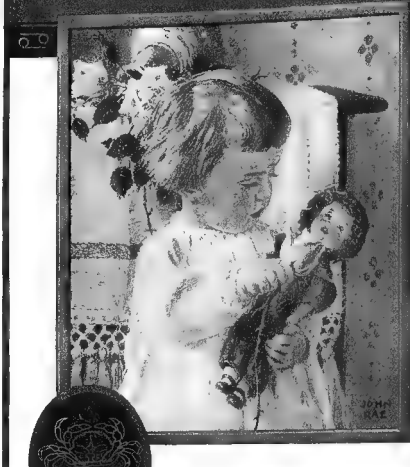
There is much satisfaction in doing small tasks of this kind ourselves, as the results of our handwork so soon make themselves apparent, and we appreciate the improvement more than we possibly could if an expert decorator had come in and effected the change at large cost.

In earlier days, our foremothers thought nothing of papering a room or several rooms, perhaps with "Father's help," on a stormy day, and painting and simple repairs were looked upon as quite within the range of possibility. As a matter of course the children and young people helped, and in this way gained valuable training.

Under conditions which existed before the war, it was difficult to get our families to see the need or advantage of going back to old-time ways. And perhaps they were right! It is not a good idea ever to go back! But we can go forward with enthusiasm when we realize that our savings will purchase a Liberty Victory Bond, or will make possible a promising investment for the permanent enrichment of the whole family.

Getting ready for Summer holds valuable possibilities in the way not only of manual training, but of character development as well.

Borden's
EAGLE BRAND



June Nativity

portends a sympathetic nature and an abiding love of domesticity. Girls born between June 21 to July 21 also make excellent nurses.

The Next Generation of Mothers

The baby girl of today is the mother of tomorrow. Upon proper nourishment in infancy depends to a large extent her health and welfare in future years.

Since 1857, millions of babies have been raised on Borden's Eagle Brand — the standard infant food when Nature's own nourishment fails. Eagle Brand has brought them safely through 61 hot, sultry summers.

Prepared from rich, wholesome cow's milk, Eagle Brand is uniform everywhere and obtainable everywhere. At groceries and drug stores—economical—hygienically sealed.

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.
Established 1857
Borden Building New York

Send for new booklets
"The Message of the Months"
"Baby's Biography"

"Be sure the Eagle is on the Label"

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To Those Who Want Cleaner Teeth

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

You Must Remove the Film

Your teeth are not rightly cleaned if they discolor or decay, if tartar forms or pyorrhea starts.

You may brush them twice daily, but the great tooth wrecker—a slimy film—is not being ended by it.

The cause of most tooth troubles is an ever-present film. You feel it with your tongue. That is what discolors—not your teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So it is that film, not merely food debris, which the tooth brush must combat.

The tooth brush alone is inadequate. The film is clinging. It gets into crevices, hardens and stays. The old methods of teeth cleaning fail to dissolve it.

Dental science, after many years of searching, has found a way to combat it. Able authorities have proved this fact by convincing clinical tests. Leading dentists everywhere accept it.

This way is now embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And we gladly supply a 10-Day Tube for anyone to test.

A Ten-Day Revelation

We ask you to try it, to watch its effects, then look at your teeth in ten days. It will change all your ideas on teeth cleaning.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

This way is made possible by a new discovery. A harmless method has been found to activate the pepsin. Five governments have already granted patents. The activating agent was an acid, harmful to the teeth. And pepsin must be activated.

We urge you to prove Pepsodent as dentists prove it—by actual application. See the results, read the reason for them, and decide for yourself about it.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Use like any tooth paste. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

Do this for your sake and your children's sake. Learn the better way to clean teeth. The results will show you very quickly that this way is right. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific tooth paste based on activated pepsin. An efficient film combatant, now endorsed by dentists everywhere and sold by druggists in large tubes. (185)

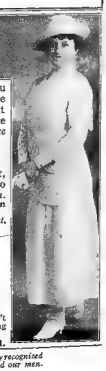
Ten-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT CO.
Dept. 501, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail Ten-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name.....

Address.....

Be Well without drugs



IT is easier to be well than to be sick when you learn how. When you learn to daily build your vitality, disease germs, grippe and cold have little effect upon you. Be free from nagging ailments! Weigh what you *should* weigh! Have a good figure! Be happy! *Enjoy* life! Be a source of inspiration to your friends. In other words, LIVE. *As sure as sunrise*

You can weigh exactly what you should

by following a few simple, healthful directions at home. I KNOW it, for what I have done for 87,000 women I can do for you. Are you too fleshy? Are you too thin? Does your figure displease you? Let me help you.

I want to help you to realize that your health lies almost entirely in your own hands and that you can reach your ideal in figure and poise. *My work has grown as to favor because results are quick, natural and permanent, and because it appeals to COMMON SENSE.*

No Drugs—No Medicines

You can free yourself from such nagging ailments as

Excess Flesh in any part of body	Incorrect Walking	Indigestion	Headache
Thin Bust, Chest, Neck or Arms	Poor Complexion	Dizziness	Sleeplessness
Round Shoulders	Lack of Reserve	Rheumatism	Torpid Liver
Incorrect Standing	Nervousness	Colds	Malassimilation
	Irritability	Poor Circulation	Auto-Intoxication
	Constipation	Lame Back	

Our Soldiers Have Done So—Why Not You?

If you are in Chicago, come to see me, but sit down and write me NOW. Don't want—you may forget it. I will send you FREE my illustrated booklet showing you how to stand and walk correctly and giving many health hints.

Susanna Cocroft, Dept. 74, 624 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Miss Cocroft has surely been doing valuable war work. She is a nationally recognized authority on conditioning women as our training camps have conditioned our men.

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The City Woman Learns Co-operation

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

classes were of cooks and housewokers who organized, thirty to a class, determined to save in their mistresses' kitchens. These classes were so successful that similar ones were started in employment offices and these trained cooks and houseworkers before they went out to new jobs.

Out in Hutchinson, Kansas, a group of young saleswomen asked and received instruction in cooking and home-making, a task they expected to assume some day and for which they had received no training. In New Haven, Connecticut, a similar class was conducted for saleswomen.

And for all this, the city had what the country never can get in similar measure—publicity. The H. D. A.'s ran columns in the papers, full of recipes that were tested and could be followed with success. The community kitchens were well advertised; it was easy enough to bring a canning enterprise to the attention of the women of the city and to get in volunteers for a half day to save a surplus of strawberries. There never will be figures to show what waste such kitchens prevented last year, perhaps they will be kept at the end of this one. But just what can be done by city organization in the matter of preventing waste, of educating public taste, and of improving a product is shown in the results of the cottage-cheese campaign, of which figures were kept.

I LIKE the figures on that campaign, because they have a certain intelligent as to the milk situation—and if we want it so, its solution. - I am going to put them all down and ask you to read them—it will not take long.

Forty-one per cent. of the milk supply of the United States is made into butter. Thirty billions of pounds of skim milk and buttermilk result. If we take from this the amount needed by young animals, we have left five to ten billion pounds of milk available for food.

Before the cottage cheese campaign this was where a lot of that skim milk was going.

In Wilmington, Delaware, one dairy alone poured two hundred gallons of skim milk down a sewer every day. In Portland, Oregon, 1,250 gallons of skim milk went down the sewer daily. And it is safe to assume that between Wilmington and Portland a lot more went the same road. Now, when the cottage-cheese campaign was on, every H. D. A. in every city went to work and every woman who worked with her went to work also. The community kitchens were used to demonstration stations to show the value of cottage cheese made from skim milk. Every newspaper was used as a publicity medium. In cities, therefore, 450,000 pounds of cottage cheese were made in less than three months. The Wilmington dairy turned 200 quarts of skim milk a day into cottage cheese because the H.D.A. assured the owners it would be taken. And it was. The Portland, Oregon, dairy made 723 pounds of cheese a day and sold it. In Spokane, Washington, there were ten pounds a day made in the city when the campaign began. Spokane did not go in for cottage cheese. When the campaign ended, Spokane had a steady market for the 2,986 pounds of cottage cheese it was turning out daily. In Kansas City cheese was being sold, but it was such poor cheese that but little was sold. The campaign demonstrated how to make good cheese, the cheese-makers improved their product, and the city sold 225 pounds daily. In Des Moines, Iowa, the quantity increased from 700 to 700 pounds daily.

These are actual figures. They show beyond doubt what city organization can accomplish. They point directly to the possibilities of organization among city housewives as, perhaps, nothing else has done. For the city housewife who, according to the experts, holds in her hands ninety per cent. of all the money spent on food in her city, can control her food supply through co-operation with other city women. She can control the cleanliness, the freshness of the products, she can even in large measure control prices. The game is in her hands, and the H. D. A. has shown her the way.

The Test

By ANNA BIRD STEWART

LOVE came to me with tears
But straight I said,
"Love has no fears,"
And shook my head.
Next with a smile he came
To meet my need.
Ah, then I knew his name
Was Love, indeed.

Remove Hair *the Common-sense Way*

IF merely removing hair from the surface of the skin were all that were required of a depilatory, a razor would solve the superfluous hair problem.

De Miracle, the original sanitary liquid, does more than remove surface hair. It devitalizes it, which is the only common-sense way to remove hair from face, neck, arms, under-arms or limbs.

De Miracle requires no mixing. It is ready for instant use. Simply wet the hair and it is gone. Only genuine De Miracle has a money back guarantee in each package.

FREE BOOK with testimonials of eminent physicians, surgeons, dermatologists and medical journals, explains how De Miracle devitalizes hair, mailed in plain sealed envelope on request.

Three Sizes. 60c, $1.00, $2.00.
At all toilet counters, or direct from us, in plain wrapper, on receipt of price

DeMiracle
Dept. C-22 Park Ave. and 129th St.
New York

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

2 IN 1
SHOE POLISHES
SAVE THE LEATHER
Liquids and Pastes for black, white, tan and ox-blood (dark brown) shoes.
Keep Your Shoes Neat
THEFT BAILEY CORPORATIONS LTD.
BUFFALO, N.Y. HAMILTON, CANADA

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They work naturally and form no habit~

EIGHT
Rexall Orderlies
A 15
RECOMMENDED BY US AS A GENTLE ACTIVE
PLEASANT AND EFFECTIVE LAXATIVE
IDEAL FOR CHILDREN AND PEOPLE AND
INFIRM OF AGE WILL GO FOR WEAKEST PERSONS
UNITED DRUG CO., BOSTON, MASS

They work naturally and form no habit~

10¢ At The 8000 Rexall Stores Only

They work naturally and form no habit~

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Study His Daily Food Need

The average man needs about 3000 calories of food per day. Most of that need is for energy food. But he also needs some 3½ ounces of protein, to build up and repair.

Figuring these elements only, here is what they cost at this writing in some necessary foods:

Cost of Protein *Per Pound*		Cost of Energy *Per 1000 Calories*	
In Quaker Oats	63c	In Quaker Oats	5c
In White Bread	$1.30	In Round Steak	41c
In Potatoes	1.48	In Veal Cutlets	57c
In Beef about	2.00	In Fish about	60c
In Ham	3.63	In Canned Peas	54c

Ten Times the Cost

Meat and fish foods, per 1000 calories, average ten times Quaker Oats' cost.

So do some vegetables. Squash, for instance, at this writing costs 15 times as much.

As energy food the oat has an age-old fame.

In protein—the costliest food element—it is richer than any other grain. It stands about equal with beefsteak.

In needed minerals—iron, lime, calcium, etc.—the oat is uniquely rich.

As an all-'round food, well-balanced, the oat is the greatest that grows. As a food for growing children it holds the zenith place.

Other foods are needed. Children must have milk and eggs. Vegetables are necessary.

But start the day with Quaker Oats. Make it your breakfast. It costs but one-half cent per dish.

This will supply supreme nutrition, and the saving will average up the costlier foods at dinner.

Quaker Oats

Extra-Flavory Flakes

5 Cents Per 1000 Calories

57 Cents Per 1000 Calories

60 Cents Per 1000 Calories

Get Quaker Oats when you buy oat food. You owe that to yourself.

They are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

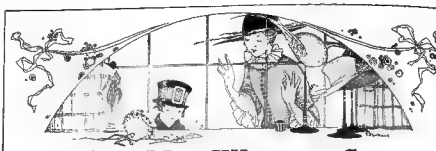
You get this grade when you ask for Quaker, without extra price.

Prices Reduced to 12c and 30c a Package

Except in the Far West and South

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

[3094]



When You Want to Serve a Crowd

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

SUPPER No. 2

Scalloped Potatoes and Meat Loaf, or Baked Potatoes and Creamed Lamb or Veal
Warm Rolls and Butter
Fruit Salad
Warm Gingerbread with Whipped Cream
or
Strawberry Gelatin with Whipped Cream
Coffee or Tea

This should bring fifty cents a plate.

If two tablespoonfuls of marshmallow cream is added to each cupful of heavy cream before whipping, the mixture will hold its shape for some time and will not "go back." At the same time the marshmallow cream increases the bulk nearly fifty per cent. more than when cream alone is used, and the flavor is really improved.

If a luncheon is to be served, the menu may be comparatively light as for a supper, and the meal be served at tables or buffet style. If served at tables the following menu would be suitable,

Clam Bouillon Wafers
Jellied Chicken and Vegetable Salad with Warm Rolls and Butter, or
Eggs à la King with Warm Rolls and Butter and Vegetable Salad
Strawberry and Pineapple Cup
Brownies Tea

HOWEVER, if the meal is to be *An buffet*, the menu must be arranged for self-service. Usually this type may almost be compared with that of a cafeteria. If bouillon is provided it should be in an urn with the cups, spoons, and napkins arranged at the base. Next to it on the buffet, or long, cloth-covered table, should be placed the main courses with serving plates and forks. If hot, the food may be kept warm in a chafing-dish, and replenished as needed. If cold, as ham, or meat loaf, the meat should be sliced on the platter and the accompanying article which would probably be a vegetable salad of some sort, should be next to it in individual portions on a platter. The final course, if ice-cream, should be served from the pantry, or should be presided over by some one to do the serving, if pastry, it should be in the form of individual tarts, cakes, or some other food adapted to self-service, and plates should be at hand. The beverage with the cups and spoons should be placed conveniently near. Waitresses should replenish the food and collect the soiled dishes. This is a very easy method of serving a large number of people, and could well be adapted to a late lodge supper, or to a wedding reception. The following menu would be suitable for a noon luncheon,

Chicken Bouillon
Veal and Ham Loaf with Asparagus and Brown Rice Salad
Buttered Biscuits
Strawberry Ice-cream with Wafers, or Little Lemon Fancinettes
Tea or Coffee

Either of these luncheons should bring at least seventy-five cents.

A RATHER unusual and pretty service for afternoon tea, whether to be served to a comparatively small or a large number of guests, may be arranged from tea-carts, and it is particularly well adapted to follow a club meeting, an afternoon concert, a lecture, or a reception. Each tea-cart should be equipped with a potful of strong tea, an urn or swinging kettle of hot water, sliced lemon, lump sugar, and light cream. Enough cups, saucers, spoons, and napkins should be placed on the cart and tray to serve the desired number of guests. The tea-wagons should be wheeled to the various stations and the amount of equipment on each depends upon the number of guests to be served from it. An ordinary tea-cart will supply as many as eighteen guests. Each cart must be presided over by a hostess who should have two assistants to pass the tea and sandwiches and cakes which may be arranged upon wicker trays and which should be obtained from a central buffet table. An attractive menu would be,

Open Brown Bread and Cream Cheese Sandwiches
Lettuce and Cress Salad Sandwiches
Little Cakes and Wafers Tea

Afternoon tea of this type at any good tea-room would cost from thirty-five to forty cents a service, and there is no reason why a similar price could not be charged by a church or club.

Directions for making any of the luxury shown on page 56 may be obtained from Pictorial Review, *if a stamped, addressed envelop is inclosed with the request.*

A Run and a Backstitch

By ESTHER MATSON

MY great-grandmother had a way of using her fingers and talking to us children at the same time that fairly bewitched us.

"Don't you forget, Anne, when I do it this way it's a run."

"That—why, that's a run and a backstitch."

"And that—laws sakes alive, child, that's nothing more than but a baste."

Oh, the scorn with which my great-grandmother uttered that word "baste!" I quiver under it yet. And that, doubtless, is why one of the phrases in "Much Ado about Nothing" always makes on me such a deep impression. Says Shakespeare, "The body of your discourse is some time guarded with fragments and the guards are but slightly basted on."

How many a discourse to this day is trimmed with fragments, and the fragments but slightly basted on!

But the habit which I owe to my great-grandmother's talk of setting people down in three different classes, is not an altogether genial one. In the one class go those people—men and women—who are skilful in running their life seams. In the second class go those who both run and backstitch. And in the third limbo go those wretches who never do more than baste.

But how rare are the truly skilful runners! They are the characters that have a definite goal; unerringly, they go straight forward to it, taking stitch after stitch to be sure, faithfully enough, but so quickly and deftly that one watching them can scarcely see the needle flash in and out.

UNDER this class come the men of genius and heroic mold. But the most of us, alack—the average, commonplace individuals have to go grubbingly, painstakingly along with here a run and there a backstitch to make the matter sure. The varieties that exist even among us average folk come from the sense of proportion we show in the daily performance of these stints of ours. Do we not all know people of stern and, yes, admirable dispositions, who for some mysterious reason are unlovable? May it not be because they have not wrought out the proper proportion between their runs and their backstitches? The fabric resulting is neither agreeable to look upon, nor are such folk comfortable to live with.

Any seamstress, verily, will tell you what bad form it is to make a seam one whit more conspicuous than necessary. Yet I have met folk who seem to glory in their seams, their sacrifices, their grievances, and, aye, their mere annoyances. They make the seamy side of their lives stand out so prominently that attention is called perforce to every least misfit. Then they wonder why grace is not forthcoming.

Quite the opposite to such characters are those who rush, swashbuckler-fashion, slashing along their way, their heads full of glorious schemes but their hands catching those schemes with nothing firmer than basting threads. By the time the bastings are all in these folk ture, and, like children, are ready to give up that game and start something new.

IT MUST be confessed, persons of this sort are prone to be far more interesting than your painstaking, conscientious type. That man whose forte it is to be always absolutely accurate is often more than absolutely a bore. But the man with enthusiasms has a bewitching way of making our blood pulse in our veins, of pulling us up a peg or two from our drudging holes; yes, he may even, at least for the moment, fill us with a new and thrilling belief in mankind.

Alas, tho, if the man of enthusiasms is but a baster after all! Sooner or later, his energy will collapse, and then we will be afflicted with a dire reactionary depression. Then, unless we have a cure, what a veritable goblin of cynicism will get us in its grip.

Wherefore I am not so sure but that my great-grandmother was right when she withered us so haughtily with her scorn of "only basting." For after all the well-rounded, dependable character is the one who can run as well as baste and who can backstitch faithfully as well as run. And in the long run, indeed, if cleanliness be next to godliness, then surely close in the wake of it comes this rare but goodly quality of dependableness.

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What does your mirror say about Soap?

DOES your mirror say you are using a soap which is too "fat," or a soap which is too "lean"?

Or does it show that you are keeping your skin soft, smooth and clear by the use of a pure soap — like Fairy Soap — which is neither too "fat" nor too "lean"? A soap which perfectly cleanses and soothes, and which thoroughly *rinses off?* This is very important.

Choice balmy oils are "mellowed together" in Fairy Soap. And its soothing ingredients are blended, in every pure process of its making, for the particular care of skins.

But you cannot gain these Fairy Soap benefits for your skin unless you use Fairy Soap *consistently.*

Make friends with Fairy Soap in the bath, too. Enjoy its refreshing benefits regularly, always remembering: It is the care of the skin from head to foot that helps keep your complexion soft, clear and glowing.

IMPORTANT FACTS

about "fat" Soaps and "lean" Soaps

A soap for the proper cleansing and beauty of the skin mustn't be too "fat"—and it mustn't be too "lean."

A "fat" soap, you know, works up into a "thick" lather which sticks, clogs up the tiny pores and coarsens the fine skin-texture.

A "lean" soap gives a thin, bubbly lather. Too often this means that the soap contains free alkali and will "dry" the skin, causing it to become harsh and rough.

Fairy Soap gives a velvety pure lather which creams up easily in wonderful abundance. A remarkable quality of Fairy Soap is its perfect rinsing off. After it has creamed in *and out* of tiny pores, leaving them cleansed and refreshed in their beautifying activity, it perfectly rinses away.

This not only leaves the tender outer skin fine and smooth, but the tiny pores also unobstructed and free to keep the skin soft, clear and glowing.

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

FAIRY SOAP

Have you a little Fairy in your home?

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There's Comfort in Every Step

Every woman who knows Keds will agree that they combine style with unusual comfort. They're so light and restful, so good-looking, so suitable with their wide range of styles for every summer occasion.

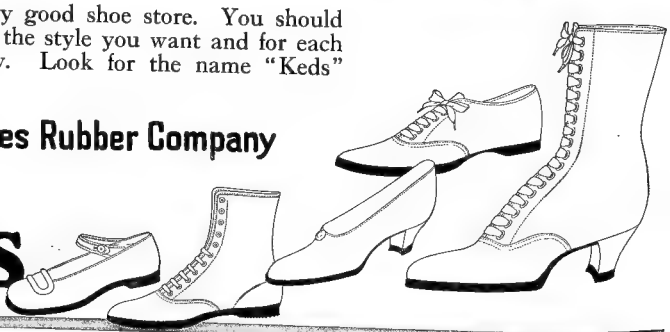
Indoors and outdoors, these canvas rubber-soled shoes are the vogue—for lawn parties, sports, outings, street and home.

In Keds, you get unmistakable value. They're quality shoes through and through.

Ask for Keds at any good shoe store. You should be able to obtain just the style you want and for each member of the family. Look for the name "Keds" stamped on the sole.

United States Rubber Company

Keds



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A June Party for Old Glory

By RALPH W. KINSEY

IN THESE days of victory and general celebration, what could be more appropriate than to honor the birthday month of our national emblem by a carnival gathering of the Allied flags, as represented by the various guests who carry them?

Something along this line was worked out by a certain couple, who carried it out in the following clever manner.

Invitations were sent out on paper on which were painted the various Allied flags fluttering gaily in the breeze of celebration. These flags were arranged as a border around the following verse,

This year Old Glory feels so gay
It wants to have a big birthday.
So from our home it sends the call
To friendly flags, both great and small,
To join in celebration fête.
The fun begins just after eight.
So with your fav'rite flag in hand
You're asked to join our festive band.
Please represent, in clothes you wear,
The land whose standard you will bear.

THE AMERICAN FLAG,
per Mr. and Mrs. John Smith.
814 Euclid Avenue.

The invited guests took the cue given in the invitation and on the evening of the celebration made a gay showing as they wended their way to the home of Old Glory's birthday fête, carrying large flags of the Allied nations and dressed to represent the nationalities of the flags carried.

The home of Old Glory had been made gorgeous with a profusion of the noblest colors in the world—red, white, and blue. United States flags of all sizes had been arranged about the huge living-room, and every point of vantage bore its waving victory banners. The host, who was a bit of a mechanical genius, had requisitioned all the electric fans he could find, and had set them about the room so that there was a continual breeze to keep the colors waving. Not only were the flags displayed about the sides of the room, but the ceiling was a mass of waving flags.

AT ONE end of the room a throne had been reared and on this the host and hostess, dressed respectively as Uncle Sam and Columbia, stood to greet the arriving flags. The throne was simply a platform on which had been placed two arm-chairs, and the entire thing was camouflaged with bunting of the patriotic colors. Above the chairs hung a large shield of the United States.

When all the guests had arrived, the son of the host, dressed in Colonial costume, entered and handed to each person an envelop. Upon opening it there was discovered one-half of the shield of one of the Allied nations. Each person was required to find the missing half of his shield. When all had done so a hidden victrola struck up a stirring march and, led by the host and hostess, the flags fell in behind and the March of the Victorious Nations began.

Simple cotillion figures were formed, such as marching by twos, fours, and eights, criss-crossing, etc., until at the end the line was coiled about the leaders, who stood at the hub of it, as it were. At a signal the flags were all raised and waved gaily while the crowd sang the stirring marching-song, "Over There."

This ended the formal part of the evening's program and the rest of the time was spent in friendly rivalry in various appropriate games.

Score-cards, with an appropriate patriotic figure pasted on them, were distributed. The winner of each event was awarded three American flags to paste on his card. The person who was second best was allowed two, while the third was given one. Thus the scoring was changing continually and the fun and excitement were kept at top-notch all the time.

The first scoring came with the award of the host for the best costume. In this award the points were given not so much for the faithfulness of the reproduction of the national costume of the country whose flag was carried, but rather for the allegorical features of that costume. Thus the first prize went to a girl who was dressed as Britannia with characteristic helmet, trident, and shield rather than to the one garbed as a typical English girl.

Next a large sheet was unveiled on which had been pasted the flags of the world. The guests were given ten minutes in which to guess which nations were represented. The flags of the larger nations, which are frequently seen, were easy to name, but those of the smaller ones such as Honduras, Liberia, Monaco, etc., caused much frowning and puzzled groans. To make it still harder, there had been added flags connected with our country's history, such as the Pine Tree flag of Colonial days, the Confederate flag, etc., and these caused even greater bewilderment.

THE third game was a flag-counting contest. A hundred small flags had been stuck in the top of a large paste-board box in irregular confusion, and the guests were given one minute in which to view the group and count the flags. Owing to the mingling of the colors in the arrangement of the flags, the estimates were quite varied, but the points were given to the three who came nearest to the hundred.

The next contest was a flag-drawing game. Each person was given paper and a black, a red, and a blue pencil, and asked to make a drawing of our flag. The points were awarded for the best drawing, attention being paid to neatness, shading, etc.

The fifth game was a historical one—the History of our Flag. The following questions were asked. The correct answer is appended to each question.

A History of Our Flag

1. Who made the first Stars and Stripes? Betsy Ross.
2. Where was it made? Philadelphia.
3. In what year? 1777.
4. What date is its official birthday? June 14.
5. How many stars and stripes did it first have? Thirteen of each
6. When was the final form of thirteen stripes and a star for each State adopted? 1818.
7. Where was the design taken from? The coat of arms of Washington.
8. Where was the flag first officially displayed? At the seige of Fort Schuyler (Fort Stanwix).
9. How many stars does it have to-day? Forty-eight.
10. What State did the first star represent? Delaware.
11. When was it placed on the blue field? 1787.
12. For what State was the last star placed? Arizona.
13. When? 1912.
14. What are the official dimensions and the arrangement of the flag? The blue field is one-third the length of the flag and extends to the bottom of the fourth stripe from the top.
15. What flag is modeled closest to our own? Liberia.

The final contest was one much like "Authors," except that instead of books and their titles, flags cut in square parts were used. This game was purchased from a nearby toy-shop, and the guests played it until called for the refreshments.

Luncheon was served in an adjoining room in which the patriotic color-scheme had been carried out with the same profusion as marked the living-room in which the games were played.

One of the features that had the decorations here was the clever place-card arrangement—a small silken flag standing on a cardboard base upon which had been artistically lettered short patriotic sayings of well-known men referring to our national emblem. These were taken from a book of familiar quotations. Some of them were:

"Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high."
—*J. R. Drake.*

"One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
One nation evermore!"
—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

"There is no name so great that it should be placed upon the flag of our country."
—*Ulysses S. Grant.*

"If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot."
—*Gen. John A. Dix.*

"We will have no Government standard but our own and will accept no other flag than the glorious Stars and Stripes."
—*William McKinley.*

The reading of these quotations served to increase the enthusiasm, so that at the close of the luncheon, the host called upon the party to rise and toast the flag by uttering the flag creed in unison, "I pledge allegiance to my flag, and to the Republic for which it stands. One nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

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Karo Fruit Cake

2 cups Karo (Blue Label)
1 cup brown sugar
1 cup butter
4 eggs
1 tablespoon each cinnamon and clove
Grated Nutmeg
4 cups flour
½ cup Kingsford's Cornstarch
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 cup citron, raisins and currants, well floured

Beat the butter, sugar and Karo to a cream. Add the eggs, well beaten, the milk alternately with the dry ingredients sifted together and the spice. Turn in the fruit last. Bake in a very moderate oven one hour.

Doughnuts

Sift 2 cups of flour
1 level tablespoon of sugar
½ teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
Beat 1 egg light
Add ½ cup of Karo (Red Label.
1 tablespoon Mazola
Mix thoroughly add
¼ cup of milk

Pour the mixture gradually into the flour, mix thoroughly. With a teaspoon make a little ball of dough and fry in hot Mazola. If the ball sticks to the teaspoon use a knife to slip it off. Keep in close covered jar.

Karo Fudge

2 squares (or ounces) chocolate
½ cup cold milk
2 cups granulated sugar
½ cup Karo (Blue Label)
2 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon vanilla

Grate the chocolate, and add all the ingredients except the vanilla. Cook slowly, stirring once in a while. Cook till it ranges a soft ball in cold water (requires about five minutes after second boiling). Remove from fire, add the vanilla, and beat until it begins to granulate. Pour at once into a buttered pan. Mark deeply so cakes when nearly cold

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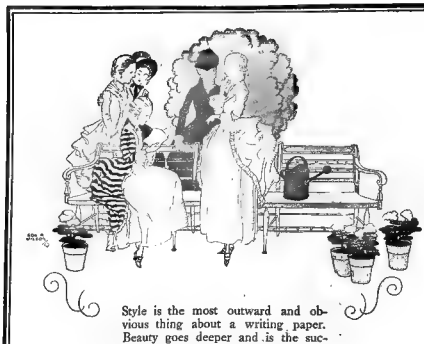

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Dodging the Moth

By ELIZABETH PRICE

A YOUNG friend came to me recently in much consternation because she had found a moth-miller in the cupboard where her best garments were hung. From that beginning our conversation led on to generalities, and it may be that other young housekeepers are interested in the same topic.

There are two ways of eluding the pesky moth—two ways which seem diametrically opposed, yet either may be efficacious. One is to put your woolens away, the other is not to do so.

Moths thrive in the dark and die in the light. Even if you pack your furs and blankets in tar bags, you must be quite sure that no moth eggs go in with them, else disastrous results are sure to follow. For, once the eggs have been deposited in the nap of a woolen article, or a moth-miller packed away in its folds, tar bags and cedar chests are alike useless.

IF YOU have a roomy closet to spare, your garments may be safe simply hanging therein with muslin "drapes" across the shoulder to keep out the dust. These drapes may be made of old sheets or pillow-cases or flour-bags. They should be seamed up, skirt fashion, and drawn in at the top. After the garment is smoothly hung, the drape is put over it and tied around the wire handle of the hanger. But the secret of safety in an open closet is *light* and *air*. The contents should be taken out at least once a fortnight, shaken, and hung back with the reverse side toward the front. The closet door should always be left open while the room is being sunned and aired, and with these precautions there is practically no danger of moths.

For the other method, use a closet under the stairs if possible, as this is a good shape and size for packing. First wash the closet with water to which a few drops of carbolic acid have been added. On the floor scatter a bunch of tobacco-trimmings obtainable at any cigar factory. Have a rack slightly smaller than the floor, with legs, or bricks, two inches high. It does not matter how rude this is—the object is to admit air under the rack to reach the articles upon it.

After all is ready place a brick in the middle of the rack; on this put a hot stove-lid and scatter upon it a tablespoonful of powdered sulfur, which is better than the sulfur candle. Shut the door *quick* and *tight* and leave it shut till the next day. There will be no live moth there when you open it.

After removing the stove-lid and brick, spread a newspaper down and sprinkle with turpentine. Have your blankets, portières, etc., folded smoothly the size of the rack, and pile one above another with turpentine-sprinkled newspaper between the various articles. On top lay your cloaks and coats, carefully folded, on these dresses and suits, and last, furs. All these articles should have been aired and brushed and examined for moth traces. As soon as all are in place close the door at once and lock it so that it will not be opened again till Fall. I followed this plan for years, and never once had a moth in that closet.

NOW as to flannel or woolen underwear. Here the small-sized flour-bags come in nicely. See that every garment is in order, mended if need be, buttons in place, and buttonholes intact. Each should of course, be newly laundered. It should then be neatly folded, or rolled, and placed in the flour-bag or other small muslin receptacle. Tie securely and mark with lead pencil.

These compact rolls may be kept in a bureau or chiffonier drawer, as they take up little room and can be sorted out at a glance. They need no other moth preventive than the clean bag.

In folding away down comfortables precautions should be taken against two dangers. One is the matting of the filling, resulting from placing under other and heavier articles. The other is shapelessness resulting from close quarters. Down comfortables should be folded preferably once across each way, but they will stand two folds. They should not be packed or stuffed into any receptacle, but should be wrapped smoothly in old sheets and laid flat on a closet or storeroom shelf. It does no harm if two or even three are piled together provided they are not crowded out of shape or crammed into too shallow a space.

Hats, feathers, and other trimmings should be kept in hat-boxes which are free from moth-flies, the contents well covered with tissue-paper, then with turpentine-sprinkled newspaper, and the lid tied securely down.

A half day twice a year is not too much to devote to the care of one's family wardrobe and its appurtenances. Yet that half day stands for part, at least, of the difference between a successful and a neglectful housewife.

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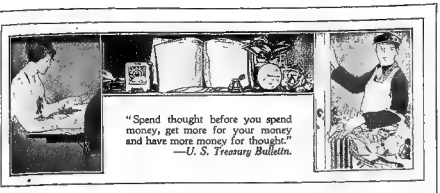

"Spend thought before you spend money, get more for your money and have more money for thought."
—*U. S. Treasury Bulletin.*

Think Before You Spend

By ELNA HARWOOD WHARTON

EIGHT years after I was married a change in my husband's business affairs took us from New York to another city. We had by that time three children, an elderly relative lived with us; we had to pay fifty, instead of thirty-six dollars rent; food prices had advanced; and there were monetary obligations to meet because of prolonged sickness. *The income, however, in the new home was exactly what it was when we were married*—and we not only made it do, but lived better than when there were only two of us in a small apartment.

What made the difference?

Simply this, I think, that in those intervening years I had been learning my job as spending partner—a profession for which my college course had in no way prepared me. I had to learn at the firm's expense, instead of bringing real knowledge and executive ability as my contribution to the new home I so ardently wanted. If it were not so common an experience I should be horribly ashamed of those early years when I didn't know how to use my husband's earnings to best advantage. I am extraordinarily thankful to note on the high-school program which my daughter will soon reach, an obligatory course in household accounting, which includes instruction in the values and qualities of ordinary home commodities. She will not make my mistakes, selecting fabrics that will not wear, furniture that falls to pieces, fol-de-rols she does not need; she will have some deterrent to spending impulses that can only result in temporary, evanescent pleasures. My chief feeling now toward my own mistakes is regret over the needless waste—the money expended that brought no permanent happiness, through lack of knowing what counted.

Where did our early income go to? Even if I could remember, it wouldn't matter much to-day. I have a dim recollection of many luscious beefsteaks, and whipped-cream desserts—sure marks of a bride's cookery—and of frequent expensive restaurant meals. Numerous services were hired which I could just as well have done myself, because I did nothing productive with the time gained. War conditions have corrected this wasteful idleness for a great many of the younger married women, of course. I have to smile to-day, as I think of my overflowing mending-box, and the drawers and drawers of other sewing I shall get through somehow, looking back to that first year when I actually hired a seamstress to alter my trousseau, run ribbons in underwear just laundered, darn stockings, and sew buttons on my husband's shirts, while I curled up with a book or ran about to my friends' tea-parties. Then, of course, there were the ransacked shops, and shopping for clothes to wear at them. Filmy, fragile fabrics, for the most part, enduring but a little while, and even that brief life largely spent at the cleaner's.

Plan for the Future

I SUPPOSE the philosophical thought is that one is a bride but once. One's ideas of what constitutes real happiness change, as well as other bridesh standards. The first child probably brought us to our spending senses. We had to face the inescapable fact that life and marriage were about something. We could no longer live a rosy haze of running hither and thither, dressed in our best. Having assumed the responsibility of launching children into the world, it was up to us to learn how to handle the future for them, and for all of us together.

One of the real regrets I have for those early years of careless living is that some of the reading was not definitely devoted to learning more about *health*; that some of my running about was not directed toward courses of some sort in hygiene, family feeding, and the best practise generally with regard to keeping well. Neither of us had ever been obliged to give the matter of possible sickness any thought whatever. Probably there were no available sources at that time for the kind of information any one may have to-day for the asking. At all events we have paid heavily for what knowledge we now possess, both in money and in physical depletion. For example, a better knowledge of foods might have spared us a long struggle with digestive upsets; a better knowledge of the effect of a calm, recuperative home atmosphere on the nerves of a worker, might have stopped some of our injudicious spending in search of pleasurable excitements, and the consequent breakdown that is the price of overtaxed nerves. These are mistakes Americans make thoughtlessly every day of their lives. Wise spending must insist that each expenditure be weighed in conjunction with the future.

All reflections on family thrift have to reckon with children in the home. Adult households are more or less voluntary associations, likely to be dissolved at any time. Sisters may marry or brothers seek employment in other districts; childless couples may board or otherwise simplify their spending requirements far beyond any point possible where children have to be taken into consideration. Adult households can be run by any agreement desired, and the parties to the arrangements may depart and shift for themselves when they are not suited. It is true that in the home with grown, working children who have never been obliged to contribute fairly there are difficulties in the way of insisting on this program; but it can and should be done if the family as a whole is to prosper. If the individuals comprising adult households do not get good value for their money or services they should go elsewhere. Is the stay-at-home daughter overworked and unappreciated? Let the earning members once have to replace her services with hired help. Is the mother a bad manager and a poor cook with whom the rest bear because she *is* their mother? It is their right to get the situation adjusted so they can do their best work, providing they are fair themselves in what they do for the home. Time and strength-saving for productive work are the important economy elements to the adults; healthful conditions for growing children, with less regard for time and labor economy, must be the basic principle in planning a life to include them.

Start with Essentials

THE home is essentially a place for the production of human beings who will be sent forth, well-equipped—or otherwise—to contribute their share to the work that must always go on. The children do not ask to be born; they do not even ask for effective homes, not knowing they are entitled to them; it is only when they grow up and look back at the mistakes and omissions of their childhood that they can even begin to reproach us for not knowing how to do better by them.

Our experience with the application of the same income to a family of two and then to one of six is specific proof that a *given amount* of money is in itself no criterion as to what income is necessary for happiness. There is, of course, a minimum living sum below which family life can not be maintained in health and decency. Even this line fluctuates according to locality, and often can not be sharply drawn because income is not always cash. Farms, for example, handle comparatively little cash, but have other assets in land and the food and live stock they can use without purchase. Next door to us lives a family the same size as ours, now on exactly *half* the income we had to *begin* with. They are peaceful, happy, contented. They never expect to have very much more income than they have now. The children are good-mannered, healthy, intelligent—splendid contributions to American humanity. Their home is paid for, because it was well-chosen as an investment, and because they have all worked to establish themselves in it against certain odds. They never have sirloin steaks or whipped cream or silk underwear or expensive outings. The mother launches a child into life with the deliberate expectation of handing them down to Roger. She trains Johnnie to take good care of things. They all eat plenty of chicken, eggs, and fresh vegetables, because they are willing to work and raise them in other words, they have based their life on essentials, and found it a good way to live.

The same family could not possibly get out of life what they are getting for so little cash expenditure if they were forced to live under city conditions. With double their income and our household of six we could hardly manage more than a respectable New York flat and food enough to go round. Nothing would be left over for clothing, help, recreation, provision for the future. We would always be renters. Living in this new home, which we are buying, our "rent" consists of the interest on our mortgage, and taxes; the remainder of our former rent is permanently saved as it reduces the mortgage. We would pay a high price in the city for the food we now raise in our back yard, because we *have* a back yard. Our "rent" buys us also plenty of sunshine, fresh air, natural recreation ground for the children, clean healthy surroundings.

The very first question, therefore, to be settled in connection with the wisest application of a family income, is how and where that family shall live; whether the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 76

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Think Before You Spend

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75

anticipated life in a given place on a stated salary will yield the best results in the long run, or whether, by locating elsewhere even at a lower annual figure, the ultimate gains would be greater.

I know this sounds obvious and elemental, but a great many families never think about it in relation to their money problems. Because some other man is a "three thousand dollar man" or a "five thousand dollar man," they fix their eyes on those salaries as a Mecca of achievement without stopping to think of the possibility of investing their talents and labor to better advantage instead of at a better figure.

One of the non-essentials we have all escaped by moving out to this quiet district is the costly standard set by neighbors. We buy permanent furnishings and less service; we select our clothing to work in rather than to play in, and we make most of it ourselves. Most women who are willing to work with their hands at all have discovered that home sewing is one of the easiest and most profitable economies, on account of the greater durability of materials one buys oneself. Probably a lot of money that is spent for elaborate clothing and other externals is honestly invested in the hope of advancement for the children through contact with people who appear desirable acquaintances. The fallacy lies in trying to impress others with what one *has* rather than what one *is*; in bringing the children up to think more of what one *buys* than what one can *do*.

They Motor to Work

IT IS interesting to note that on our street of very modest incomes where all of the wives do their own work and all of the husbands tend furnace and keep the garden tidy, there are fifteen automobiles to the twenty-five houses. Nobody has a chauffeur. Nobody has a very expensive make of car. Most of the business-goers from the machineless homes have some sort of arrangement by which they ride to work.

Why have so many of us considered an automobile an object of wise expenditure?

For the same reasons that we bought fresh-air homes. Health, recreation, and reduction of other less satisfactory expenses. A man may not save as much carfare as his daily gasoline costs, but he saves valuable time which he may be able to market directly or indirectly. The man across the street who is an expert automobile mechanic keeps the rest of us repaired to mutual advantage; the same time spent on the street-cars would do him little good. The man next door uses the time saved to study for a special degree in electrical engineering which will ultimately mean a better income. None of us can command long or definite holidays. But think of the cheap and joyous week-end outings every automobile-owning family is able to indulge in! Set the original cost, plus the annual upkeep of the machine, against the expensive and limited former vacations, the saved medical bills and clothes, the eliminated artificial pleasures that stored up no health bank account, and see which way the thrift balance reads.

The province of this article is not to hold a brief for owning an automobile or even a home, however desirable either possession may be for some people. What I am trying to point out is that our work and the income we get from it will begin just what we choose to regard as important to family happiness if we rigidly exclude non essentials from the whole point of view. Wise distribution of one's income commonly requires a survey of several years and a plan for allotting to each commodity its suitable proportion of the total. The best clothing budget I have seen was planned for four years. In this way it took care, automatically and without guesswork, of the articles left over from one season to the next. Budgeting the amount of labor one shall hire is apt to depend on many factors not always foreseen—conditions of health, of extra work, of extra company, of the season of the year. It is a purely personal problem, because in most homes eliminating hired service is the easiest road to direct savings. The purchase of food, furnishings, and clothing for the home involves to a specialized extent a knowledge of values.

Fortunately the avenues for acquiring specific information about ordinary commodities are open to any one. A course in home economics is a short cut and a sure foundation, but those who can not have such courses may teach themselves to a large extent. One can learn from those who make and sell the goods one needs. One can use the free government agencies and sources of printed information. The government has instituted a very definite campaign to establish habits of thrift and good management in the entire American people, and thrift must begin at home with wise spending. In the past all discussions of thrift pre-supposed a state of existence so uncomfortable and unattractive that one instinctively refused to live that way. Money is valuable only for what it will actually purchase. The business of thrift is not to prevent expenditure, but to direct it more carefully.

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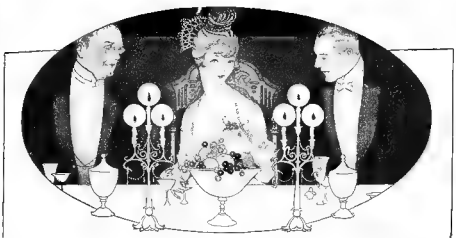


How Young Do You Look?

By ALICE LANE

A FEW years ago the question that every woman dreaded was, "How old are you?" If she were thirty she generally looked forty, and the woman of forty, who to-day is in her prime, looked at least fifty. With other days, however, have come other ways, and now the woman of thirty, unless she is away behind the times, looks not a day over twenty-four, and the woman of forty need not look a day over thirty.

Sit down this minute and take a good look at yourself in the glass. If you look as old as your years there is something wrong with you, either physically or mentally. If you are sick, bodily, go to a doctor, and follow his advice until you get well. If you are well and still look your age, then get busy, for it is your own fault.

To begin with, take an inventory of the supplies on your dressing-table and your wash-stand. This practise of keeping yourself young is an art just as much as painting, and you must have the proper things to work with. Let us begin with brushes. A frowsy, ill-kept head of hair is inexcusable, and on your brush you must have two or three kinds of brushes. Every woman needs a hair-brush made with very stiff bristles set in a rubber vacuum pad. This is to take the snarls out without pulling out the hair. It is also excellent for brushing dust out of the hair. But in addition to that, you must have a regulation hair-brush, and you must give your hair at least fifty strokes twice every day.

Still in the line of brushes, you must have a tiny eye-brow brush. This is used to keep the brows in trim shape, and to brush the powder out of them. They are very small, and come in white or black as preferred. They cost about twenty-five or fifty cents. But every up-to-date dressing-table must have one and every well-groomed woman must use one.

AND finally, on the wash-stand you must have a good stiff scrubbing brush for your hands and a complexion brush for your face. Remember that washing the face of with soft rag and some warm water is very refreshing, but it takes a complexion brush to take off the dirt. We could go on indefinitely talking about and describing brushes that are useful in many ways, but some day when you are in an up-to-date drug store or at the toilet counter of a good department store, take time to look over the various kinds of brushes that are manufactured just for a woman's toilet-table, and you will be bewildered.

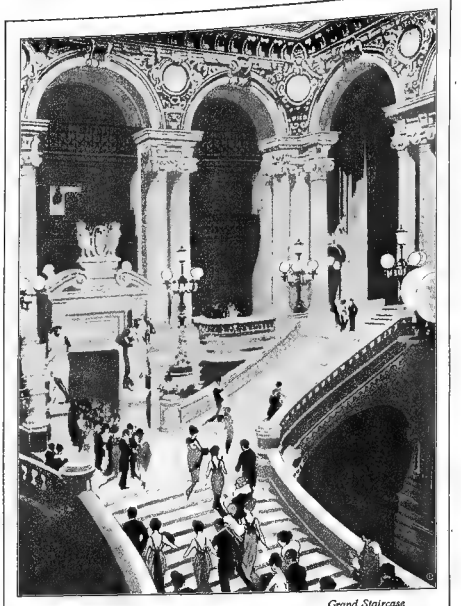
Next in importance to brushes, come cold-creams and proper soaps. You simply must have a large jar of a reliable make of cold-cream—made without animal fat. Now, you will ask, how can you tell what cold-cream is made of? Always buy your toilet goods at a drug or department store where you can depend upon the word of the person who sells the goods, and ask for a cream that contains no lanolin. That is sheep's fat and will surely grow hair on your face. Beware of unreliable creams, but use freely a good cream for cleansing the pores of the face and for massaging.

You must also have a jar of vanishing cream that has many uses known to every well-groomed woman. If you do your own housework, and that of course involves the washing of dishes, you must have a bottle of hand-lotion right on the side of the sink. When your dishes are done, wash your hands in a good soap and water, and then immediately rub into the hands a goodly amount of this healing lotion that keeps the skin soft and white. Rubber gloves are of course wonderful protectors of the hands in washing dishes and doing housework. But the important point is to keep the lotion on the sink and use it at once.

YOU will need two kinds of soap for your proper toilet equipment. One must be a good bath-soap, preferably a white soap and one that will float. There are several good brands on the market, and the advantage of a floating soap in the bath is self-evident. For the face and hands most women prefer a soap that is slightly scented, and here again you must be careful to choose a brand that contains no alkali. Many women use one scent in all their toilet articles, as you can easily get the same odor in soaps, powder, sachet-powder, and perfumes.

Finally, you must have two kinds of powder. One must be a liberal box of talcum for use on the body, and the other must be a good quality of face-powder. You must find out the brand that agrees with your skin, and then buy only that kind. Also remember that face-powder comes in four shades—flesh, white, Rachael, and natural. You must select the shade that is nearest the natural tone of your skin.

With these few things that are absolute necessities, you have a good supply of requisites to keep yourself young. Use them as religiously as you use your tooth-brush, and you will look only as old as you feel. Next month we will take up the matter of other little helps that simply fill up the needs these things do not quite touch.



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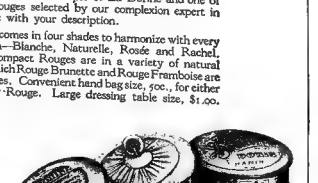

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A Movable Sewing-room

By CLAIRE WALLIS

THE house or apartment with a whole room fitted for sewing is indeed an exception. Modern living conditions do not allow such a seeming waste of space, and unless one is fortunate enough to be able to plan one's own home with one cheerful room set aside as a workroom for the home sewer, the sewing must be done in the living-room or in one of the bedrooms.

Now a sewing-machine and "Judy," the dress-form, are not artistic additions to the furnishings of any room, and they refuse to be hidden gracefully behind doors and under old couch-covers in a corner. What then is to be done with them? Maybe you will like this idea of a "movable sewing-room," as the woman called it who discovered the idea for herself.

In her guest bedroom was an extra large closet—they always happen in guest-rooms, strange to say—and into this she found that her sewing-machine could be wheeled as a tight fit. She oiled the castors well so that they would roll easily and provided two small strips of felt to be laid over the hardwood floor between rug and closet so the machine would not mark the wood every time it was rolled back and forth from the closet. "Judy" fitted on top of the machine easily. On the shelves in the back of the closet she arranged a series of boxes all neatly marked for such things as "Patches," "Scraps—chiffon, silk, ribbon, lace," "Scraps—woolen," "Scraps—cotton," "Supplies" (new thread and silks, pins, needles, tapes, belting, seams, hooks and eyes, etc.), "New materials," and so on. All the implements in general use she kept in the machine drawers of course.

She had a unique way of keeping patterns too. On the envelop of each pattern she pasted a gummed label, and on it she wrote the name of the person for whom the pattern was used, with remarks as to the pattern's usefulness and its best feature. A scrap of the material was pinned to it as a reminder of the garment made.

The yardstick hung on a nail in one corner, the lapboard slipped between the machine and the wall. A huge papier-mâché waste-basket went over "Judy's" head in the closet, but stood at the side of the machine during work hours and caught all the threads and scraps. This minimized the work of cleaning up. A small gas-iron and an old well-padded ironing-board went into this closet too. There was a huge bag back in the recesses for scraps to be sold to the ragman. On the door was a rod and several hangers on which half-finished garments could be hung.

If you have no convenient guest-room or large closet you still may have a movable sewing-room. What about the large closet under the stairs, or couldn't a closet be made under the eaves? It would not have to be high, you know. Then there is still another possibility and that is the cutting off of a corner in a seldom-used guest-room and surrounding the corner with curtains of chints or rep to match the hangings. Under such a cover almost all the articles of a well-supplied movable sewing-room can be artistically preserved.

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For Perfect Feet Wear Liberty Bell Shoes

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Do you know that most foot afflictions are caused in childhood—by imperfect shoes? Young bones, soft and pliable, are easily distorted. "Children's shoes should be fitted on the last that conforms to the natural shape," says the Government book on "Child Care." And that is what Science offers in Selz Liberty Bell Shoes.

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This guards them against foot troubles in later life. Against fallen arch, flat-foot, bent bones, callouses and bunions. Against drooping shoulders, spinal curvature—all defects that crippled feet produce.

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All-leather, scientifically built, nature-shape, extra durable and attractive. $4.00.

Facing It

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

calm and quiet on the stage, then with a burst of swelling passion and devotion they shouted their loyal love and allegiance to that distorted face.

"Bloudon! Bloudon!" roared the officer in the mask. "Bloudon!" from far back in the house the answering cry came. Masses of people began waving and gesticulating, "Bloudon! Hardy Bloudon!" A young officer in a box suddenly sprang up yelling the name of that famous Hill Z. Somebody else howled, "Mihiel!" This was followed by roars of "Argonne!" "Cambrai!" "Ville!" "Bruges!" Like rockets, the famous French and Belgian names shot up all over the house, shouted by men to whom the cities were the precious symbols of ultimate American manhood. And they stood and gazed at him and roared and waved and with the shouts until Bloudon struck a chord on the piano and raised appealing hands.

THE girl sitting alone in the box suddenly lifted her head, for a moment she went white, staring, and then an expression came into her face of utter love and longing. As if the answer to her terrible question of life had been given she clasped her hands, rising. Down at her lover and the tears thrilled to her eyes. Then Brent saw her gasp and tenderly smile. Eleanor Fairlight had not met Waterloo.

Bloudon in spite of the shock-strained chords of his throat was now speaking very distinctly and his words came grave and tempered like those of a man of rich maturity.

"I thank you for—this. It is through your patience, my countrymen's gift to me, that I believe I can see the beginning of a new and better time than I dared hope for. You see," Bloudon took a step forward, the old reckless mirth of the trenches gleamed on his broken face as he reminded them, "My face! I don't mind it; you see, I'm behind it. There was a burst of relieved laughter at this, but with a decisive gesture he quelled that, explaining, "It isn't only for my own greater freedom, it is for the sake of other men badly disfigured as I am that I am happy to be able to stand before you to-day with nothing between us, to protect you—or me. I would be without my mask, but not without your consent—I"—he waited a moment, then threw back his head and cried, "Are you fearers—" I am not afraid, are you?" He seemed suddenly in the silence to feel for a blind person for hands held out, in that dark sea of faces he looked like a crow's-nest man, countenance half veiled, trying to pierce a thick fog. A curious tremor of helplessness seemed to sweep him, but he rallied and the firm voice went on.

"In Peter Pan, Miss Adams used to come out to the footlights and say to us all, 'Do you believe in fairies? If you do, the play can go on.'" The torn and cavernous face gleamed for a moment like a lightning-riven tree, Bloudon's twisted mouth broke into a smile and this was a smile that no eye there could other than love as he held out his two hands to them.

"Will you receive me as I am from now on, *friends!*" The man steadied himself perceptibly as he said slowly, "If—you will—if you can—I can—go on."

Then came their roar of agreement. Like men gone suddenly mad they rose at him, shouting his name, balloing from balcony and circle. They rushed down to the stage pell-mell, the ushers trying to interfere.

They flung themselves at the foot-lights singing, cheering, some of them sobbing. The aisles became congested with fierce battles to get to him and shake his hand. Things began to look like hysteria till, for the third time, the soldier-musician struck that resounding chord on the piano. Instantly the hush came and Bloudon sat down. It was McDowell's "In Deep Woods" that he played. When he had finished, he remained seated, his head bowed in the hush; in silence the people filed slowly out.

Brent hurried to the outlet of the stage boxes; but he was too late, Eleanor Fairlight had disappeared. He stopped and scribbled something on a card and hurrying to the stage-exit handed this card to an usher who, slouching his way on its delivery, casually read it

"Bloudon, I want to shake your hand and call you names. I want to tell you something, will you see BRENT?"

The young attendant elbowed his way back to the dispatch, when he answered negligently. "I didn't give it to him," handing back the card; "there's a lady there now."

BRENT went down the narrow passageway to a door that was partly ajar, where he saw a stark light from one staring bulb. In a corner sat Bloudon, his face turned to the wall, his shoulders shaking. A woman knelt by him; her dark-brown muff had dropped beside her. Her dark hair was loosened and rich beneath her fur hat, but her voice came steady and controlled. A laugh was trembling exquisitely like a flower on the depths of her deep pride as she coaxed. "But I've *already* seen you, Hardy—seen you when you didn't know—and so—can it be possible that you—you really do care? want to see me? Ah, Dearest, *look* at me." Like a blind hand, the young musician's went forth groping; it met and clasped hers and again the man's shoulders shook; his great frame shuddered. Brent saw their young bodies like trees in a storm, bow upon each other.

Brent stole softly out; sprinted among the jarring throngs at the subway and caught his car. As the train with its harassing light falling upon the double rows of faces flashed along its long tunnel, he stared at these countenances so pallid in their acceptance of life. These human faces—did they look so poor and mean and listless because he had been looking upon the face of Hardy Bloudon?

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of PICTORIAL REVIEW, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1919.

STATE OF NEW YORK } ss.
COUNTY OF NEW YORK }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared William P. Ahnell, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of PICTORIAL REVIEW and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership and management of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

Publisher—THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY, 200-226 W 39th Street, New York City.
Editor—ARTHUR T. VANCE, 200-226 W. 39th Street, New York City.
Managing Editor—NONE.
Business Manager—WILLIAM P. AHNELL, Deal, N. J.

2. That the owners are, THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY, a corporation, 200-226 W. 39th Street, New York City
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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

W. P. AHNELL,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed, before me this 26th day of March, 1919.
[Seal]
(My commission expires March 20, 1920.) No. 446

M. BRATTIE,
Notary Public, New York Co., N. Y.

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A Rainy Day in the Book Store

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

IT WAS raining. The bookstore lady looked drearily out of the window over the carefully arranged cards and calendars, and the tempting piles of new books, to the street beyond which ran with little rivulets of water. She sighed a little and wished for customers. The bookstore lady was a sociable soul.

Suddenly the door was flung open and two raincoated figures seemed literally to blow in. There was a flurry of wet umbrellas and the joy of youth in some half-smothered laughs and the bookstore lady, who was keenly interested, found herself meeting the eyes of a very pretty girl and an unusually good-looking young man. They began to look over the books and the bookstore lady tactfully left them alone and busied herself around the store. Once in a while the murmur of their voices and a clearly enunciated word came to her ears, and after a few minutes she decided they were talking about books. While she was trying to make up her mind to speak to them, the girl settled the problem by coming over to her.

"WE'VE been having an argument," she said laughingly, "about books." "Yes," said the man, "and perhaps you can help us."

"I say that it isn't true that every reader runs true to type," said the girl eagerly. "For instance, that all small girls like girls' books, and all boys just naturally read adventure stories, and all girls my age read nothing but romantic fiction and so forth. Why, it's not true even in my case. I like books with something to them, this for instance," and she held up a book which the bookstore lady recognized as one of her own favorites, "The Mirror and the Lamp," by W. B. Maxwell (Bobbs-Merrill). "No one could call this book just fluff," the girl finished triumphantly.

"No, indeed," agreed the bookstore lady. "Any book as visionary as that is anything but romantic fiction."

The man laughed easily. "I can't help it, I've always found it true. My own tastes are perfectly normal, the tastes of nine out of ten men I'll wager. I liked 'The Eagle's Eye' by Flynn Cooper (Frye & Prem). It's a typical man's story, and as for Brigadier General Catlin's 'With the Help of God and a Few Marines' (Doubleday, Page), every man I know has read it. Can you imagine any one who liked books like those liking 'Old Dad,' for instance, that sugary, sweet, word-spiced thing of Eleanor Hallowell Abbott's?" (E. P. Dutton.)

"How do you know so much about it?" asked the bookstore lady, slyly.

"Oh, my kid sister had it around and I picked it up one day."

"And you read it all through, didn't you?"

The man flushed, and both the women laughed teasingly.

"Here's something I really want to buy," said the girl, who had been fingering books while she talked. "These Russian things of Chekhov's" (MacMillan).

"For your father?" asked the man.

"No, for my mother. If my father wanted a book I'd buy something like 'White Man,' by George Agnew Chamberlain (Bobbs-Merrill). Honestly, he likes the most improbable, fantastic kind of a book, just the kind, Phil, that you insist only the most romantic of females enjoy. If you want to know something else, I found my sister reading 'The Diary of a German Soldier' (Alfred Knopf) the other day. She's fifteen!"

THE door had opened while they were talking and a man had come quietly into the store. Now he was standing quite near to them, listening interestedly to the conversation. The bookstore lady's eyes twinkled as she recognized him and she said aloud,

"I haven't quoted my own tastes as yet, but I think I'll have to. Every one knows me for the most pessimistic person alive and yet I enjoyed 'While Paris Laughed,' by Leonard Merrick (E. P. Dutton), as well as anything that I have read this year. It's whimsical, and written in the spirit of abandon and play. What do you make of that?" And she smiled mischievously at the stranger as tho to include him in the conversation.

"Am I supposed to contribute something, too?" He asked amusedly, and the young couple whirled about at the sound of his voice, and nodded eagerly.

"Here are some detective stories," he said holding up three fat books. "Good, rousing ones, as you can tell by the names. 'The Crimson Alibi,' by Octavus Roy Cohen (Dodd, Mead); 'The Twenty-six Clues,' by Isabel Ostrander (Watt); and 'The Mystery of the Thirteenth Floor,' by Lee Thayer (Century). But any one of these would bore me to death. Do you know why? Because I'm a detective and like to read poetry! I'll buy a copy of this, 'Bell and Wing,' by Frederick Ayer (Putnam). It looks like good stuff."

"Well, after that," said the boy, wiping his forehead in mock surprise, "I think I must admit myself floored." And, at his crestfallen face, the others burst into laughter

Good Books for Summer Reading

NOVELS, as usual, do not readily group themselves this season and we find them on every conceivable subject, ranging from mere character sketches to the deeper, more philosophic themes. Take "Gregg," by Fleta Campbell Springer (Harper's), for instance. The casual reader would find it a character study and yet there are deeper thoughts in it than the casual reader would discover. Not only is the character delineation true to life, but the novel is handled well, and the writing is smooth and rather piquant. One feels mentally exhilarated after close companionship with Gregg.

"BECKONING ROADS," by Jeanne Judson (Dodd, Mead), is not quite so good. It is interesting reading for the less discriminating person who likes fairly good amusement, not too much thought, and a popular subject. There is nothing very new in it, only the time-worn theme of a newly married couple and their marital disagreements. A few garnishments that are new liven the thing up a bit.

"THE Sheep-Track," by Nesta Webster (E. P. Dutton), is an English novel about a country girl who unexpectedly is plunged into fashionable society. Her likening of society to a sheep-track where every one follows in the footsteps of the one just ahead makes the subject of the book. As an English novel this is fairly good. The action drags a little and once in a while the machinery creaks obviously, but in the main the book is worth while.

RING LARDNER'S collection of letters to "Friend Al" is now published in book form under the name of "The Real Dope" (Bobbs-Merrill). Nearly every one knows Ring Lardner, he is the pioneer of that school of writers, and surely there is no teacher with more pupils than he has. In spite of flagrant imitation, however, there is no one quite as good as Lardner himself, and this little book of his is sure to be enormously popular.

SINCE Naibro Bartley wrote "Paradise Auction," her many admirers have besieged her for something new. Now she has written "The Bargain True" (Small, Maynard), which, altho good, does not come up to her earlier novel. More pretentious than the last, the characters are not so simply true, nor are the things they do so absorbingly interesting. There is no doubt, however, of the fact that this young woman can write, and write well, and there is one thing certain, nothing she ever writes is actually stupid.

WAR books are not pouring in as steadily as they did, but there are still some good ones being published and among them is "Alsace-Lorraine Since 1870," by Barry Cerf (MacMillan), a comprehensive little study of a country that has been under the microscope of the whole world for a long time. This book should be read by every one who wants to keep abreast of the times.

"THE Victory Cookery Book," compiled by Mrs. C. S. Peel and Iwan Kriens (John Lane), is another intensely modern book that is sure to appeal to the modern housewife. It is full of common-sense suggestions and lives up in every way to its sternly up-to-date title.

MODERN indeed are the new home rules that are partly a result of the war and partly the result of the birth of good judgment on the part of the feminine world. Mary Pattison, in her book called "The Business of Home Management" (McBride), has certainly contributed a valuable and interesting volume to the world at large. The book is based on the practical experiences of a group of American women who tried a household experiment of their own and made good. It is not only practical and worth while, but is interesting and has some humor. It can safely be said to contain some of the most readable material that has been published on the subject this season, and in addition to this fact the idea is entirely original.

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To the thousands of housewives using UNIVERSAL Home Needs, Electrical Cooking Appliances, fine Cutlery, etc., UNIVERSAL Silver Overlaid Table Service needs no recommendation.

One Quality
The Best
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UNIVERSAL Silver Overlaid Table Service is made in but one quality – the best and is uniformly correct in proportion and design.

Sold at prices well within the means of every home – prices made possible by a volumn of business concentrated upon one grade of material and produced by the most modern and economical methods.

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New Britain, Conn, U.S.A.
"Master Cutlers and Silversmiths for Over Half a Century"

Not Solid Silver
But the Nearest Thing to it

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Two-Minute Oat Food

Already Three-Hour Cooked

Presto—It Is Ready!

Hot, Flavory Oats—Super-Cooked

Yes, Madam, we have it—a hot, ready-cooked oat food—the dish you have always wanted. Now you don't need to serve an oatless breakfast just for lack of time. It is ready in two minutes.

High-Heat Cooking

Two-Minute Oat Food is the best-cooked oat dish ever served.

We cook it three hours by live steam under pressure, at higher than boiling heat.

It is cooked as homes can't cook oats, and made easy to digest.

This high-heat cooking also brings out a new, delightful flavor. It gives the oat dish a new welcome, especially with children.

That's what you also wanted. Oats are the supreme food which every child should get. This new form makes them convenient, and gives them new enticements.

20 Dishes—15c

Simply stir in boiling water. In two minutes the water is absorbed. Then you have a hot, soft, flavory dish—the finest oat food that you ever served.

We evaporate these cooked oats so they come to you condensed. One-half cup will make 4 dishes.

The 15-cent package serves 20 big dishes, and saves you the cost of cooking.

Start it now. See what it saves you, see how folks like it. It means a new breakfast era.

Ask your grocer for Two-Minute Oat Food—15 cents.

The Quaker Oats Company

(3102)

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UKULELE
If you play ouilet, dreamy Hawaiian music, and can sing the words, you will be in great demand. Learn to play by mail in 20 simple lessons. We give you, free, a genuine Hawaiian Ukulele, tuner, everything—no extra cost. Write today for booklet of Hawaiian music and full particulars how it. No obligation—does not cost a cent.
The Hawaiian Institute of Music,
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Along the Ocean Front. Unusually attractive during all seasons of the year. Luxurious lobbies; spacious verandahs and sun parlors, overlooking the sea. Fresh and Sea water baths. Charming afternoon musicales and evening concerts. Garage. Write for literature and terms.
AMERICAN and EUROPEAN PLANS

To *Bring Out* Your Beauty Try Electric Massage at Home

Look into your mirror. Imagine yourself with a clear, beautiful complexion, wonderfully attractive hair, your face free from wrinkles and lines, your entire personality brought out in flawless perfection! These charms can easily be yours—if you will spend just a few moments every day with your Star Electric Vibrator. Why not try it?

Miss Gladys Leslie, beautiful Vitagraph Star, recommends the Star Electric Vibrator. YOU should use it. Costs only $5 for complete outfit. 10 days free trial in your own home. Fully guaranteed. Money back if you're not satisfied. Send money today to the Plymouth Mfg. Co., 193 Parley Place, Torrington, Conn.

The Electric STAR VIBRATOR

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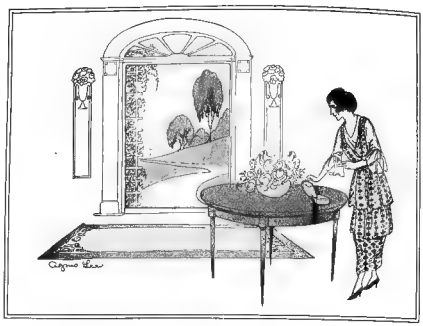

Daughters of the Golden Treasure

Have You Ever Done This?

HAVE you ever owned a gift that you valued not only for itself but on account of the giver? Did you ever lose such a gift? If that experience has been yours, then you know what a terrible thing it is. Is there anything more humiliating than to lose a gift and then have to confess the loss to the one who gave it to you? And if that one happens to be your husband—well, that seems to make it ten times more complicated. Those of my Daughters who have had to undergo this ordeal will appreciate every word of the following letter. For obvious reasons I can not give the correct name of the writer. You will see why when you read what she says:

DEAR PEGGY:

I feel as if you had saved my life and I simply must tell you all about it. On my last birthday my husband gave me a lovely bar pin as a present. It was a double bar of gold with a scroll at either end and a lovely turquoise in the center. It was a beautiful pin and needless to say I valued it very much. You can imagine my feelings when I came home last Friday and discovered I had lost my pin. I just couldn't help crying like a child. All through supper I was trembling for fear my husband might notice the pin was gone, as I wouldn't have let him know it for worlds. He would have told me how careless women are. That night I hardly slept a wink wondering what I was going to do about it, and the next morning your letter came with that check in it for me. It was like an answer to prayer. I put my hat on and went to the very jeweler where my husband had bought my pin, and was able to get one exactly like it with the money you sent me. I am now the happiest woman in P——, and I owe it all to you and the Club. Please don't put my name in the magazine. L. K.

You know a letter like that makes you thrill all the way through, doesn't it? Can't you just *see* that poor Daughter of mine? Can't you just feel that awful "goose-fleshy" feeling she must have had when she found her pin was gone. What a sickening feeling it is, to be sure, when you first discover a loss like that. And the dread that *he* might find it out. Too awful for words, isn't it? Ah! but don't let us forget the happy ending in the sympathetic contemplation of L. K.'s woes. Do not let us overlook our Golden Treasure Club that showed her the way out of her trouble. You can understand how *I* feel to be privileged to be the head of such a club, and what a joy it is to learn of the good work it is doing all over the field.

You'll Just Love This Pretty Club Pin

Still They Come

OUT of my bulging files I take these two letters to let you know what some of my Daughters are doing and thinking. If I had the space I could publish hundreds of just such letters as these:

DEAR PEGGY:

I shall never regret the day I wrote and asked you how to get beautiful gifts and money too. The Club Pin is just the nicest pin I ever saw and the Pearl Ring is just beautiful.

JESSIE E. C——.

DEAR PEGGY:

Thank you a thousand times for your kind letter. I was certainly glad to get the good news and shall be delighted to have the Pearl Ring. I wish every girl knew of our club.

M. L. P——, Mexico.

These *are* nice letters, aren't they? My "Sugar Cabinet" contains many like them and I know that any girl or woman reading this page will be able to send just the same kind of letter if she will only begin by mailing me her name and address. Just let me tell you the secret of making money for yourself and you will bless the day you wrote me.

A Wonderful Man

DID you see that lovely portrait of Marshal Foch in the April issue of PICTORIAL REVIEW? I mean the one in colors painted by Sir William Orpen, the English artist. That picture reminded me of Marshal Foch's life motto which might well be used as the motto for all our Daughters of the Golden Treasure. Marshal Foch said once, "You are never defeated unless you admit it to yourself." Isn't that splendid? It shows you that you should keep on doing what you set out to do and know that you must succeed eventually. Every task has a successful end. If you go at it right. Just let me know if you want to make money, and I will show you how to make it.

The Way to Make Money

THE first thing to do is to write me and ask "How can I make money?" Then I will tell you. Do not imagine you can't succeed. You can and I know it. I have shown thousands the way, and I can show you. I have girls, young women, brides, mothers, and even grandmothers as happy, successful Daughters. There is no special education needed. No training to undergo. Not a cent to spend to earn anything. Nothing to buy. You can do what sixteen thousand others are doing, can't you? No doubt there are many personal friends of yours already among the beneficiaries of our Treasure Chest. You can join them and share in the Treasure. Many of them—in fact I may say—most of them had never had any particular knowledge of any kind of endeavor before writing to me, and to-day thousands of them are making money for themselves. Now, it is a human characteristic to put off doing things. We all intend to do what we say we'll do, but too often we forget to act. Don't let that be your story. What I am saying is not "too good to be true," so don't let that delay you. All I want to know is, Do you want money? Do you want jewelry? Or what do you want? Tell me and I'll tell you how to get your heart's desire. Do not delay. Show me you are serious by being prompt. Do it now. Do it to-day while you are thinking about it. Write me a postal and say, "How can I make money and get the beautiful gifts others write about?" Then slip it in the mail and see what I send back to you.

Peggy Key Scott

President, Daughters of the Golden Treasure,
THE PICTORIAL REVIEW BUILDING,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Florient

(Flowers of the Orient)

Awarded first place—even above imported perfumes by an impartial jury of discriminating women

One can almost hear the conversation swing from husbands to hats—then from hats to complexions—and then from complexions to perfumes.

"Yes, my dear," remarks the girl in blue, "I thought the same until I made 'The Perfume Test'. Then I found that it isn't the foreign label or the elaborate, fancy bottle that makes a perfume what it should be."

"How did you?" asks the hostess. "What *is* it then?"

"The character of it," comes the answer. "'The Perfume Test' showed me that my own taste—which I think is good—guided me straight to Florient."

Florient

Flowers of the Orient

The Test was made by an impartial jury of women who compared three of the most popular foreign perfumes with three Colgate Perfumes. There was no glamour of foreign names or labels—the perfumes were known by numbers only, and were judged by their quality alone. More than half of this jury, nearly all of whom had first stated that they preferred the foreign perfumes, chose Colgate's—Florient being the favorite.

Full details of the Test and materials for making it yourself will be sent on receipt of 2c. in stamps. Address Colgate & Co., Dept. 19, 199 Fulton St., New York.

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PROPER SHAMPOOING is what makes beautiful hair. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why discriminating women use

WATKINS
MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL
FOR
SHAMPOOING

This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product, cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to do up. You can get WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL at any drug store. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children

THE R. L. WATKINS COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio

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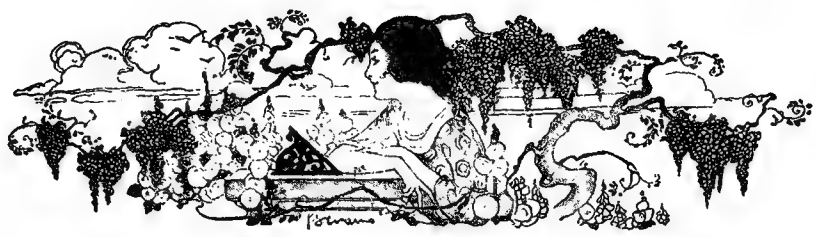

The Oriole

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

"*I* just as soon," said Henry Rooter. "*I* got nothin' p'ticular to do."

"I haven't either," said Herbert.

Thereupon, Patty sat between them on the steps. "This is per-fickly grand!" she cried. "Come on, Florence, aren't you going to sit down with all the rest of us?"

"Well, pray kindly excuse *me!*" said Miss Atwater; and she added that she would neither sit on the same steps with Herbert Atwater and Henry Rooter, nor, even if they entreated her with accompanying genuflections, would she have anything else whatever to do with them. She withdrew to the railing of the porch at a point farthest from the steps and, seated there, swung one foot rhythmically and sang hymns in a tone at once plaintive and inimical.

IT WAS not lost upon her, however, that her withdrawal had little depressing effect upon her guests. They chattered gaily and Patty devised, or remembered, harmless little games which could be played by a few people as well as by many; and the three participants were so congenial and noisy and made so merry that, before long, Florence was unable to avoid the impression that whether she liked it or not, she was giving quite a party.

At times the noted eyes of Atwater & Rooter were gentled o'er with the soft cast of enchantment, especially when Patty felt called upon to reprove the two with little coquetries of slaps and pushes. Noted for her sprightliness, she was never sprightlier; her pretty laughter tooted continuously, and the gentlemen accompanied it with doting sounds so repulsive to Florence that without being actively conscious of what she did, she embodied the phrase, "perfectly sickening," in the hymn she was crooning, and repeated it over and over to the air of "Rock of Ages."

"Now I tell you what let's play," the versatile Patty proposed, after exhausting the pleasures of "Geography," "Ghosts," and other tests of intellect. "Let's play 'Truth.' We'll each take paper and a pencil, and then each of us asks the other one some question, and we haf to write down the answer and sign your name and fold it up so nobody can see it except that one, and we haf to keep it a secret and never tell as long as we live."

"All right," said Henry Rooter. "I'll be the one to ask you a question, Patty."

"No," Herbert said promptly. "I ought to be the one to ask Patty."

"Why ought you?" Henry demanded. "Why ought you?"

"Listen!" Patty cried, "*I* know the way we'll do. I'll ask each of you a question—we haf to whisper it—and each one of you'll ask me one, and then we'll write it. That'll be simply grand!" She clapped her hands; then checked herself. "Oh, I guess we can't either. We haven't got any paper and pencils unless—" Here she seemed to recall her hostess. "Oh, Florrie, dear! Run in the house and get us some paper and pencils."

Florence gave no sign other than to increase the loudness of her voice as she sang, "Perf'ly sick'ning, clef' for me, let me *perf'ly* sick-kin-*ning!*"

"We got plenty," said Herbert, as he and Henry produced pencils and their professional note-books, and supplied their fair friend and themselves with material for "Truth." "Come on, Patty, whisper me whatever you want to."

"No; I ought to have her whisper *me*, first," Henry Rooter objected. "I'll write the answer to any question; I don't care what it's about."

"Well, it's got to be the *truth*, you know," Patty warned them. "We all haf to write down just exackly the truth on our word of honor and sign our name. Promise?"

"All right," said Patty. "Now I'll whisper Henry a question first, and then you can whisper yours to me first, Herbert."

This seemed to fill all needs happily, and the whispering and writing began, and continued with a coziness little to the taste of the piously singing Florence. She altered all previous opinions of her friend Patty, and when the latter finally closed the session on the steps, and announced that she must go home, the hostess declined to accompany her into the house to help her find where she had left her hat and wrap.

"I haven't the *least* idea where I took 'em off!" Patty declared in the airiest manner. "If you won't come with me, Florrie, s'pose you just call in the front door and tell your mother to get 'em for me."

"Oh, they're *somewhere* in there," said Florence, coldly, not ceasing to swing her foot and not turning her head. "You can find 'em by yourself, I presume, or if you can't I'll have our maid throw 'em out in the yard, or some-p'm to-morrow."

"Well, *thank* you!" Miss Fairchild rejoined, as she entered the house.

The two boys stood waiting, having in mind to go with Patty as far as her own gate. "That's a *pretty* way to speak to company!" Herbert addressed his cousin with heavily marked severity. "Next time you do anything like that I'll march straight in the house and inform your mother of the fact."

Florence still swung her foot and looked dreamily away. She sang, to the air of "Rock of Ages":

"Henry Rooter—Herbert, too—they make me sick!—that's what they do!"

However, they were only too well prepared with their annihilating response.

"Oh, say not so! Florence, say not so! *Florence!* Say not so!"

They even sent this same odious refrain back to her from the street, as they departed with their lovely companion; and, so tenuous is feminine loyalty, sometimes, under these stresses, Miss Fairchild mingled her sweet, tantalizing, young soprano with their changing and cackling falsetto.

"Say not so, Florence! Oh, say not so! Say not so!"

The second instalment of "The Oriole" will appear in the July issue. If you don't like to read a story by instalments, save your three copies and read it all at once.

A Fair Field in Education

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

With Life Standards "providing for training of those qualities that are distinctively feminine" as well as the qualities that are merely human, the first stress in the education of girls, from primary schools on to colleges, should be in helping them find themselves—and then to make the most of the findings. And the second lesson is that in life as in boat-races women, as well as men, must pull their own weight. Then come lessons in tolerance, the hardest lessons for Americans to learn. They must be trained to be more independent and less emotional—or, rather, they should be trained to apply their emotionalism to great uses.

In these things is the beginning of wisdom, not in cultural education, so-called, and not in vocational, but in social education—the most important education of all, since it includes every phase of women's contact with their community.

The War has made us understand more clearly the social value of the vocational training of women. It is time, then, for the United States government to stop cheating women of their fair share of the public funds provided for agricultural and vocational training, as is now the approved custom.

Trade schools at the cross roads—and girls trained the way to them. That is one demand. Another is that colleges which have always offered intensive training for the vocation of the scholar or the vocation of the teacher shall give equal standing and equal opportunities for the vocation of household administrator.

And we must go farther—so that the woman on a solitary North Dakota farm who has the urge toward statesmanship can be educated for that vocation also. Even if we have to build a new "Woman's Foundation" to help her.

IN DAYS of old, poets and painters delighted to picture women weaving at tapestries, back and forth, with trained skill, constantly weaving. Stately towers and winding rivers and spreading trees, blues and grays and greens, blending into each other.

I, too, hold to the image of women weaving—weaving—lives that are no longer aimless and helpless, a series of splotchy, unrelated sketches as most women's lives have been in the past; but a tapestry, rather, with patterns shading into each other, blending and taking their meaning one from the other, blues and grays and purples, the rose of sunrise and sunset, and the silvery light of stars.

This is the whole meaning of the new education of women—to teach them the art and the craft of such life weaving.

"Mum"

as easy to use as to say

takes all the odor out of perspiration

and neutralizes all body odors whether from perspiration or other causes.

Both men and women use "Mum".

"Mum" doesn't smother one odor with another; "Mum" does not check perspiration or other natural functions of the body; and it doesn't harm the skin or stain the clothes.

"Mum" used after the bath, ensures continued freshness of body and clothing throughout the hottest day or in the most crowded assembly.

You have been reading about "Mum" for 20 years. Hundreds of thousands of men and women use "Mum". Why don't *you* try it?—today! Ask for it at your nearest drug or department store—25 cents, or from us by mail, postage and war tax paid, on receipt of 26 cents.

Evans's Depilatory

removes hair from arm or underarm

in the simplest and most natural way.

The outfit is complete—for immediate use at your own dressing-table. You just mix a little, put it on, and then wash it off, hair and all. Easy to apply and doesn't injure the skin.

75 cents at drug or department stores, or by mail from us, postage and war tax paid, on receipt of 78 cents.

George B Evans

1105 Chestnut St Philadelphia Pa

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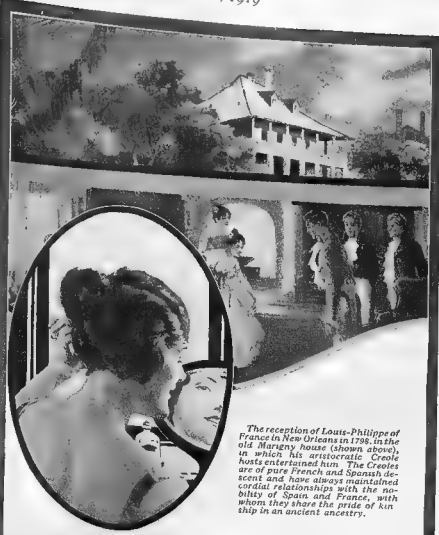

The reception of Louis-Philippe at France in New Orleans in 1798, in the old Marigny house (shown above), in which his aristocratic Creole hosts entertained him. The Creoles are of pure French and Spanish descent and have always maintained cordial relationships with the nobility of Spain and France, with whom they share the pride of kinship in an ancient ancestry.

The Charm That Kings Admired

Creole charm has been as much admired in the courts of Europe as in America, and the wonderful Creole hair, thick, dark, lustrous and beautiful, has always been a principal cause of this admiration. The hair is a special pride and care of these patrician people and for generations La Creole hair dressing has been favorite among them. It preserves the youthful beauty and color of the hair even past life's twilight.

No gray hair if you use La Creole Hair Dressing

If your hair is gray, gray streaked, or faded, begin the La Creole *treatment* at once. With nature's assistance La Creole will bring back its former natural color and beauty.

One or several applications of La Creole will not change the color of the hair as would a dye, because La Creole contains no dye. Two to five weeks, depending upon the character and condition of the hair, is the average time required for the hair to fully regain its natural color under the La Creole *treatment*.

After that an occasional application will preserve the vigorous healthy color permanently.

Good taste and refinement approve the La Creole *treatment*. There is no reason for concealing it, though its use can never be detected.

It makes the hair soft, fluffy, wavy and beautiful, and promotes the healthy condition of the hair and scalp which Nature intended.

Of course La Creole Hair Dressing gives no dyed appearance. La Creole must not be confused with dyes—it cannot stain the scalp and there is nothing to wash or rub off. La Creole eliminates dandruff and is an excellent remedy for scalp troubles. It is a perfectly safe, healthful, delightful preparation. Absolutely guaranteed to bring back the hair's color—or money refunded.

Mail the coupon for fascinating booklet, "La Creole" Hair Beautiful.

At Drug Stores and Toilet Counters, Price $1.00
If your Dealer can't supply you send us his name and we will see that you are supplied.

Van Vleet-Mansfield Drug Co.
Memphis, Tenn.

Van Vleet-Mansfield Drug Co., 104 Toof St., Memphis, Tenn.
Please send booklet "La Creole Hair Beautiful," showing the hair first becoming and then beautiful.

Name .....
Address .....
City .....
State .....

Must We Have "Fool-Proof" Text-Books?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

their duties, they were obliged to do outside work in order to meet the bare cost of living! The third class is described as "the exploited or sweated class." It will consist in part of teachers who, through age or poor health, or family responsibilities, or other circumstances over which they have no control, will be unable to escape from the profession, who will be compelled to take what they can get and to lower their standard of living accordingly.

IN HIS last annual report, Secretary Lane says: "What should be said of a world-leading democracy wherein 10 per cent of the adult population can not read the laws which they are presumed to know?

"What should be said of a democracy which sends an army to preach democracy wherein there was drafted out of the first 2,000,000 men a total of 200,000 men who could not read their orders or understand them when delivered, or read the letters sent them from home?

"What should be said of a democracy which calls upon its citizens to consider the wisdom of forming a league of nations, of passing judgment upon a code which will insure the freedom of the seas, or of sacrificing the daily stint of wheat or meat for the benefit of the Roumanians or the Jugo-Slavs when eighteen per cent. of the coming citizens of that democracy do not go to school?

"What should be said of a democracy in which one of its sovereign States expends a grand total of $6 per year per child for sustaining its public-school system?

"What should be said of a democracy which is challenged by the world to prove the superiority of its system of government over those discarded, and yet is compelled to reach many millions of its people through papers printed in some foreign language?

"What should be said of a democracy which expends in a year twice as much for chewing-gum as for school-books, more for automobiles than for all primary and secondary education, and in which the average teacher's salary is less than that of the average day laborer?

"What should be said of a democracy which permits tens of thousands of its native-born children to be taught American history in a foreign language—the Declaration of Indepoindence and Lincoln's Gettysburg speech in German and other tongues?

"What should be said of a democracy which permits men and women to work in masses where they seldom or never hear a word of English spoken?"

THESE are staggering facts. But what is the use of talking of Americanization and of impressing upon our foreign people the need of learning, if we have no teachers to teach them? The whole pitiful and humiliating situation is reflected in two advertisements appearing recently in the "Want Columns" of a New York paper. The first was,

"WANTED—Teacher to teach History, Mathematics, Psychology, and other branches. Salary, $65 a month."

Immediately following there chanced to be this,

"WANTED—Colored barber. Salary, $30 a week."

The critical situation suggested in these advertisements, appearing simultaneously and together, must be remedied if the democracy we have fought for is to be realized. The teacher must be recognized for what he is—a public servant, with a task of unsurpassed importance to the whole nation. The teaching profession must be elevated to a position that will attract to it the highest type of men and women. It is not enough that this city or that should raise the salaries of their teachers. This is a national matter and should be handled nationally.

Those interested in this great and nationally vital question should communicate with Mr. Charles B. Stillman, President of the American Federation of Teachers, 1020 Lake Avenue, Wilmette, Ill., for information.

THE JESTER

By A. B. S.

IN quaint disguise,
A tear within his eyes,
My love disdained to smile.
I looked again—
O you dear deceitful men!
For love was laughing at me
All the while.

The Way to Keep the Wave in Your Hair

Most "Every Woman Knows" that individuality is best obtained by arranging her own hair, and that the quickest, most convenient wave, without heat and without the slightest injury, is made by using

WEST ELECTRIC Hair Curlers
Card of 5—25c Card of 2—10c

But keeping the wave in is a matter of using the right kind of hair net; one that is strong enough to hold the hair firmly in place; one that is properly treated to insure retention of natural strength; one that is hand made and consequently free from breaks or knots.

WEST HAIR NETS
Gold Seal 25c—Tourist 15c—Beach and Motor 10c

Combine strength, perfection of hand manufacture with durability, and absolute match of color.

On sale everywhere at all good stores.

West Electric Hair Curler Co.
137 Columbia Avenue
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Freemans FACE POWDER

Gives that subtle charm to skin and complexion that attracts and captivates. All 1920 cents (double quantity) at all toilet counters, or 4 cents for miniature box.

The Freeman Perfume Co.
Dept. 78 Cincinnati, O.

DALSIMER SHOES Comfort with Style

Catalog FREE Upon Request In addition to our full line of Corrective Shoes for men, women and children, we manufacture a complete line of Arch Supports, Corrective Appliances for Foot Sufferers. Copy of "How Feet Grow" by Leon G. Dalsimer M. D. The Dalsimer

NURSES' BLUE WHITE SEA BLUE OXFORD
Made without seams that hurt the feet and often bring on corns and bunions. Of Nurses' White Sea Island Canvas, Dongola or Buckskin Calf Leather. Cuban or Military Heels. Sizes 1 to 10. B to E widths. High shoes or oxfords. Prices—pumps $5.00, oxfords $4.50. Add 25c for postage on orders for shoes or oxfords. Send for booklet. DALSIMER & SONS 1205 Market St., Dept. F Phila.

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Youth, beauty and charm are yours if you will devote a few minutes a day to massage. This massager by its gentle vibrations will remove wrinkles, crow's feet, flabbiness, sagging muscles, double chin, etc., and by its action will help to prevent these conditions. It will develop the neck, arms, chest. It's a manicure, complete in itself. The vacuum cup is the most wonderful discovery for removing blackheads and pimples and keeping the skin soft and velvety. Send for free booklet telling how to obtain beautiful hands, arms, neck, chest, shoulders and face. Also how to obtain a perfect form

FOR THE BRIDE

The gift that is in harmony with the present day spirit of service.

DERRYVALE
Genuine Irish LINEN
TABLECLOTHS & NAPKINS

Lustrous, Beautiful, Serviceable, moderately priced.

"How to Set the Table for Every Occasion," is a beautiful board bound book by Sara Swain Adams that will show you how to set the table for Holidays, Birthdays and every other Special Occasion.

You can obtain this $1.50 book for 50 cents (the cost of printing) from the Exclusive "Derryvale" Agency in your city or if you cannot locate the "Derryvale" Agency write direct to us, enclosing 50 cents, mentioning your dealer's name and the book will be forwarded prepaid.

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HOW much of the day do you spend there? How often do your children play there? Is it arranged so you can sleep there?

You can't appreciate how useful your porch can be made until you have read our "Book of Porches." It is a book of real information, giving definite suggestions regarding porches of every size and kind.

It will also explain the exclusive features of construction that make Aerolux Porch Shades superior in usefulness and wear to any other shades

We will send it to you free upon request.

The Aeroshade Co.
937 Oakland Ave.
Waukesha, Wis.

MORE HOME TO THE HOUSE

I.P. Destroys Insect Life I.P.

Protect your home, your pets and your plants against insect pests. Blow Black Flag Insect Powder into cracks, into fur or feathers or on foliage with a powder gun and your insect troubles will end.

BLACK FLAG
INSECT POWDER

is non-poisonous; harmless to man and beast. Packed in sealed glass bottles—holds its strength. Look for Black Flag trade-mark and yellow wrapper with red label.

Three sizes 15c, 30c, 60c

BLACK FLAG
Baltimore, Md.

At your druggist's or grocer's, or mailed direct on receipt of price.

I.P. I.P.

Dangerous Days

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

"That sounds like a threat."

"Not at all. I was merely calling your attention to something I thought perhaps you had forgotten." Then he got up, and his tone changed, became brisk, almost friendly. "Now, about this building thing. If you're in earnest I think it can be managed. You won't get any money to speak of, you know."

"I don't want any money," sullenly.

"Fine. You'll probably have to go West somewhere, and you'll be set down in the center of a hundred corn-fields and told to make them overnight into a temporary town. I suppose you've thought of all that?"

"I'll go wherever I'm sent."

"Come along to the telephone, then."

Rodney hesitated. He felt cheap and despicable, and his anger was still hot. They wanted to get him out of town. He saw that. They took little enough trouble to hide it. Well, he would go. He wanted to go anyhow, and he would show them something, too, if he got a chance. He would show them that he was as much a man as Clayton Spencer. He eyed Nolan's insolently slouching figure with furious eyes. But he followed him.

Had he secured an immediate appointment things might have been different for him. Like Chris Chris, he had given one decent impulse, and like Chris, too, there was a woman behind it. But Chris had been able to act on his impulse at once, and Rodney was compelled to wait while the mills of the government ground slowly.

Then, on the fourteenth of August, Natalie telegraphed him:

"Have had bad news about Graham. Can you come?"

He thought of Graham ill, possibly dead, and he took the next train, late in the evening. It was mid-week and Natalie was alone. He had thought of that possibility in the train and he was miserably uncomfortable, with all his joy at the prospect of seeing her again. He felt that the emergency must be his justification. Clayton was still abroad, and even his most captious critics would admit that Natalie should have a friend by if she were in trouble. Visions of Graham wounded filled his mind. He was anxious, restless, and in a state of the highest nervous tension. And there was no real emergency.

HE FOUND Natalie in the drawing-room, pacing the floor. She was still in her morning dress, and her eyes were red and swollen. She gave him both her hands, and he was surprised to find them cold as ice.

"I knew you would come," she said. "I am so alone, so terrified."

He could hardly articulate.

"What is it?"

"Graham has been ordered abroad."

He stood still, staring at her, and then he dropped her hands.

"Is that all?" he asked, dully.

"No."

"Good heavens, Natalie! Tell me. I've been frantic with anxiety about you."

"He was married to-night to Delight Haverford."

And still he stared at her.

"Then he's not hurt, or ill?"

"I didn't say he was. Good gracious, Rodney, isn't that bad enough?"

"But what did you expect?" He would have to go abroad some time. You knew that. I'm sorry, but—why in heaven's name didn't you say in your wire what the trouble was?"

"You sound exactly like Clay."

She was entirely incapable of understanding. She stood before him, straight and resentful, and yet strangely wistful and appealing.

"I send you word that my only son is going to France, that he has married without so much as consulting me, that he is going to war and may never come back. I needed you, and you said once that when I needed you, wherever you were, you would come. So I sent for you, and now you act like—like Clay."

"Have you any one here?"

"The servants. Good gracious, Rodney, are you worrying about that?"

"Only for you, Natalie."

"We resent anything that reflects on a name we respect rather highly." That was what Nolan had said.

"I'm sorry about Graham, dearest. I am sorry about any trouble that comes to you. You know that, Natalie. I'm only regretful that you have let me place you in an uncomfortable position. If my being here is known— Look here, Natalie, dear, I hate to bother you, but I'll have to take one of the cars and go back to the city to-night."

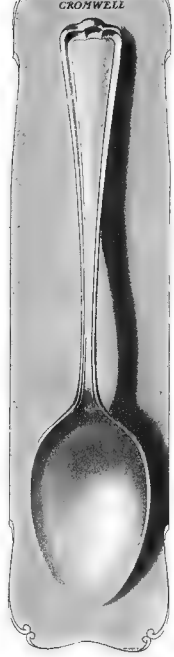
"Aren't you being rather absurd?"

He hesitated. He could not tell her of that awkward talk with Nolan. There were many things he could not tell her: his own desire to rehabilitate himself among the men he knew, his own new-born feeling that to take advantage of Clayton's absence on business connected with the war was peculiarly indefensible.

"I shall order the car at once," she said,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 86

The Enduring Beauty of Fine Silverware



To her silver, woman pays due tribute—for its beauty, its usefulness and for the happy memories with which it is associated.

If it bears the name, 1847 ROGERS BROS. it is all the more to be cherished, for this brand of silverware has been tried and found true by the test of seventy years. It is made in only one quality—the best.

In many of the patterns, a complete silver service may be had with Tea and Coffee Sets, etc., to match the knives, spoons and forks.

Teaspoons, $3.00 a set of six. Other pieces in proportion. Sold by leading dealers. Send for catalog "F-26."

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with this practical gift of every-day utility—a gift that will aid the Bride materially in starting her housekeeping right and that she will prize highly because of its convenience, silver-like beauty and permanence. Give her a set of

"Wear-Ever"

Aluminum Cooking Utensils

They are preferred by women who are no less proud of the utensils in which food is prepared than of the dishes from which it is served.

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co., New Kensington, Pa.
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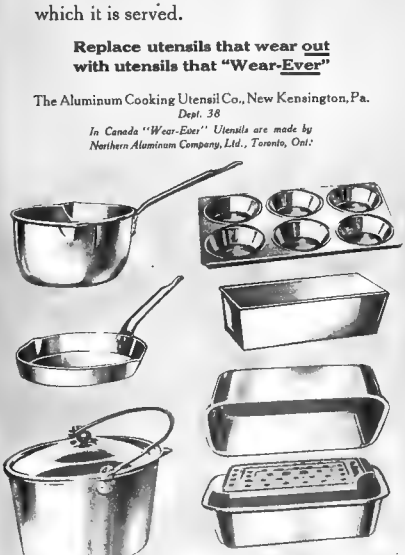

Dangerous Days

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

and touched a bell. When she turned he was just behind her, but altho he held out his arms she evaded them, her eyes hard and angry.

"I wish you would try to understand," he said.

"I do, very thoroughly. Too thoroughly. You are afraid for yourself, not for me. I am in trouble, but that is a secondary consideration to the bother about me, Rodney. I have borne a great deal alone in my life, and I can bear this."

She turned, and went with considerable dignity out of the door

"Natalie!" he called. But he heard her with a gentle rustle of silks going up the staircase. It did not add to his comfort that she had left him to order the car.

All through the night Rodney rode and thought. He was angry at Natalie, but he was angrier at himself. He felt that he had been brutal, unnecessarily callous. After all, her only son was on his way to war. It was on the cards that he might not come back. And he had let his uneasiness dominate his sympathy. He had lost her, but then he had never had her. He never could have her.

Toward morning they ran out of gasoline and the chauffeur sullenly set out to find some. Rodney slept, uncomfortably, and wakened with the movement of the machine to find it broad day. That was awkward, for Natalie's car was conspicuous, marked, too, with her initials. He asked to be set down at a suburban railway station, and was dismayed to find it crowded with early commuters, who stared at the big car with interest.

On the platform, eyeing him with unfriendly eyes, was Nolan. Rodney made a movement toward him. The situation was intolerable, absurd. But Nolan turned his back and proceeded to read his newspaper.

Perhaps not in years had Rodney Page faced the truth about himself so clearly as he did that morning, riding into the city on the train which carried, somewhere ahead, that quietly contemptuous figure that was Denis Nolan. Faced the truth, saw himself for what he was, and loathed the thing he saw. For a little time, too, it was given him to see Natalie for what she was, for what she would always be, her sole contribution to life the web of her selfishness, carefully woven, floating apparently aimlessly, and yet snaring and holding relentlessly whatever it touched. Killing freedom. He saw Clayton and Graham and himself, feeders for her monstrous complacency and vanity, and he made a definite determination to free himself

"I'm through," he reflected savagely. "I'll show them something, too. I'll——".

He hesitated. How lovely she was! And she cared for him. She was small and selfish and unspeakably vain, but she cared for him.

The war had done something for Rodney Page. He no longer dreamed the old dream, of turning her ice to fire. But he dreamed, for a moment, something finer. He saw Natalie his, and growing big and fine through love. He saw himself and Natalie, like cards in the game of life, redealt. A new combination; a winning hand——

VERY quietly Audrey had taken herself out of Clayton's life. She sent him a little note of farewell:

"We have had ten very wonderful months, Clay," she wrote. "We ought to be very happy. So few have as much. And we both know that this can't go on. I am going abroad. I have an opportunity to go over and see what Englishwomen are doing in the way of standing behind their men at war. Then I am to tell our women at home. Not that they need it, bless them!

"I believe you will be glad to know that I am to be on the same side of the ocean with Graham. I could get to him, I think, if anything should go wrong. Will you send him the enclosed address?

"But, my dear, the address is for him, not for you. You must not write to me. I have used up every particle of moral courage I possess, as it is. And I am holding this in my mind, as you must. Time is a great healer of all wounds. We could have been happy together; oh, my dear, so very happy together! Now that I am going, let me be frank for once. I have given you the best thing I am capable of. I am better for caring for you as I have, as I do.

"But those days in the hospital told me we couldn't go on. Things like that don't stand still. Maybe—we are only human, Clay—maybe if the old days were still here we might have compromised with life. I don't know. But I do know that we never will, now.

"After all, we have had a great deal, and we still have. It is a wonderful thing to know that somewhere in the world is some one person who loves you. To waken up in the morning to it. To go to sleep remembering it. And to have kept that love fine and clean is a wonderful thing, too.

"I am not always on a pinnacle. There have been plenty of times when the mere human want of you has sent me to the dust. Is it wrong to tell you that? But of course not. You know it. But you and I know this, Clay, dear. Love that is hopeless, that can not end in marriage, does one of two things. Either it degrades or it exalts. It leaves its mark, always, but that mark does not need to be a stain."

Clayton lived, for a time after that, in a world very empty and very full. The new plant was well under way. Not only was he about to make shells for the government at a nominal profit, but Washington was asking him to assume new and wider responsibilities. He accepted. He wanted so to fill the hours that there would be no time to remember. But, more than that, he was actuated by a fine and glowing desire to serve. Perhaps, underlying it all was the determination to be, in every way, the man Audrey thought him to be. And there was, too, a square jawed resolution to put behind Graham, and other boys like Graham, all the shells and ammunition they needed.

HE WORKED hard; more than hard. Old Terry, meeting him one day in the Winter that followed, was shocked at his haggard face.

"Better take a little time off, Clay," he suggested. "We're going to Miami next week. How about ten days or so? Fishing is good this year."

"Can't very well take a holiday just now. Too much to do, Terry."

Old Terry went home and told his wife.

"Looks like the devil," he said. "He'll go down sick one of these days. I suppose it's no use telling Natalie."

"None whatever," said Mrs. Terry. "And, anyhow, it's a thing I shouldn't care to tell Natalie."

"What do you mean, not care to tell Natalie?"

"Hard work doesn't make a man forget how to smile."

"Oh, come now. He's cheerful enough. If you mean because Graham's fighting——"

"That's only part of it," said Mrs. Terry, sagely, and relapsed into one of the poignant silences that drove old Terry to a perfect frenzy of curiosity.

Then, in May of 1918, a crisis came to Clayton and Natalie Spencer. Graham was wounded.

Clayton was at home when the news came. Natalie had been having one of her ill-assorted, meticulously elaborate dinner-parties, and when the guests had gone they were for a moment alone in the drawing-room of their town house. Clayton was fighting in himself the sense of irritation Natalie's dinners always left, especially the recent ones. She was serving, he knew, too much food in the midst of the agitation on conservation, her dinners ran their customary seven courses. There was too much wine, too. But it occurred to him that only the wine had made the dinner endurable.

Then he tried to force himself into better humor. Natalie was as she was, and if in an unhappy, struggling, dying world she found happiness in display, God knew there was little enough happiness. He was not at home very often. He could not spoil her almost childish content in the small things that made up her life.

"I think it was very successful," she said, surveying herself in one of the corner mirrors. "Do you like my gown, Clay?"

"It's very lovely."

"It's new. I've been getting some clothes, Clay. You'll probably shriek at the bills. But all this talk about not buying clothes is nonsense, you know. The girls who work in the shops have to live."

"Naturally. Of course there is other work open to them now."

"In munition plants, I dare say. To be blown up!"

He winced. The thought of that night the year before, when the plant went, still turned him sick.

"Don't buy too many things, my dear," he said, gently. "You know how things are."

"I know it's your fault that they are as they are," she persisted. "Oh, I know it was noble of you, and all that. The country's crazy about you. But still I think it was silly. Every one else is making money out of things, and you—a lot of thanks you'll get when the war's over."

"I don't particularly want thanks."

Then the door-bell rang in the back of the house, and Buckham answered it. He was conscious at once that Natalie stiffened, and that she was watchful and a trifle pale. Buckham brought in a telegram on a tray.

"Give it to me, Buckham," Natalie said, in a strained voice. And held out her

CONTINUED ON PAGE 87

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Dangerous Days

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

hand for it. When she saw it was for Clayton, however, she relaxed. As he tore it open, Clayton was thinking. Evidently Natalie had been afraid of his seeing some message for her. Was it possible that Natalie—

He opened it.

After what seemed a long time he looked up. Her eyes were on him.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear," he said. "It is not very bad. But Graham has been slightly wounded. Sit down," he said sharply, as he saw her sway.

"You are lying to me," she said in a dreadful voice. "He's dead!"

"He is not dead, Natalie." He tried to put her into a chair, but she resisted him fiercely.

"Let me alone. I want to see that telegram."

And, very reluctantly, at last he gave it to her. Graham was severely wounded. It was from a man in his own department at Washington who had just seen the official list. The nature of his wounding had not been stated.

Natalie looked up from the telegram with a face like a painted mask.

"This is your doing," she said. "You wanted him to go. You sent him into this. He will die, and you will have murdered him."

THE thought came to him, in that hour of stress, that she was right. Pitifully, damnably right. He had not wanted Graham to go. He had wanted him to want to go. A thousand thoughts flashed through his mind, of Delight, sleeping somewhere quietly after her day's work at the camp; of Graham himself, of that morning after the explosion, and his frank, rather pitiful confession. And again of Graham, suffering, perhaps dying, and with none of his own about him. And through it all was the feeling that he must try to bring Natalie to reason, that it was incredible that she should call him his own son's murderer.

"We must not think of his dying," he said. "We must only think that he is going to live, and to come back to us Natalie, dear."

She flung off the arm he put around her.

"And that," he went on, feeling for words out of the dreadful confusion in his mind, "If—the worst comes, that he had done a magnificent thing. There is no greater thing, Natalie."

"That won't bring him back to us," she said, still in that frozen voice. And suddenly she burst into hard, terrible crying.

All that night he sat outside her door, for she would not allow him to come in. He had had Washington on the telephone, but when at last he got the connection it was to learn that no further details were known. Toward dawn there came the official telegram from the War Department, but it told nothing more.

Natalie was hysterical. He had sent for a doctor, and with Madeleine in attendance the medical man had worked over her for hours. Going out, toward morning, he had found Clayton in the hall and had looked at him sharply.

"Better go to bed, Mr. Spencer," he advised. "It may not be as bad as you think. And they're doing fine surgery over there."

And, as Clayton shook his head:

"Mrs. Spencer will come round all right. She's hysterical, naturally. She'll be sending for you, before long."

With the dawn, Clayton's thoughts cleared. If he and Natalie were ever to get together at all, it should be now, with this common grief between them. Perhaps, after all, it was not too late to re-build his house of life. He had failed. Perhaps they had both failed, but the real responsibility was his. Inside the room he could hear her moaning, a low, monotonous, heart-breaking moan. He was terribly sorry for her. She had no exaltation to help her, no strength of soul, no strength of any sort. And, as men will under stress, he tried to make a bargain with his God.

"Let him live," he prayed. "Bring him back to us, and I will try again. I'll do better." He had been a failure, as far as she is concerned. But I'll try."

He felt somewhat better after that, altho he felt a certain ignominy, too, that always, until such a time, he had gone on his own, as it were, and that now, when he no longer sufficed for himself, he should beseech the Almighty.

Natalie had had a sleeping-powder, and at last he heard her moaning cease, and the stealthy movements of her maid as she lowered the window-shades. It was dawn.

During the next two days Clayton worked as he never had worked before, still perhaps with that unspoken pact in mind. Worked too, to forget. He had sent several cables, but no reply came until the third day. He did not sleep at night. He did not even go to bed. He sat in the low chair in his dressing-room dozing occasionally, to waken with a start at some sound in the hall. Now and again, as the trained nurse who was watching Natalie at night moved about the hallway, he would sit up, expecting a summons that did not come.

She still refused to see him. It depressed and frightened him, for how could he fulfil his part of the compact when she so sullenly shut him out of her life?

He was singularly simple in his fundamental beliefs. There was a Great Power somewhere, call it what one will, and it dealt out justice or mercy as one deserved it. On that, of course, had been built an elaborate edifice of creed and dogma, but curiously enough it all fell away now.

He was, in those night hours, again the boy who had prayed for fair weather for circus day and had promised in return to read his Bible during the next year. And had done it.

In the daytime, however, he was a man, suffering terribly, and facing the complexities of his life alone. One thing he knew. This was decisive. Either, under the stress of a common trouble, he and Natalie would come together, to make the best they could of the years to come, or they would be hopelessly alienated.

But that was secondary to Graham. Everything was secondary to Graham, indeed. He had called Audrey, and he knew a long breath when, on the third day, a cable came from her. She had found Graham at Boulogne. He had been shot in the chest, and there were pneumonia symptoms.

"Shall stay with him," she ended, "and shall send daily reports."

Next to his God, he put his faith in Audrey. Almost he prayed to her.

Dunbar, now a captain in the Military Intelligence Bureau, finding him in his office one day, found Clayton's face an interesting study. Old lines of repression, new lines of anxiety, marked him deeply.

"The boy, of course," he thought. And then reflected that it takes time to carve such lines as were written in the face of the man across the desk from him. Time and a woman, he considered shrewdly. His mind harked back to that dinner in the Spencer house, when diplomatic relations had been broken off with Germany, and war seemed imminent. It was the wife, probably. He remembered that she had been opposed to war, and to the boy going. There were such women in the country. There were fewer of them all the time, but they existed, women who saw in war only sacrifice. Women who counted no cost too high for peace. If they only hurt themselves it did not matter, but they could and did do incredible damage

CLAYTON was going through some papers he had brought, and Dunbar had time to consider what to him was an interesting problem. Mrs. Spencer had kept the boy from immediate enlistment. He had wanted to go; Dunbar knew that. If she had allowed him to go, all their with Anna Klein would have been ended. He knew all that story now. Then, if there had been no affair, Herman would not have blown up the munition works and a good many lives, valuable to themselves at least, might have been saved.

"Curious!" he reflected. "One woman! And she probably sleeps well at nights and goes to church on Sundays!"

Clayton passed back his papers, and ran a hand over his heavy hair.

"They seem to be all right," he said.

Dunbar rose.

"Hope the next news will be better, Mr. Spencer."

"I hope so."

"I haven't told you, I think, that we have traced Rudolph Klein."

Clayton's face set.

"No."

"He's got away, unfortunately. Over the border into Mexico. They have a regular system there, the Germans—an underground railway to Mexico City. They have a paymaster on our side of the line. They even bank in one of our banks! Oh, we'll get them yet, of course, but they're damnably clever."

"I suppose there is no hope of getting Rudolph Klein?"

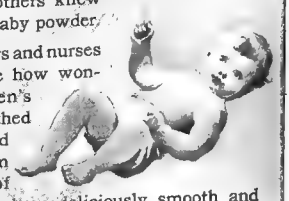
"Not while the Germans are running Mexico." Captain Dunbar replied dryly. "He's living in a Mexican town just over the border. We're watching him. If he puts a foot on this side we'll grab him."

Clayton sat back after he had gone. He was in his old office at the mill, where Joey had once formed his unofficial partnership with the firm. Outside in the mills-yard there was greater activity than ever, but many of the faces were new. The engineer who had once run the yard-engine was building bridges in France. Hutchinson had heard the call, and was learning to fly in Florida. The service flag over his

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

It started as a Baby Powder

The original Mennen Borated Talcum was such a blessing to babies that for many years mothers knew it chiefly as a baby powder.



But as mothers and nurses came to realize how wonderfully Mennen's cooled and soothed baby skin and protected it from the friction of tight clothing—how deliciously smooth and sweet was baby's skin after a Talcum bath—they soon learned to look upon Mennen's as a requisite to an adult toilet as well.

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BORATED TALCUM FOR MEN · VIOLET · FLESH TINT · CREAM TINT

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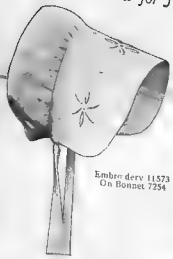
Dainty Embroidery and Crochet to Beautify Baby's Belongings



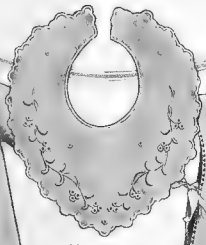
Embroidery 11573 On Bonnet 7254

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 11573, blue or yellow, 15 cents. Applied to bonnet 7254, 15 cents. Sizes 1 to 4 years.

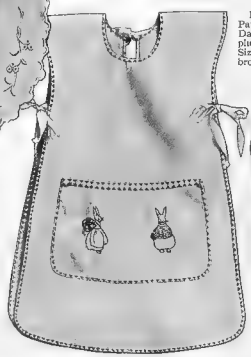
Embroidery 11398 On Bonnet 7254

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 11398, blue or yellow, 10 cents. Providing 24 tiny motifs worked in raised satin and stem stitches. Some of the sprays are embroidered on bonnet 7254, 15 cents. Sizes 1 to 4 years.

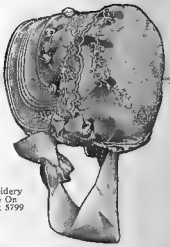
No. 130—Comfortable kimono for the baby to be fashioned of flanne, or quilted silk edged with crochet.



Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern, 11906, blue, 15 cents. Transfers for two bibs are provided in this pattern. The one illustrated above is fashioned of sheer handkerchief linen and may have a quilted lining. It is worked in eyelets and satin stitch.



Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12429, blue or yellow, 15 cents. These cunning motifs are applied to Apron No. 6066, 15 cents. Sizes 2 to 6 years.



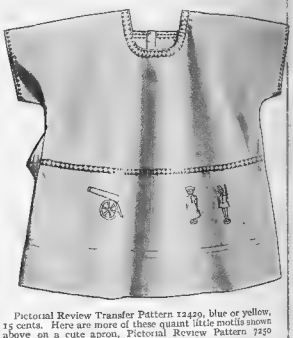
Embroidery 12054 On Bonnet 5799

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12054, blue, 15 cents. Dainty sprays of embroidery applied to bonnet 5799, 20 cents. Sizes ½ to 4 years The embroidery is in raised satin stitch.

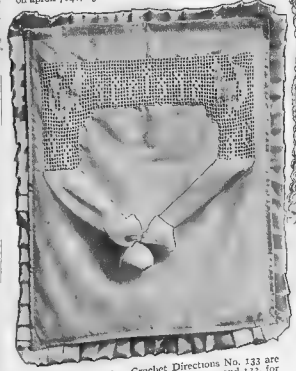
No. 131—Directions for the crochet illustrated on this bonnet sent with Nos. 130, 132, and 133, for 20 cents. Bonnet 6387, 15 cents. One size

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12429, blue or yellow, 15 cents. Supplying 17 motifs. Shown above on apron 7040, 15 cents. Sizes 2 to 6 years.

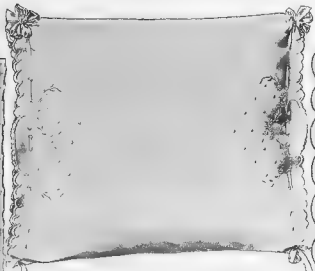
No. 132—Cunning little moccasins that may be fashioned of flannel, quilted silk, or piqué are illustrated above and the seams are herringboned in blue or pink silk. Directions for the crochet on the moccasins and on kimono No 130 which is illustrated above at the left, as well as bonnet No. 131 illustrated above at the right of the page, and the carriage-cover illustrated at the foot of the page (left) will be sent upon receipt of 20 cents The kimono may be of French flannel or of crêpe de Chine or China silk with a quilted lining, and the neck, sleeves, and fronts are finished with crochet edging. For the shape of the kimono and the moccasins, Pictorial Review Pattern No. 6827 is used. One size only, 25 cents. Cap 6387 one size, 15 cents.



Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12429, blue or yellow, 15 cents. Here are more of these quaint little motifs shown above on a cute apron, Pictorial Review Pattern 7250 (15 cents). Sizes 2, 4, and 6 years

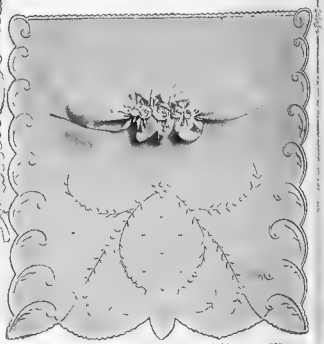


Pictorial Review Crochet Directions No. 133 are included in the set with Nos. 130, 131, and 132, for 20 cents. The cover may be of silk or piqué.



Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12033, blue, 15 cents. Above is shown a charming carriage-pillow which forms a very good-looking set with robe 12036 that is illustrated at the right The embroidery design on the pillow is worked in raised satin and eyelet stitches with buttonholed scallops. The pattern supplies a design 14½ inches high with scallops for the front and back of the pillow.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12036, blue, 20 cents. The embroidery on this robe is designed to harmonize with the pillow 12035 The cover is 25 by 30 inches long and has an unusually attractive scallop worked in buttonhole and raised satin stitches. Fine white piqué or China silk, may be used for the carriage-cover—batiste for the pillow-cover.



Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12036, blue, 20 cents. An attractive carriage-cover 25 by 30 inches matching the pillow illustrated above at the left.

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Turn to it every day for comfort and economy

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HAS STOOD FOR A PRINCIPLE AND PROVED IT
CAUTION
The trade name THERMOS is the exclusive property of this Company. Plainly stamped on every genuine THERMOS article, it is your guarantee against substitution

THE *service* of *Thermos* is delivered *somewhere*, to some *member* of the family, *every hour* of *every day*.

To the family party in the automobile, serving ice cold drinks or hot tea; at the dinner table, serving hot broth or pudding sauce prepared over the breakfast fire; or in the nursery where milk just warm enough is *always* ready for baby.

The traveler and the sportsman—the workman in the factory—the boy or girl in camp—the healthful hot drink or the comforting ice-cold drink comes like magic, at a moment's notice, into the cup of Thermos.

Awarded Grand Prize at all International Expositions

American Thermos Bottle Co.,
35-37 West 31st Street, New York, N. Y.
Factories, Norwich, Conn. Toronto, Canada

COLLEGE EXPENSES MADE IN VACATION

"Father and Mother pay all the bills
And we have all the fun."

That's all right—to sing!

But a worth-while fellow or an energetic girl begins to think about "ways and means" of earning money after a year or two at college. Even if Father is well able to pay all the bills, there's untold satisfaction in making money through one's own initiative instead of always being a drain on the family resources. It's the difference between independence and dependence.

Guy W. Vail is now principal of a high school in an Eastern State celebrated for its efficient schools. What he thinks of Pictorial Review and what the magazine has done for him is told in the following:

> "PICTORIAL REVIEW is the best selling magazine on the market. I have sold it for four Summers and the results each year always exceed my fondest expectations. Had it not been for your magazine, I might never have been a college graduate today."

There are a goodly number of men and women who owe their degrees from college and professional schools to the money-making advantages in representing PICTORIAL REVIEW. Some college men have made over $700.00 during the Summer vacation period. For a student to earn at least $100.00 a month is comparatively easy.

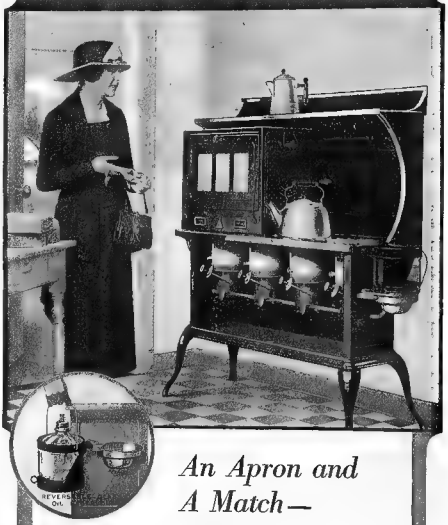
We have openings for a limited few college men and women for special work this Summer. Applicants will please state briefly the name of college they are attending, their class, their college activities, where they would like to work, how long they would like to work, and how much they would like to earn.

Address all communications to

EDUCATIONAL DIVISION

The Pictorial Review Company
200-226 West 39th Street New York

PURITAN
OIL COOK STOVES



An Apron and A Match—

and, dinner will soon be cooking and the teakettle singing, on the PURITAN Oil Cook Stove.

Even if you are a bit late, the Puritan makes up for lost time. And it's a *clean* stove to work *with*—no sweltering fire, no coal and ashes to litter the kitchen.

You simply set the utensil in a clean hot flame—just like gas. The flame is easily regulated for any cooking purpose. It stays where you set the indicator—low, medium or high. To insure *long* service, the burners are made of *brass*.

Reversible Glass Oil Reservoir

You'll appreciate not only the ease with which you can refill this reversible glass reservoir, but especially its *cleanliness*. It's the ideal way to handle kerosene oil.

For best baking results on the Puritan short chimney oil stove, use a New Perfection Oven. Both are sold by good dealers everywhere.

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS CO.
7712 Platt Ave. Cleveland, O.

See your dealer or write for free Puritan booklet No. 24

HOUSEHOLD PRODUCTS

Look for the Triangle Trade Mark

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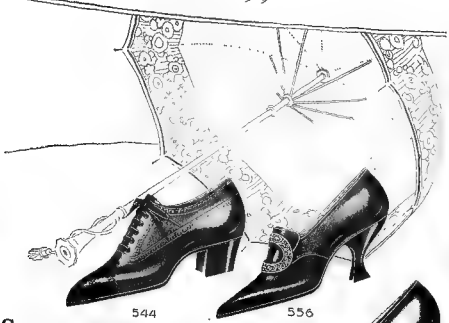


544 556 550

Summer's favorite shoes

For their style— and their comfort

Smartest of this summer's new footwear—cut on fine lines, finished perfectly—are the latest models of the Red Cross Shoe.

Smartest—but with the most perfect comfort, too! For in every Red Cross Shoe you find the wonderful "bends with your foot" comfort for which this shoe is famous.

Try on the new models at the Red Cross Shoe dealer's in your town.

Write for "Footwear Style Without Extravagance"
Sent without charge. Illustrates and describes the correct models in all materials—each model the standard of value at its price. With it we will send you the name of your Red Cross Shoe dealer, or tell you how to order direct. Address THE EECHHEIMER CO., 616 Dandridge Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

No 544 The "Parade." The very shoe in which to promenade and show off one's newest frock and hat! Such a comfortable oxford to walk in. And so smart and youngish with its much-favored shade of dark brown kid and its moderate, straight leather heel

No. 550 The "Allouez." A Colonial pump of fieldmouse kid—very new and smart. Set with an old-fashioned charm. Trim graceful toe to engraved silver buckle, which make you enjoy having people point at your chaste Mode on the "Priscilla Gore" last, with the same convenient elastic to keep it from slipping

No. 550. The "Priscilla Gore." Slender silk-stockinged ankles look their best above this charming, black kid Colonial pump! It's especially designed for the slim foot which finds it difficult to keep a pump from slipping. A piece of elastic, cleverly hidden under the gay little buckle, keeps the "Priscilla Gore" snug

Red Cross Shoe

Look for this trade-mark on the sole

Lift Corns Off!

Touchy corns and calluses lift off with fingers. Doesn't hurt a bit!

Apply a few drops of Freezone upon that old, touchy corn. Instantly that corn stops hurting. Then shortly you lift that troublesome corn right off, root and all, without pain, soreness or irritation.

A few cents buys a tiny bottle of Freezone at any drug store, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn or corn between the toes, and the painful calluses and hard skin from the bottom of the feet. Just try it!

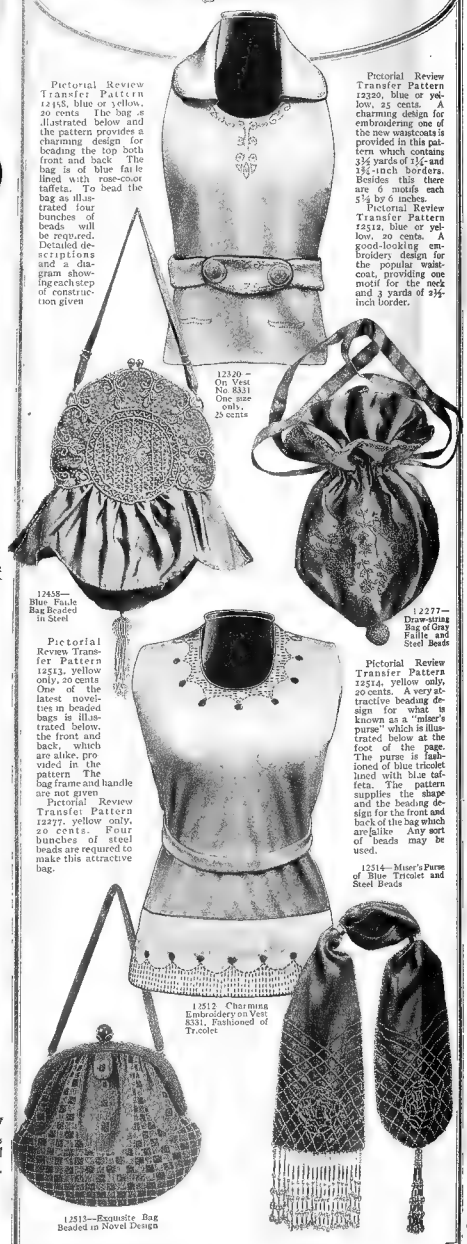
Keep Freezone on dresser and never let a corn ache twice

Beading and Embroidery for Bags and Vests

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12458, blue or yellow, 20 cents. The bag is illustrated below and the pattern provides a charming design for beading the top both front and back. The bag is of blue faille lined with rose-color taffeta. To bead the bag as illustrated four bunches of beads will be required. Detailed descriptions and a diagram showing each step of construction given

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12320, blue or yellow, 25 cents. A charming design for embroidering one of the new waistcoats is provided in this pattern which contains 3¾ yards of 2¾-and 1¾-inch borders. Besides this there are 6 motifs each 5⅛ by 6 inches.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12512, blue or yellow, 20 cents. A good-looking embroidery design for the popular waistcoat, providing one motif for the neck and 3 yards of 2¾-inch border.



12320 — On Vest No. 8331 One size only, 25 cents

12458—Blue Faille Bag Beaded in Steel

12277—Drawstring Bag of Gray Faille and Steel Beads

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12513, yellow only, 20 cents One of the latest novelties in beaded bags is illustrated below, the front and back, which are alike, provided in the pattern The bag frame and handle are not given

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12277, yellow only, 20 cents. Four bunches of steel beads are required to make this attractive bag.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12514, yellow only, 20 cents. A very attractive beading design for what is known as a "miser's purse" which is illustrated below at the foot of the page. The purse is fashioned of blue tricolet lined with blue taffeta. The pattern supplies the shape and the beading design for the front and back of the bag which are alike Any sort of beads may be used.

12514—Miser's Purse of Blue Tricolet and Steel Beads

12512 Charming Embroidery on Vest 8331, Fashioned of Tricolet

12513—Exquisite Bag Beaded in Novel Design

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POMPEIAN
BEAUTY POWDER

"LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT"

Her beauty instantly captivates him. His glances linger at first delightedly, then lovingly, upon the dainty texture of her skin. For nearly every woman can find the secret of "Instant Beauty" in the "Complete Pompeian Beauty Toilette."

First a touch of fragrant Pompeian DAY Cream. Work this softening, vanishing cream well into the skin, so that the powder will not stick in spots. Now the Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, with its pearly touch and captivating perfume. Then a bit of Pompeian BLOOM on the cheeks. This touch of color adds the bloom of youthful beauty and makes your eyes seem darker and more lustrous. Presto! What a change in a few moments.

"Don't envy beauty—use Pompeian and have it."

Pompeian DAY Cream—(Vanishing). Keeps the skin smooth and velvety. Removes face shine. Has an exquisite perfume. All druggists, 50c.

Pompeian BEAUTY Powder—Adds a lovely clearness to the skin. Stays on unusually long. Its fragrance captivates. Pure and harmless. Shades: white, brunette, and flesh. All druggists, 50c.

Pompeian BLOOM—A rouge that is imperceptible when properly applied. In three shades—light, dark, and medium (the popular shade). All druggists, 50c.

SPECIAL HALF-BOX OFFER

(Positively only one to a family)

To one person only in a family, we will send a box of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder (containing exactly one-half regular 50c package) and samples of DAY Cream and BLOOM for only two dimes. With the samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments.

The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 2133 Superior Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO., 2133 Superior Ave., Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen: Enclosed please find two dimes, for which send me your special powder offer. No member of my family has accepted this offer before.

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Address .....

City .....

State .....

Flesh shade sent unless white or brunette requested

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Hair so well arranged, so beautiful and lustrous that you feel confident of admiration in any situation.

You can endow yourself with the unsurpassable charm of lovely, luxuriant hair that will last through life.

It is only a matter of care. Of keeping the scalp exquisitely clean with Q-ban Liquid Shampoo -a fragrant, delightfully cleansing preparation. Of nourishing and stimulating its growth and lustre through the regular use of Q-ban Hair Tonic. It dissolves dandruff in one treatment—eliminates it entirely in eight or ten applications. Stops itching of the scalp. Hair that is gray, faded, or streaked with gray can be brought back to its natural, uniform, youthful color and glossiness with Q-ban Hair Color Restorer. Absolutely not a dye.

For the final touch of refinement—Q-ban Depilatory—a harmless preparation for removing superfluous hair. Absolutely non-irritating in application—quickly effective—odorless—leaves the skin fresh and clear.

The five Q-ban preparations fulfill all hair toilet needs. Each one is a product of careful study—a compounding of the purest ingredients. For nearly a generation American women have found a satisfactory answer in the Q-ban line.

The Five Q-bans

Q-ban Toilet and Shampoo Soap - -	Price $ .25
Q-ban Liquid Shampoo - - - - - - -	Price .50
Q-ban Hair Tonic - - - - - -	Price $ 50—1.00
Q-ban Hair Color Restorer - - - - -	Price .75
Q-ban Depilatory - - - - - - - - - -	Price .75

Q-ban
TRADE MARK

for the hair

Q-ban preparations are for sale throughout the United States and Canada at drug stores, or wherever toilet goods are sold.

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Memphis, Tenn.

Study Your Silhouette!

There's an ideal way to dress the hair for every type of face. Your shadow picture will reveal the secret. Our booklet in every Q-ban package explains how to get the best results. Or we will gladly mail you a copy if you'll write.

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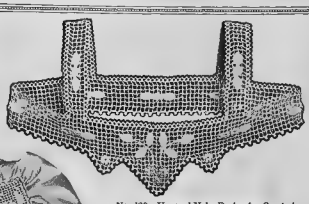
Filet Crochet Forms a Trimming that Combines Serviceability with Beauty

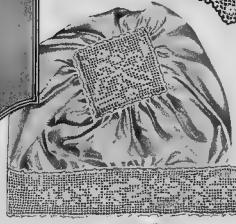
No. 135.

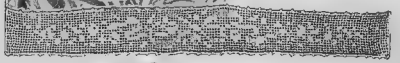
Pictorial Review Directions No. 135—Filet Crochet Medallion and Band for boudoir cap. Send 15 cents and stamped, self-addressed envelop for directions



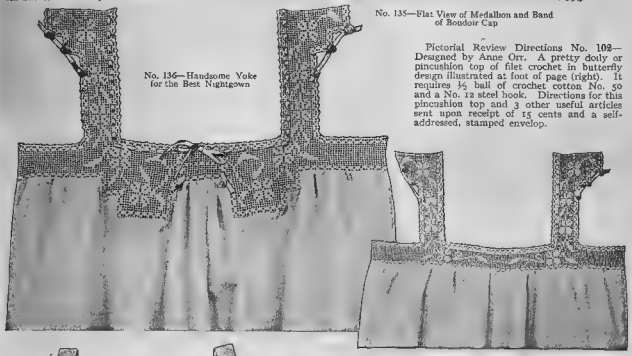
No. 128—Unusual Yoke Design for Camisole or Nightgown in Filet Crochet

Pictorial Review Crochet Directions No. 128—Camisole or Nightgown yoke in Filet Crochet appliqué, worked in crochet cotton No. 50. Included in these directions is a pretty edging for boudoir cap. Directions sent upon receipt of 10 cents and a self-addressed, stamped envelop.





No. 135—Flat View of Medallion and Band of Boudoir Cap



No. 136—Handsome Yoke for the Best Nightgown

Pictorial Review Directions No. 102—Designed by Anne Orr. A pretty doily or pincushion top of filet crochet in butterfly design illustrated at foot of page (right). It requires ½ ball of crochet cotton No. 50 and a No. 12 steel hook. Directions for this pincushion top and 3 other useful articles sent upon receipt of 15 cents and a self-addressed, stamped envelop.

No. 136—Back view of Nightgown Yoke. The front view is illustrated just above at the left

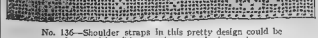
Pictorial Review Crochet Directions No. 136—Handsome yoke for nightgown or chemise The other view illustrates the front of this gown. No 70 white crochet cotton is used and fine batiste or nainsook. Narrow washable ribbon is run through beading.

No. 136—Pretty Camisole Border in Wreath Design

No 102—Dainty Butterfly Design for Doily or pincushion below (at right)

Pictorial Review Crochet Directions No. 67 This oblong pincushion requires one ball of crochet cotton No. 30 and steel hook No. 12 to make. Directions for this and 8 other designs sent for 15 cents and a stamped, self-addressed envelop.

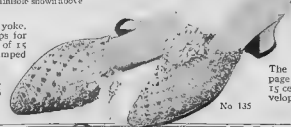
Pictorial Review Crochet Directions No. 136—Nothing could be more simple and easily worked than this camisole border of Filet Crochet, made with white crochet cotton No. 70. Pink ribbon forms the shoulder straps



No. 136—Shoulder straps in this pretty design could be substituted for ribbon on the camisole shown above

Directions for making nightgown yoke, camisole border, and shoulder straps for camisole (No 136) sent on receipt of 15 cents and a self-addressed, stamped envelop.

Address Embroidery Department Pictorial Review, 200 226 W. 39th St., New York.



No 135

No. 67—Oblong Pincushion with Swallow Design in Filet Crochet

Pictorial Review Directions No 135—Exquisitely dainty are these mules of blue satin and crochet silk. The directions for boudoir cap at top of page and mule tops, sent upon receipt of 15 cents and self-addressed, stamped envelop. Address Embroidery Department.

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ROYAL SOCIETY EMBROIDERY PACKAGE OUTFITS

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HAND EMBROIDERY FOR CHILDREN'S APPAREL

on Undergarments, Blouses, Negligees, etc., or on decorative pieces for the home, give that touch of individuality sought by woman of refined tastes. And besides its characteristic style, Hand Embroidery is the most inexpensive form of embellishment and is doubly economical through the medium of ROYAL SOCIETY Package Outfits.
The little Coat and Hat illustrated are of fine cord Repp, an excellent material for wear and laundry.
If you are not familiar with the exceptional qualities found in ROYAL SOCIETY Package Outfits convince yourself NOW of their economy, of their style and values and they cost no more than inferior brands

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The NEW BEACH CAPE

So practical as a protection from the scorching Summer sun or the after swim chill as one saunters along the beach and so attractive and stylish

Directions Made Upon Request

Crocheted in a new and effective stitch, this model is simple to crochet and requires only 28 balls of

ROYAL SOCIETY
Six-Ply Knitting Floss

which has all the lustre of silk and the advantages of cotton. White and popular Colors. Directions for a large variety of crocheted and knitted articles are given in the new

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ALADDIN DYE SOAP

Fashionable Colors for Summer Frocks

Yours in This Cake of Soap

No need to wear a faded frock, or endure colors you don't like, whether the garment is brand new or left over from last season

You can make it any shade you want it — your choice of 15 fashionable colors—by simply dyeing while you wash with Aladdin Dye Soap.

Don't say it can't be done—go buy a cake and try it. Just use Aladdin as you would old fashioned laundry soap and remember that it will not stain the hands

Rinse in cold water, dry in the shade, iron—and the transformation has been wrought.

Anything which can be washed can be dyed with Aladdin. Blouses, underwear, summer dresses of silk crepe or cotton material hosiery, veils, silk and cotton gloves—Aladdin keeps them fresh and smart with its galaxy of dainty colors

Invaluable for children's clothes, which travel to the laundry so often and fade so quickly.

Aladdin Dye Soap comes in Flesh, Salmon-pink, Peach-pink, Pink, Old Rose, Red, Light Blue, Dark Blue (Copenhagen), Yellow, Green, Lavender (Orchid), Gray, Orange, Tan-bisque, Ecru-khaki. Price everywhere, 10c a cake

If you cannot secure Aladdin at the store you patronize, send name and address and 10c, stating color

Aladdin Products Co., 326 N. May St., Chicago

10c Per Package

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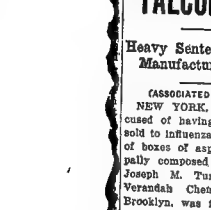

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(ASSOCIATED PRESS DISPATCH)

NEW YORK, December 31.—Accused of having manufactured and sold to influenza sufferers thousands of boxes of aspirin tablets, principally composed of talcum powder, Joseph M. Turkey, head of the Verandah Chemical company, of Brooklyn, was found guilty yesterday of violation of the sanitary code and sentenced to three years in prison with a fine of $500. The sentence was the most severe ever imposed in the country for such an offense.

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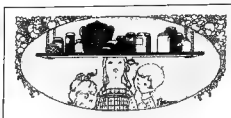

Dangerous Days

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

office door showed hundreds of stars, and more were being added constantly. Joey dead. Graham wounded, his family life on the verge of disruption, and Audrey—

Then, out of the chaos, there came an exaltation. He had given himself, his son, the wealth he had hoped to have, but, thank God, he had had something to give. There were men who could give nothing, like old Terry Mackenzie, knocking billiard-balls around at the club, and profanely wistful that he had had no son to go. His mind ranged over those pathetic, prosperous sonless men who filed into the club late in the afternoons, and over the last editions and whisky-and-sodas fought their futile warfare, their battle-ground a newspaper map, their upraised voices their only weapons.

On parade days, when the long lines of boys in khaki went by, they were silent, heavy, inutile. They were too old to fight. The biggest thing in their lives was passing them by, as passed the lines of marching boys, and they had no part in it. They were feeding their hungry spirits on the dregs of war, on committee meetings and public gatherings, and they were being useful. But the great exaltation of offering their best was not for them

He was living a tragedy, but a greater tragedy was that of the childless. And back of that again was the woman who had not wanted children. There were many men to-day who were feeling the selfishness of a woman at home, men who had lost somehow, their pride, their feeling of being a part of things. Men who went home at night to comfortable dwellings, with no vacant chair at the table, and dined in a peace they had not earned.

Natalie had at least given him a son

He took that thought home with him in the evening. He stopped at a florist's and bought a great box of flowers for her, and sent them in to her room with a little note.

"Won't you let me come in and try to comfort you?

But Madeleine brought the box out again, and there was pity in her eyes.

"Mrs. Spencer can not have them in the room, sir. She says the odor of flowers makes her ill."

He knew Madeleine had invented the excuse, that Natalie had simply rejected his offering. He went down-stairs, and made a pretense of dining alone in the great room.

It was there that Audrey's daily cable found him. Buckham brought it in in shaking fingers, and stood by, white and still, while he opened it.

Clayton stood up. He was very white, but his voice was full and strong.

"He is better, Buckham! Better!"

Suddenly Buckham was crying. His austere face was distorted, his lean body trembled. Clayton put his arm around the bowed old shoulders.

And in that moment, as they stood there, master and man, Clayton Spencer had a flash of revelation. There was love and love. The love of a man for a woman, and of a woman for a man, of a mother for the child at her knee, of that child for its mother. But that the great actuating motive of a man's maturity, of the middle span, was vested along with his dreams, his pride and his love, in his son, his man-child.

Buckham, carrying his coffee into the library somewhat later, found him with his head down on his desk, and the cablegram clutched in his outstretched hands. He tip-toed out, very quietly.

CLAYTON'S first impulse was to take the cable to Natalie, to brush aside the absurd defenses she had erected, and behind which she cowered, terrified but obstinate. To say to her,

"He is living. He is going to live. But this war is not over yet. If we want him to come through, we must stand together. We must deserve to have him come back to us."

But by the time he reached the top of the stairs he knew he could not do it. She would not understand. She would think he was using Graham to further a reconciliation; and, after her first joy was over, he knew that he would see again that cynical smile that always implied that he was dramatizing himself.

Nothing could dim his strong inner joy, but something of its outer glow faded. He would go to her, later. Not now. Nothing must spoil this great thankfulness of his.

He gave Madeleine the cable, and went down again to the library.

After a time he began to go over the events of the past eighteen months. His return from the continent, and that curious sense of unrest that had followed it, the opening of his eyes to the futility of his life. His failure to Natalie and her failure to him. Graham, made a man by war and by the love of a good woman. Chris, ending his sordid life in a blaze of glory, and forever forgiven his tawdry sins because of his one big hour.

War took, but it gave also. It had taken Joey, for instance, but Joey had had his great moment. It was better to have one great moment and die than to drag on through useless years. And it was the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 93

Ruth Roland *one of Pathe's stars, says:*

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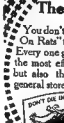

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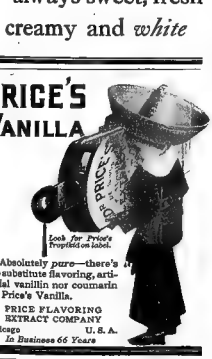

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Dangerous Days

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

same way with a nation. A nation needed its hour. It was only in a crisis that it could know its own strength. How many of them, who had been at that dinner of Natalie's months before, had met their crisis bravely! Nolan was in France now. Doctor Haverford was at the front. Audrey was nursing. Graham. Marion Hayden was in a hospital training-school. Rodney Page was still building wooden barracks in a cantonment in Ohio, and was making good. He himself—

They could never go back, none of them to the old smug, complacent, luxurious days. They could no more go back than Joey could return to life again. War was the irrevocable step, as final as death itself. And he remembered something Nolan had said, just before he sailed.

"We have had one advantage, Clay. Or maybe it is not an advantage, after all. Do you realize that you and I have lived through the Golden Age? We have seen it come and seen it go. The greatest height of civilization, since the world began, the greatest achievements, the most opulent living. And we saw it all crash. It will be a thousand years before the world will be ready for another."

And later,

"I SUPPOSE every life has its Golden Age. Generally we think it is youth. I'm not so sure. Youth is looking ahead. It has its hopes and its disappointments. The Golden Age in a man's life ought to be the age of fulfilment. It's nearer the forties than the twenties."

"Have you reached it?"

"I'm going to, on the other side."

And Clayton had smiled.

"You are going to reach it," he said. "We are always going to find it, Nolan. It is always just ahead."

And Nolan had given him one of his quick, understanding glances.

There could be no Golden Age for him. For the Golden Age for a man meant fulfilment. The time came to every man when he must sit at the west window of his house of life and look toward the sunset. If he faced that sunset alone—

He heard Madeleine carrying down Natalie's dinner-tray, and when she left the pantry she came to the door of the library.

"Mrs. Spencer would like to see you, sir."

"Thank you, Madeleine. I'll go up very soon."

Suddenly he knew that he did not want to go up to Natalie's scented room. She had shut him out when she was in trouble. She had not cared that he, too, was in distress. She had done her best to invalidate that compact he had made. She had always invalidated him.

To go back to the old way, to the tribute she enforced to feed her inordinate vanity, to the old hypocrisy of their relationship, to live again the old lie, was impossible.

He got up. He would not try to buy himself happiness at the cost of turning her adrift. But he must, some way, buy his self-respect.

He heard her then, on the staircase, that soft rustle which, it seemed to him, had rasped the silk of his nerves all their years together with its insistence on her dainty helplessness, her femininity, her right to protection. The tap of her high heels came closer. He drew a long breath and turned determinedly smiling, to face the door.

Almost at once he saw that she was frightened. She had taken pains to look her best—but then she always did that. She was rouged to the eyes, and the floating white chiffon of her negligée gave to her slim body the illusion of youth, that last illusion to which she so desperately clung. But—she was frightened.

She stood in the doorway, one hand holding aside the heavy velvet curtain, and looked at him with wide, penciled eyes.

"Clay?"

"Yes. Come in. Shall I have Buckham light a fire?"

She came in, slowly.

"Do you suppose that cable is reliable?"

"I should think so."

"He may have a relapse."

"We mustn't worry about what may come. He is better now. The chances are that he'll stay better."

"Probably. . . . I suppose, because I have been so ill—"

He felt the demand for sympathy, but he had none to give. And he felt something else. Natalie was floundering, an odd word for her, always so sure of herself. She was frightened, unsure of herself, and floundering. Why?

"Are you going to be in to-night?"

"Yes."

She gave a curious little gesture. Then she evidently made up her mind and she faced him defiantly

"Of course, if I had known, he was going to be better, I'd— Clay, I wired yesterday for Rodney Page. He arrives to-night."

"Rodney?"

"Yes."

"I don't think I quite understand, Natalie. Why did you wire for him?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 97

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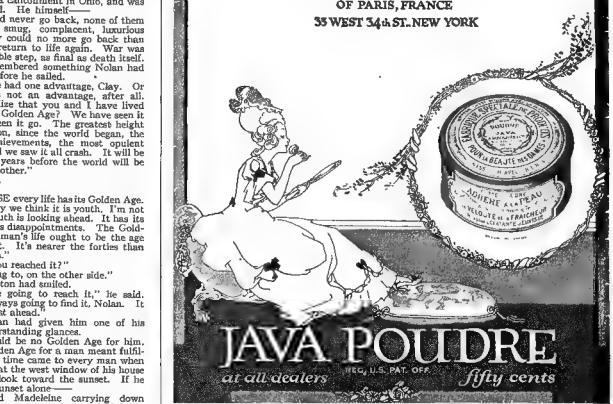

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Come where the camp-fire is gleaming, Come where the
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rose, may your pe-tals fold, My se-cret sweet I will
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Design No. 12108 on Rompers No. 8058 Sizes 1 to 6 years

PICTORIAL REVIEW Transfer Pattern No. 11622, blue, 10 cents. Supplies a family of chickens. These may be applied to the pockets of rompers No. 8062 (20 cents), 3 sizes, 2, 4, and 6 years as illustrated, or they may be used on baby's towel or bib, worked in yellow cross-stitch. Hems and seams are turned on the right side and stitched in purple and pink embroidery cotton

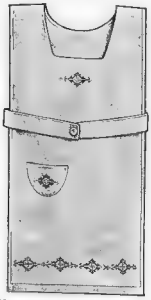
Embroidery No. 11622 on Rompers No. 8062

No 12312 on Apron No. 6816

PICTORIAL REVIEW Transfer Pattern No. 12312, blue or yellow 20 cents, provides eighteen large motifs, and three yards of 2¼-inch motifs. The apron is of unbleached muslin faced with a band of blue linen and embroidered in green, red, purple, and yellow in lazy daisy stitch. The belt is also of blue linen. Apron No. 6816 (15 cents). Sizes small, medium, and large

No. 12445 adapted to Laundry-bag

PICTORIAL REVIEW Transfer Pattern No. 12248, blue, 20 cents. This pattern gives 3 yards of cross-stitch border 2 inches wide, also a diagram for the placing of colors. Pictorial Review fudge or bungalow apron No. 6816 (15 cents). Sizes small, medium, and large.



No. 12248 on Fudge Apron No. 6816

PICTORIAL REVIEW Transfer Pattern No 12445, blue or yellow, 20 cents, supplies three yards of 3¼-inch border. It is applied to a laundry-bag of unbleached muslin faced at the top with blue linen. The seams are turned on the right side and outlined with blue, purple, and black, the outer edge overcast in purple. The design is outlined in pretty red and green cotton in outline and French knot stitches. The tie strings may be of linen or colored silk braid. A pretty idea would be to line the bag with blue linen or chambray and turn over the edge at the top to form a facing. Two rows of stitching are applied to form a casing, leaving the top of the bag in frill effect. Through this casing a band of the colored linen is run to form draw-strings.

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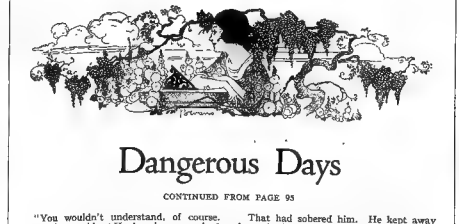


Dangerous Days

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95

"You wouldn't understand, of course. I was in trouble. He has been my best friend. I tried to bear it alone, but I couldn't. I——"

"Alone! You wouldn't see me."

"I couldn't, Clay."

"Why?"

"Because—if Graham had died "

Her mouth trembled. She put her hand to her throat.

"You would have blamed me for his death?"

"Yes."

"Then, even now, if——"

"Yes."

The sheer cruelty of it sent him pale. Yet it was not so much deliberate as unconscious. She was forcing herself to an unwonted honesty. It was her honest conviction that he was responsible for Graham's wounding and danger.

"Let me get to the bottom of this," he said quietly. "You hold me responsible. Very well. How far does that take us? How far does that take you? To Rodney?"

"You needn't be brutal. Rodney understands me. He—he cares for me, Clay."

"I see. And, since you sent for him, I take it you care for Rodney?"

"I don't know. I——"

"Isn't it time you do know? For God's sake, Natalie, make up your mind to some course and stick to it."

But accustomed as he was to the curious turns of her mind, he was still astounded to have her turn on him and accuse him of trying to get rid of her. It was not until later that he realized in that attitude of hers her old instinct of shifting the responsibility from her own shoulders.

And then Rodney was announced.

The unreality of the situation persisted. Rodney's strained face and uneasy manner, his uniform, the blank pause when he had learned that Graham was better, and when the ordinary banalities of greeting were over. Beside Clayton he looked small, dapper, and wretchedly uncomfortable, and yet even Clayton had to acknowledge a sort of dignity in the man.

He felt sorry for him, for the disillusion that was to come. And at the same time he felt an angry contempt for him, that he should have forced so theatrical a situation. That the night which saw Graham's beginning recovery should be tarnished by the wild clutch after happiness of two people who had done so little to earn it.

He saw another, totally different scene, for a moment. He saw Graham in his narrow bed that night in some dimly-lighted hospital ward, and he saw Audrey beside him, watching and waiting and praying. A wild desire to be over there, one of that little group, almost overcame him. And instead——

"Natalie has not been well, Rodney," he said. "I rather think if you have anything to say to me, we would better talk alone."

Natalie went out, her draperies trailing behind her. Clayton listened, as she moved slowly up the stairs. For the last time he heard that soft rustling which had been the accompaniment to so many of the most poignant hours of his life. He listened until it had died away. Then was complete silence. The silence of peace.

FOR months Rudolph Klein had been living in a little Mexican town on the border. There were really two towns, but they were built almost within a stiff step of a hundred feet between. Along this strip ran the border itself, with a tent pitched on the American side for patrols of soldiers guarding it. The American side was bright and clean, orderly and self-respecting, but only a hundred feet away, unkempt, dusty, with adobe buildings and a notorious gambling-hell in plain view, was Mexico itself—leisurely, improvident, not overscrupulous Mexico.

At first Rudolph was fairly contented. It amused him. He liked the idleness of it. He liked kicking the innumerable Mexican dogs out of his way. He liked baiting the croupiers in the "Owl." He liked wandering into the notorious resort and shoving Hindus, Chinamen, and Mexicans out of the way, while he flung down a silver dollar and watched the dealers with cunning, avaricious eyes.

He liked his own situation, too. It amused him to think that here he was safe, while only a hundred feet away he was a criminal, fugitive from the law. He liked to go to the very border itself, and jeer at the men on guard there.

"If I was on that side," he would say, "you'd have me in one of those rotten uniforms, wouldn't you? Come on over, fellows. The liquor's fine."

Then, one day, a Chinaman he had insulted gave him an unexpected shove, and he had managed to save himself by a foot from the clutch of a quiet-faced man in plain clothes who spent a certain amount of time lounging on the other side of the border.

That had sobered him. He kept away from the border itself after that, altho the temptation of it drew him. After a few weeks, and the novelty wore off, he began to hunger for the clean little American town across the line. He wanted to talk to some one. He wanted to boast, to be candid. These Mexicans only laughed when he bragged to them. But he dared not cross.

There was a high-fenced enclosure behind the "Owl," the segregated district of the town. There, facing one-roomed houses built in rows like barracks were the girls and women who had drifted to this jumping-off place of the world. In the daytime they slept or sat on the narrow, ramshackle porches, untidy, noisy, unspeakably wretched. At night, however, they blossomed forth in tawdry finery, in the dancing-space behind the gambling-tables. Some of them were fixtures. They had drifted there from New Orleans, perhaps, or southern California, and they lacked the initiative or the money to get away. But most of them came in, stayed a month or two, found the place a night mare with its shootings and stablings and then disappeared.

At first Rudolph was popular in this hell of the unwanted. He was generous easily, he danced well, he had audacity and a sort of sardonic humor. They asked no questions. Some of them guessed, but had themselves slid over the edge of life. They took what came, grateful for little pleasures, pleased even to talk their own tongue.

And then, one broiling August day, late in the afternoon, when the compound was usually seething with life, the end of the day, Rudolph found it suddenly silent: when he entered it, and hostile, contemptuous eyes on him.

A girl with Anna Klein's eyes, a girl he had begun to fancy, suddenly said,

"Draft-dodger!"

There was a ripple of laughter around the compound. They commenced to bait him, those women he would not have used his feet on at home. They literally laughed him out of the compound.

HE WENT home to his stifling, window-less adobe room, with its sagging narrow bed, its candle, its broken crockery, and he stood in the center of the room and chewed his nails with fury. After a time he sat down and considered what to do next. He would have to move on some time. As well now as ever. He was sick of the place.

He began preparations to move on, gathering up the accumulation of months of careless living for destruction. He picked up some newspapers preparatory to throwing them away, and a name caught his attention. Standing there, inside his doorway in the Mexican dusk, he read of Graham's recent wounding, his wounding and the fact that he had won the *Croix de Guerre*. Supreme bitterness was Rudolph's then.

"Stage stuff!" he muttered. But in the depths of his warped soul there was bitter envy. He found with what frightened yet adoring eyes Anna Klein had devoured that news of Graham Spencer. While for-him there was the girl in the compound back of the "Owl," with Anna Klein's eyes, filled when she looked at him with that bitterest scorn of all, the contempt of the wholly contemptible.

That night he went to the "Owl." He had shaved and had his hair cut and he wore his only remaining decent suit of clothes. He passed through the swinging gate in the high fence, and separated the dancing-floor from the tables and went up to the line of girls, sitting in that saddest waiting of all time, along the wall. There was an ominous silence at his approach. He planted himself in front of the girl with eyes like Anna Klein.

"Are you going to dance?"

"Not with you," she replied, evenly. And again the ripple of laughter spread.

"Why not?"

"Because you're a coward," she said. "I'd rather dance with a Chinaman."

"If you think I'm that, because I'm afraid to fight you can think again. Not that I care what you think."

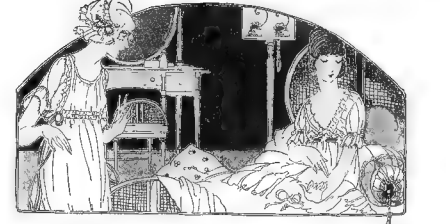
He had meant to boast a little, to intimate that he had pulled off a big thing, but he saw that he was ridiculous. The situation infuriated him. Suddenly he burst into foul-mouthed invective, until one of the girls said, wearily,

"Oh, cut that out, you slacker."

And he knew that no single word he had used against them, out of a vocabulary both extensive and horrible, was to them so degraded as that single one applied to him.

Late that night he received a tip from a dealer at one of the *wide-at-the* tables. There were inquiries being made for him across the border. That very evening he, the dealer, had gone across for a sack of flour, and he had heard about it.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 119



Now — a new way to remove hair!

AND WITHOUT SLIGHTEST DANGER TO THE SKIN OR COMPLEXION!

THERE is a new way to remove hair. A *scientifically correct*, superior toilet preparation; dainty, exquisite, harmless; that meets the most exacting requirements of women of refinement.

This remarkable new preparation is called NEET. And it leaves the many old methods, against which there has always been so strong a prejudice, definitely without place.

That's because in the discovery of NEET, science finally solved the problem of removing hair without irritation—without injury!

WHAT NEET IS

NEET is an *antiseptic cream-lotion* that not only removes hair, but, in the same operation, bleaches the skin to perfect whiteness! It is ready for service, without mixing or musing!

Apply the same as a cold cream. Let stand a few minutes, and then rinse off with clear water. That's all! The hair will be gone—*fluxed away. And the skin left refreshingly cool, smooth and white!*

Different in formula, action and effect from any other preparation of similar function, *NEET* is warranted to neither irritate the skin nor injure the complexion, no matter *how frequently used!* Doctors are adopting it in hospital practice to remove hair from patients about to be operated on.

BEGIN USING NEET TODAY

If you are still employing old methods, NEET—cooling, soothing and dainty—will come as a delightful contrast. The most welcome accessory ever reaching your vanity table!

Use it freely, and without hesitancy, on the face, the underarm, the forearm—wherever needed—and you will be delighted with its *thoroughness* and with the feeling of absolute cleanliness it leaves! Which says nothing of the fact that, with NEET as your ally, you may now wear even the sheerest of stockings without a single misgiving!

WHERE TO OBTAIN NEET

NEET is on sale at toilet goods counters in nearly all department and drug stores in the United States. Two sizes: 50 cents, or three times the quantity for $1.00.

Special

If you cannot obtain NEET at your dealer's, mail the coupon below with 50 cents for the small size—or $1.00 for the large—and receive your supply by return post, in *unmarked* wrapper.

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For the enclosed 50c / $1.00 send NEET to

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FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

YOU, TOO, CAN HAVE BEAUTIFUL EYEBROWS and LASHES

They add wonderfully to one's beauty, charm and attractiveness. A little

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applied nightly, will nourish, vitalize and promote growth of eyebrows and lashes, making them long, thick and shapely. Guaranteed absolutely harmless. *Two sizes, 50c and $1.00.* Send stamp and we will mail you "LASH-BROW-INE" and Maybell Beauty Book. Do not confuse with cheap imitations under plain cover. Thousands have been delighted by its use. Try it for 10 days at our risk. Why not you? Book, for coloring, free. Sold by druggists or direct. *Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.* Be sure to get genuine *LASH-BROW-INE*

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Don't do this! It makes the cuticle ragged

Remove the dead skin gently, safely this way

The only thing that protects the sensitive nail root is ⅛ inch of cuticle. Don't cut it!

The wrong and the right way to care for your cuticle

Learn to keep it smooth without ruinous cutting

DOES your cuticle look worse than ever, a short time after manicuring? Does it become rough, ragged, unkempt?

Then it must be that you are cutting or trimming your cuticle, or breaking it by using a sharp metal instrument.

When you use knife or scissors or even a sharp steel nail cleaner on your cuticle, you cut into the living skin. If you look through a magnifying glass, you will see that this is so—that you have made tiny, jagged cuts in the flesh itself. As any specialist can tell you, the skin in its effort to heal these ugly little places, grows up quickly, unevenly, and forms thick, rough, ragged cuticle. This is why so soon after each manicure your cuticle looks badly.

How to keep your cuticle smooth, unbroken

You *can* keep your cuticle so thin, smooth, even, that it gives especial beauty to your hand.

To do this, once or twice a week remove the overgrown cuticle gently, harmlessly with Cutex:—

Wrap a bit of cotton around the end of an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package). Dip it into the Cutex bottle and work the stick around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the dead cuticle. Wash the hands in warm, soapy water, removing with a nail brush the dead surplus cuticle. In this way, you keep your cuticle in perfect condition with no breaking or cutting of the skin.

An expert who recognized the need for a harmless cuticle remover, worked for years to perfect a formula that would forever banish injurious cutting. At last he developed Cutex. Since then, thousands upon thousands of women have learned that Cutex makes hangnails and rough, heavy cuticle a thing of the past.

You can keep your hands well-groomed all the time

With less time than you spend each week brushing your teeth, you can keep your nails conspicuously attractive. Nothing could be easier, nothing less trouble. It is simply a matter of forming the habit of *regular* care. Whenever you dry your hands, push back the cuticle with a towel. Then, once or twice a week, according to the rapidity with which your cuticle grows, give them a quick Cutex manicure. You will enjoy seeing your hands *always* looking perfectly groomed, lovely.

At any drug or department store you can get Cutex. The Cuticle Remover comes in 35c. and 65c. bottles. Cutex Nail White is 85c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form is 35c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort is also 35c.

Cutex Powder Polish can now be secured in this improved ivory-like tube, at the same price—35c

A complete trial manicure set for only 21c

Mail the coupon today with 21c, and we will send you the complete Midget Manicure Set shown below. This will give you at least six Cutex manicures. This set contains trial sizes of Cutex, the cuticle remover, Cutex Nail White, Cutex Nail Polish in both cake and paste form, and absorbent cotton, orange sticks and emery board. Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, Dept. 206, 114 West 17th Street, New York City. *If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 206, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.*

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Send 21c for this complete Manicure Set

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THE FASHION DEPARTMENT

Which Has Enlisted the Services of Some of the Most Charming Stars of the Screen and Stage to Pose in These Ultrasmart Models

A MOST interesting photograph of Doris Kenyon, the beautiful and clever star of De Luxe Pictures.

HERE is a front view of the charming lace frock worn by Mrs Castle, its airy flimsiness detracting nothing from the fashionable straight line of the silhouette.

WINSOME Mollie King has been amusing all New York by her clever work in "Good Morning Judge," one of the many Shubert successes.

SURELY the kindest of fairies must have presided at the birth of Irene Castle, and wished her such enviable gifts as loveliness, charm, grace, cleverness, and most wonderful of all, temperament. Mrs. Castle is always delightful no matter what she does. Her fame as a dancer bids fair to be eclipsed by her ability as an actress, and her work with Paramount Pictures has placed her in the front ranks of motion-picture stars.

A SCRAP of satin, a wisp of tulle, and pailletted shoulder-straps are about all Paris endorses above the waist-line of evening gowns, as may be noted from this frock worn by Edith Hallor, leading woman with William Collier in "Nothing but Lies." Miss Hallor's frock features the very newest trimming note, ostrich feathers.

THERE are suits and suits, and in this one (above) Mrs Castle offers a most attractive and unusual variant of this utilitarian garment. For novelty there is a touch of chinchilla, for beauty an odd tracery of gold thread embroidery with motifs on the front, for softness frills of Georgette at wrists, and for grace there is an adorable upward drapery movement on the skirt.

A FROCK to arouse envy in every feminine heart is this delightful affair of flowered chiffon, all flowing lines, and soft graceful drapings, worn by Doris Kenyon the popular De Luxe star. Miss Kenyon's gown is ideal for all sorts of Summer social functions from a lawn party to tea at the Country Club or even an informal dance.

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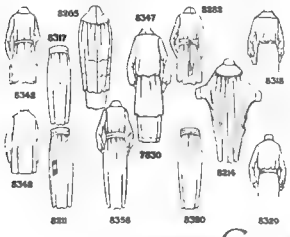
The Ultimate Word in Suits and Capes

8348—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Length at center-back 32 inches. No. 8317—Ladies' One-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard. The suit in medium size requires 3 yards 54-inch tricotine—⅜ yard 36-inch tricolet for vest ⅝ yard white tricolet for collar—2⅞ yards 36-inch satin for lining. There is a delightful swing to this jaunty Spring suit loosely girdled at the waist-line and with embroidered waistcoat. A new feature is introduced in the large patch pockets at the sides. They are applied so that they extend a slight distance below the sides of the jacket. The skirt is a plain one-piece model with lap at the side and with waist-line raised two inches. For the embroidery on the vest, design 12372 is suitable.

8342—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Length at center-back 32 inches. No. 8211—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The suit in medium size requires 4¾ yards 44-inch Poiret twill—⅞ yard 36-inch satin for vest—13½ yards braid. This jacket is illustrated twice on the page. In this view it is shown without a collar and without the large pockets that give a greater length to the sides. A vest braided in soutache is inserted at the center-front, and rows of narrow braid trim the neck, front, and lower edges. For the braiding on vest use design 12426. The skirt is like most tailored models quite simple in style gathered a little at the top and with waist-line raised two inches. The closing is at left side-seam.

8265—Ladies' and Misses' Cape. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch serge or duvetyn. A most picturesque note in the Summer fashions is the fichu cape, the large collar forming a fichu effect, crossing in front, and fastening together at the back. The cape itself is gathered to a deep 1830 yoke. Later on these capes will be worn fashioned of tricolet, satin, and taffeta and lined with bright-hued silk or satin. No. 8358—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 5⅝ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. A panel is applied to the front and back of the waist fastening on the left shoulder, and the skirt is a one-piece gathered model with straight lower edge and with four deep tucks above the hem. The cape may be worn unlined but if a lining is desired about 3⅛ yards of 36- or 40-inch satin or taffeta will be required.



DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 115

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Don't "borrow or steal" because your prettiest things are soiled!

You can have your favorite things fresh again at an hour's notice

"GOOD gracious, Barbara," cried Eloise, hanging up the receiver. "Bob wants to motor us to the club for tea and you absolutely haven't a thing to put on."

"Don't worry, my dear," said Barbara; "I'll be ready!"

Within an hour, before the other girls had finished prinking, in walked Barbara looking the most spic and span of any of them—with the freshest of dainty blouses, the most gleaming of pale silk stockings and the snowiest of silk gloves.

"For goodness sake, Barbara! How did you do it?" asked the girls.

"Lux," replied Barbara. "Lux and foresight".

"Foresight! you!"

"Yes," said Barbara solemnly, "*I* have *true* foresight. I *always* keep a box of Lux on the bathroom shelf. Then if my very prettiest blouse or collar or camisole happens to be soiled when I get a bid to go somewhere, I don't just borrow something any more. I toss it into a bowlful of Lux suds and make it fresh in a minute. Also, angel children, Lux makes your things *stay pretty*. They don't get all yellow and faded the way such things do in the laundry."

Delicate, transparent flakes

Lux is as delicate as the things it launders. It comes in white transparent flakes that dissolve instantly in hot water and whip up into the purest cleansing lather.

Anything that water won't injure, you can trust to the rich Lux suds.

After you once use Lux, you'll never be without it on your bathroom shelf. Lux will enable you to freshen up collars and cuffs, gloves, a thousand little things, even blouses, at a moment's notice.

Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

To wash silk blouses

Whisk a tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of *very hot* water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Dip your blouse through the foamy lather many times. Squeeze the suds through it—do not rub. Rinse three times in clear, lukewarm water. Squeeze the water out—do not wring. Dry in the shade. When nearly dry press with a warm iron—never a hot one. Georgette crêpe blouses should be gently pulled into shape as they dry and also should be shaped as they are ironed.

LUX LAUNDERS ALL OF THESE IN A TRICE:

Lace Collars	Sweaters	Georgette Blouses
Lace Jabots	Silk Underwear	Washable Satin Blouses
Washable Satin Collars and Cuffs	Silk Stockings	Organdy Blouses
Organdy Collars and Cuffs	Washable Gloves	Crêpe de Chine Blouses
	Washable Satin Skirts and Petticoats	Corsets
		Spats

There is nothing for fine laundering like Lux

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Clever Phases of the New Blouse Effect

8856—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch tricolet—2½ yards velvet ribbon—⅜ yard satin for cuffs and piping—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Here in most attractive guise is the new long-waisted blouse dress closing at center-back and with a button-trimmed vest applied over an underbody of lining. Deep flaring cuffs turn back from the long plain sleeves, and the round collar extends into long revers that blouse over at the waistline. A straight lower edge marks the three-piece skirt which is gathered at the top and lapped at center-back. Crossing the vest at the waist-line is a narrow double belt of velvet ribbon finished at the center with smart little loops. A double row of buttons is applied to the center-front of the vest, and this button trimming extends down onto the skirt to about hip depth.

8133—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 8215—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard. The costume in medium size requires 2¾ yards 40-inch plain Georgette crêpe—2¾ yards 40-inch plaid Georgette crêpe—⅝ yard 36-inch satin for girdle—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Here is a stunning Summer frock, the gathered tunic blouse having a narrow panel of plaid each side of the center-front and back.

Dress 8358
Beading 12461
Skirt 7830

Dress 8356

Blouse 8133
Skirt 8215

Dress 8251

8358—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 7830—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 6¾ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1½ yard 36-inch satin for girdle. Over the collarless blouse is applied a tucked panel front and back fastening on the left shoulder. Attached under the girdle is a tucked tunic gathered at the top which is worn over a separate skirt. If preferred, however, the tunic may be lengthened to form a skirt and worn without the separate skirt. The oval neck of the blouse is outlined with beading in design 12461.

8292—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch dotted swiss—⅞ yard 40-inch organdy for bretelles and collar—3½ yards picot edge ribbon. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Hemstitching applied in novel design is introduced on the collar and bretelles of this charming Summer frock to give style. The waist closes in surplice effect, and the bretelles are tucked at the top. The short sleeves are the very newest fashion and are finished with hemstitching in a design matching the bretelles and collar. A deep hemstitched tuck is formed on the skirt above the hemstitched hem. To complete the costume white glazed kid pumps or oxfords may be worn.

Blouse 8324
Embroidery 12358
Skirt 8215

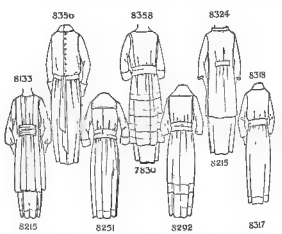
Blouse 8318
Skirt 8317

Dress 8292

8324—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 8215—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 6 yards 32-inch French crêpe. There is nothing smarter for informal Summer wear than these tunic blouses of which this is a most attractive phase hanging in straight lines and with tiny outstanding collar. The underarm seams are left open from the waist-line to the lower edge and trimmed with buttons and buttonholes, and the vest which is inserted at the center-front is embroidered in design 12352. The skirt is a simple gathered model closing at the left side seam.

8318—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. No. 8317—Ladies' One-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3¾ yards 36-inch plain voile—¾ yard 36-inch check voile. Inserted vest, rolling collar of check voile, and tiny tassels give the newest trimming notes to the blouse of this Summer frock. The closing is at the left side-front and there are long sleeves gathered to cuffs of the check voile. The skirt is in one piece, is lapped at the sides, and if desired, may be finished with buttons.

8251 -Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 36-inch tricolet. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Tassels are the very newest trimming and they are used on frocks of all sorts of fabrics. This frock shows the popular back closing, and the waist is made with a round collar that extends into long revers that are carried over the sash girdle and down onto the skirt. The short sleeves finished with tassels are very



new in style, and the skirt is a two-piece gathered model with straight lower edge. It is attached to the waist under the girdle at one-inch raised waist-line, and may have two tucks above the hem.

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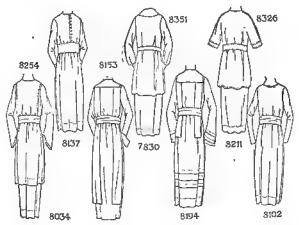
The Latest Expression of Early Summer Modes

8194—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 5½ yards 32-inch plaid gingham—1 yard 36-inch voile for collar and trimming. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Simple in line but charming nevertheless is this frock of plaid gingham which is suitable for informal Summer wear. The waist closes on the left shoulder and at left side-front under the trimming band that is applied at each side front and back, and is carried down under the girdle and looped under. The long flowing sleeves are smart in style, and the two-piece gathered skirt closes at left side seam.

8137—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch open-work voile—1⅛ yard 36-inch plain voile. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard. Over a front-closing waist of plain voile is arranged a panel of open-work voile which buttons onto the blouse at the sides. Deep cuffs finish the long plain sleeves, and the two-piece skirt which closes at the left side seam is joined at natural waist-line.

8254—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 8034—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 6¼ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—3⅝ yards filet lace banding—¼ yard 36-inch satin for girdle. Over the front-closing blouse a panel is adjusted front and back closing on the left shoulder. The two-piece gathered tunic is a separate section joined under the girdle.



8102—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch dotted foulard—2 yards Georgette crêpe plaiting—½ yard satin for girdle. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. A narrow plaiting of Georgette crêpe is applied to the skirt of this frock to give the effect of a deep puff hem. The dress otherwise is very simple in style the waist closing on the left shoulder and under the left arm, and the round neck finished with a band of the foulard edged with plaited Georgette.

8326—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 8211—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. A good-looking tunic blouse gives distinctive style to this Summer frock, the blouse slipping on over the head and closing on the shoulders. The short sleeves which are cut in one with the blouse are finished with bands of bias gingham. Very simple in line is the two-piece gathered skirt with waist-line raised two inches and closing at the left side seam. For sports wear the same style of frock could be fashioned of sports silk or crêpe de Chine in white combined with pink, blue, or orchid.

8153—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—3⅝ yards 36-inch satin—⅛ yard white Georgette crêpe for collar—⅞ yard 36-inch lining. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. A new feature of this charming frock is the long narrow panel which is applied each side of the center-front and back giving a vest effect to the front of the dress which may be beaded or embroidered at the top in design 12511. The dress tho giving the effect of a low waist-line is really made with normal waist-line. The underbody closes in front, the blouse on the left shoulder and under the left arm, the panels on the left shoulder, and the skirt at left side seam.

8351—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 7830—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5¼ yards 36-inch plain taffeta—⅝ yard 36-inch striped taffeta—¼ yard allover embroidered organdy for collar—1 yard lace insertion—1½ yard lace edging. Very smart for Summer are these tunic blouses many of which like this model slip on over the head. The front is cut down in a deep V.

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Indispensable Adjuncts to the Summer Wardrobe

8351—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—2¾ yards velvet ribbon for girdle. So popular have these blouses become that they are worn not alone for sports but for more formal usage as well. A particularly attractive model is this one cut down in a deep V front to show an inserted vest which may be of self or contrasting material. The long sleeves are gathered to deep cuffs.

8290—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch poplin. Here is another very attractive type of slip-on blouse slashed for a closing at the left side-front and with smart square neckline and flowing sleeves. The blouse is held in loosely at the waist-line by a narrow tie belt.

8366—Ladies' Sports Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch linen —⅞ yard contrasting linen for trimming. The fashionable hem pockets are formed on this blouse by deep trimming bands which are left open a little at the top. A large collar finishes the open neck.

7647—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1 yard contrasting Georgette for collar. No. 8353—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch washable satin. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. First aid to the Summer wardrobe is the popular blouse and skirt charmingly illustrated in this model. The blouse is ideal for soft fabrics like voile or Georgette crêpe with fulness on the shoulders in front, and a very attractive collar knotted in front over a jabot frill. The front gore of the skirt is curved out at each side to form deep pockets. The waist-line is raised 2½ inches, and the closing is arranged at the left side seam.

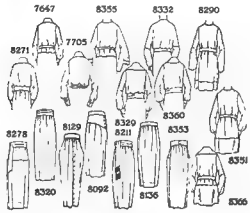
8271—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch voile—1 yard lace edging. No. 8320—Ladies' One-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch taffeta. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. An attractive Summer blouse may be fashioned from this model that slips on over the head. A long rolling collar finishes the V neck. It is combined with a skirt of taffeta cut in one piece and closing at the left side-front. The skirt is gathered a little at the top and has a plaited girdle.

7705—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—¼ yard contrasting Georgette for collar. No. 8129—Ladies' One-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 32 waist. Size 26 requires 2¾ yards 44-inch serge. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Novelty is given to this blouse by the oddly cut collar that extends down and forms a trimming band that is stitched onto the revers. The skirt, too, is novel in style buttoning all the way up the center-back and draped up to form a point at the center-front.

8332—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch snowflake voile. No. 8136—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires 2⅝ yards 44-inch check worsted. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Among the new blouses this model may be ranked as one of the smartest. It slips on over the head and is in kimono style cut in one with short sleeves which are lengthened by sections gathered to cuffs. The front is slashed each side of the center to form a wide box plait from under which starts a narrow girdle.

8355—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. No. 8278—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch linen. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The blouse slips on over the head.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 115



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Designed to Give Grace to Stout Figures

7832—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch cross-bar dimity. An attractive blouse for the stout woman which gives very becoming length of line. The tucked revers are joined on shoulders to a square collar.

8047—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. A touch of braiding on the vest and hemstitching form the only trimming note on this blouse. For the braiding design 12475 is adapted.

Blouse 7832

Blouse 8047
Braiding 12475

Dress 8180
Braiding 11602

Dress 8114

Blouse 8241
Beading 12461
Skirt 7677

8107 8047 8358 8350 7832 8093 8164 8180 8295 8241 8114 7677

Dress 8164
Braiding 12443
Skirt 8295

Overdress 8350
Dress 8093

Blouse 8107

Blouse 8288
Embroidery 12509

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 116

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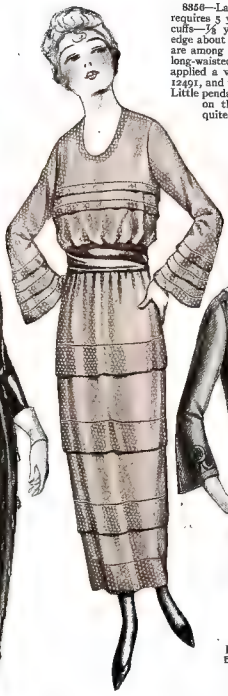
Predominating Modes for Summer Afternoons

8356—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch satin—⅝ yard white satin for vest and cuffs—⅜ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Here is one of the new bloused frocks that are among the very newest Paris fashions. The frock is slightly long-waisted and closes at center-back. On the lining underbody is applied a vest of white satin elaborately embroidered in design 12491, and this is framed in revers that extend into a round collar. Little pendant ornaments of soutache braid form a novel trimming on the three-piece gathered skirt. These ornaments are quite easy to make and may be in any shape preferred.

Dress 8356
Embroidery 12491



Blouse 8279
Skirt 8291

Blouse 8337

Overdress 8350
Dress 8102

Blouse 8268
Embroidery 12445

8268—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch tricolet—⅝ yard white satin for collar and sleeve facing. As the season progresses these tunic blouses grow in popularity and they are suitable for dressy as well as sports wear. This blouse closes at the back and has the fashionable three-quarter length flowing sleeves. A novel design in embroidery forms a border at the bottom and attractively trims the sleeves in design 12445.

Blouse 8165
Skirt 8364

Blouse 8132
Skirt 7933

Blouse 8192

Blouse 8218

8337 8192 8218 8279 8268 8356 8291 8165 8364 8132 7933 8350 8102

8279—Ladies' Tucked Blouse. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. No. 8291—Ladies' Two-piece Tucked Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5¼ yards 36-inch dotted swiss—¼ yard 36-inch satin for girdle. Hemstitched tucks are the sole trimming of this delightful Summer frock which shows the new back closing. The blouse is collarless and is tucked at the center. Three deep tucks are also formed on the skirt.

8350—Ladies' Sleeveless Overdress. Designed for small, medium, and large. No. 8102—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 6⅝ yards 40-inch Georgette—3¼ yards wide—1¾ yard narrow filet banding. Delightful Summer frocks are made with these long straight-line overdresses. The dress closes on the left shoulder and under the left arm, and the overdress on the left shoulder and at left side-back.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 116

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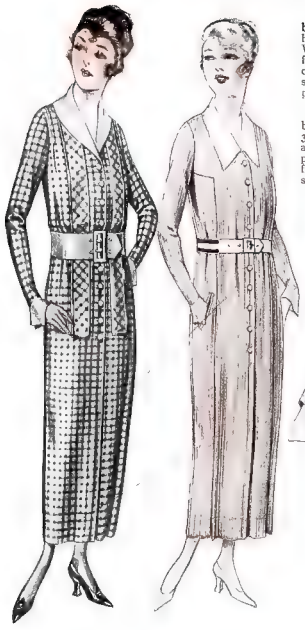
Home and Morning Dresses of Simple Charm

8219—Ladies' House-dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 32-inch check gingham—⅜ yard 36-inch white linen for collar and cuffs. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. A practical little frock for Summer morning and porch wear fashioned of check gingham and closing at center-front. A small shawl collar finishes the open neck, and the trimming pieces extend into long revers.

8170—Ladies' House-dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch rep—¼ yard 36-inch white voile for collar. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. A square yoke descending into a panel at center-front is an outstanding feature of this frock which also closes in front. The long close-fitting sleeves end in pointed cuffs that flare out over the hand.



House-dress 8219 House-dress 8170

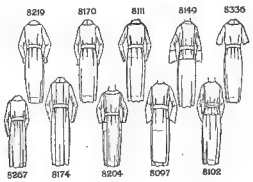
Dress 8336 Dress 8267

Dress 8111 Dress 8149
Braiding 8502

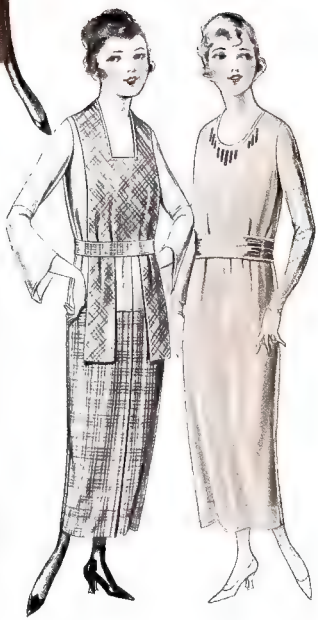
8336—Ladies' Slip-on House-dress. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch striped percale —¾ yard 32-inch plain gingham for collar and vest. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Slipping on over the head and with very short sleeves, this house and porch dress is decidedly new in type. From the inset vest a long collar rolls back and a belt of self-material confines the waist-line loosely. The short sleeves spell hot-weather comfort on the porch no less than indoors. Large square pockets are applied below the hips.

8267—Ladies' House-dress. Designed for 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 36-inch figured linen—1½ yard contrasting linen for collar. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. The novel collar of this frock lifts it above the common-place. The waist closes in surplice style in front, and the four-piece skirt which is gathered at the back closes at left side-front under the plait.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 117



Dress 8174
Braiding 11453
Dress 8204



Dress 8097 Dress 8102
Embroidery 12510

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Novelties in Pajamas, Lingerie, Negligées, and Vests

8181—Ladies' and Misses' Pajamas. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 5⅜ yards 36-inch silk mull—3 yards lace plaiting. So attractive are the new pajamas that they are replacing to a large extent the old-time nightgown. The coat of these pajamas slips on over the head.

8184—Ladies' Combination. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 2 yards 36-inch washable satin—2¼ yards ribbon. This combination slips on over the head and the legs are drawn in to form bloomers. Through buttonholed slashes at the top ribbon is run to draw the combination in to fit.

Boudoir Cap 5018
Brassiere 8229
Bloomers 8340

Cap 6327
Camisole 7880
Drawers 8120

Negligée 8344

Kimono 7788

Cap 5018

Combination 8134

Camisole 6662
Petticoat 8334

Pajamas 7819

Pajamas 8181

8151 6662

8134

8229 8340

8120 7880

8334 7819

Juniors' Pajamas 8338

1 2 3 4 5

Set of Vestees 8331
Braiding 11602

Pajamas 8363

8338 8344

7788 8363 8331

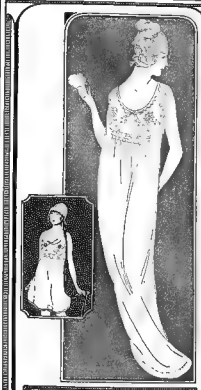
8338—Juniors' Pajamas. Designed for 13 to 17 years. Size 17 requires 4¾ yards 27-inch figured crêpe—2¾ yards batiste plaiting—2¼ yards ribbon. There is something piquant about the new pajamas of crêpe, batiste, and satin that makes a strong appeal to young girls.

8331—Ladies' Vests. Designed for one size only. Five styles are provided. Vest No. 1, 2, 4, or 5 requires 1 yard 36-inch satin, silk, or tricolet. No. 3 requires 1¼ yard 36- or 40-inch satin. The center vest No. 3 is braided in soutache and for this use design 11602.

8344—Ladies' Negligée. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 3¾ yards 40-inch flowered voile —2½ yards picot-edge ribbon. Very graceful is this negligée with cape at back.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 117

DOVE
UNDER-MUSLINS



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Adorably Youthful Frocks for the Young Girl

Dress 7739
Embroidery 12445

7739—Misses' Dress. Designed for 12 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4⅞ yards 36-inch cross-bar voile—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. The charm of simplicity characterizes this Summer frock with collarless gathered blouse closing at the back. The peplum has embroidered motifs in design 12445.

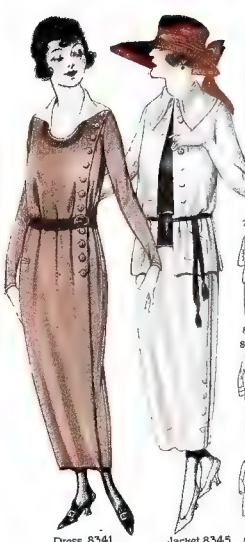
Dress 8262
Embroidery 12205

Juniors' Dress
8314
Scallop 11661

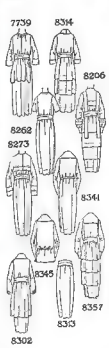
Dress 8206

Dress 8273

8262—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 44-inch organdy—7⅜ yards insertion—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Malines lace insertion and fine sprays of hand embroidery in design 12206, make a charming trimming for this dainty Summer frock.



Dress 8341
Embroidery 12507



Jacket 8345
Skirt 8313

Dress 8357

Dress 8302

8314—Juniors' Dress. Designed for 13 to 17 years. Size 15 requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch dotted swiss—2¼ yards satin ribbon for sash. Buttonholed scallops make a very pretty finish for the tucks of this dress as well as for the long collar that extends into revers ending at the waist-line. Design 11661 forms a correct guide for the scallops which may be bound or buttonholed.

8206—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4⅜ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—3¾ yards lace banding for trimming—⅜ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Filet lace banding forms a delightful trimming on this truly adorable frock of Georgette crêpe with tucked vest, sleeves, and skirt. The tucks may be hemstitched if desired.

8273—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch printed voile—⅞ yard Georgette crêpe plaiting. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Tucks on the blouse and the flowing sleeves are the only relief from the simple severity of this frock which closes at the back.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 117

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Charming Styles for the Girl in Her Teens

8293—Juniors' Dress. Designed for 13 to 17 years. Size 15 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch snow flake voile—⅛ yard 36-inch plain voile for collar and trimming band—12 yards insertion—¾ yard satin for girdle. The collar is embroidered in design 12367.

8365—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 32-inch check gingham—2⅜ yards 32-inch plain gingham. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. A deep cuff hem adds to the attractiveness of this blouse.

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8343

8343—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 3½ yards 36-inch English print—⅝ yard 40-inch organdy for collar and cuffs—4¾ yards lace edging. An attractive feature of this frock is the Puritan collar which descends in deep points in front. The dress closes at left side-front, and under the girdle the two-piece gathered skirt with straight lower edge is attached to the plain waist. Cuffs of lace-edged organdy to match the collar make an attractive finish for the fashionably short sleeves. Printed and plain voile, organdy, dotted swiss and dimity are all suitable fabrics.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

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7318—Misses' Bathing Suit and Cap. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch taffeta—1¾ yard 36-inch extra for bloomers—⅛ yard 36-inch satin for collar, girdle, and trimming—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The collar and the bottom of the skirt are scalloped in design 11694.

Bathing Suit 7318
Scallop 11694

8301 8301
7318
7766

Bathing Suit 8301

Bathing Suit 7766

Bathing Suit 8301
Scallop 11661

8303 7340
8310 8309

8301—Misses' Bathing Suit. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires for dress illustrated above at left, 3⅛ yards 36-inch black satin—½ yard white satin for trimming. As illustrated at upper right—3¼ yards 54-inch wool Jersey—⅛ yard taffeta for collar and girdle—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The collar is scalloped in design 11661. Braid may be substituted for satin for the trimming that is applied to the model at left.

Bathing Suit 8310

Bathing Suit 8309

Bathing Suit 8303

Bathing Suit 7340

7766—Ladies' Bathing Suit. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch plain taffeta—2⅛ yards 36-inch check taffeta for collar and bloomers. The dress is in one piece and may close at center-front or may be slipped on over the head.

8310—Ladies' Bathing Suit. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 44-inch serge—⅞ yard white satin for collar —⅝ yard black satin for trimming —⅞ yard 36-inch lining.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

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Playtime Clothes for Tots

8306—Child's Rompers. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 2¾ yards 27-inch chambray—⅝ yard 27-inch white piqué for collar and trimming. For play hours there is nothing more comfortable for the kiddies than rompers. These button at the back and are cut in one with the sleeves.

8233—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch figured voile—¾ yard 36-inch plain voile for frills—2 yards velvet ribbon. Here is a dear little dress for a dear little girl to be fashioned of voile or dotted swiss. The tiny frills may be of plain voile or of net. The closing is at the back.

8227—Child's One-piece Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2⅝ yards 27-inch chambray—⅝ yard percale for trimming. The dress slips on over the head and closes on the shoulders. The front is daintily embroidered in design 11569.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

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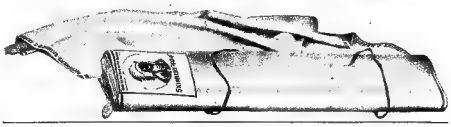

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8146—Child's Empire Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 32-inch check gingham—⅝ yard 27-inch chambray for collar and cuffs. To the short-waisted body the straight skirt is gathered, and the closing is arranged in the plait section in front. Turn-back cuffs finish the short sleeves.

8354—Child's One-piece Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch linen—1¾ yard picot-edged ribbon—⅝ yard plaited organdy for frill. There is nothing cuter for the small girl than these little one-piece slip-on frocks. Most of them are cut like this model in one with the sleeves, and the fastening is arranged on the shoulders. The dress may hang loose or it may be slashed as illustrated with ribbon run through.

Child's Dress 8146

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8201

Child's Dress 8354

8201—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch dotted percale—⅝ yard 36-inch linen for collar and cuffs—2⅜ yards net plaiting—⅝ yard 27-inch lining for underbody. There is a lot of style to this plaited frock with its bodice cut with dimensions that are drawn around to form a girdle. The center-front forms a tab that dips down onto the skirt which is a one-piece model box plaited front and back and gathered at the sides. The sleeves are in kimono style cut in one with the waist. The skirt is attached to an underbody closing at the back.

8300—Boys' Suit. Designed for 1 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 4 yards 27-inch galatea—⅛ yard 32-inch check gingham for collar, cuffs, and belt. The suit consists of a blouse and knee trousers which have the smart cuff finish at the bottom.

Boys' Suit 8300

8308—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch linen—4⅛ yards banding. Sensible mothers realize that simple frocks like this are most suitable for kiddies, and quite a few of the new models for the very little girl are cut in one from neck to lower edge and gathered to a yoke of some sort. This frock is slashed and closed at left side-front.

8340—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 3⅝ yards 32-inch gingham—⅜ yard 36-inch white voile for vest and pippings. Every little girl must have at least one gingham frock in her Summer wardrobe and plaids in bright colors are particularly favored. A new touch is given to this frock by the cunning peplum in apron style the lower edge of which is turned up to form a pocket.

8340 8201 8354 8300

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8349

Child's Dress 8308

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8359

Girls' Dress 8339

Girls' Dress 8327

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8330

Child's Dress 8173

8173—Child's Empire Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch embroidered voile—¾ yard 36-inch plain voile—4¾ yards net frilling. Very quaint in effect is this little frock which is in drop-shoulder style.

8349 8327

8308 8173 8359 8339 8330

8359—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch cotton voile—3¾ yards lace banding—1½ yard ribbon. The closing is arranged at left side-front under the panel.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

8814—Ladies' and Misses' Wrap. Designed for small, medium, and large. Medium size requires 4½ yards 54-inch tricolet—5⅛ yards 36-inch satin or taffeta for lining. This is one of the fashionable new wraps in dolman style cut in one with the sleeves and gathered to a deep yoke that extends out over the top of the sleeves in 1830 style. The front yoke descends into a panel at center-front, and this panel may be held in loosely at the waist-line by a narrow string belt of self-material. No fashion in recent seasons has taken such a firm hold of popular fancy as has the wrap in its many forms. It is such a dressy garment that it may be worn to any sort of social function, yet it is at the same time perfectly practical for street wear. It may be fashioned of ever so many different fabrics such as serge, tricotine, duvetyn, gabardine, Poiret twill, silvertone, glovekin cloth and tricolet. A handsome Paris wrap seen recently, combined taupe duvetyn and tricolet in the most attractive manner. Navy blue and taupe are very fashionable shades, but there are many lovely shades of tan, brown, and red worn, such as beige, sand, putty, walnut, reindeer, and the many variants of Victory red like magenta and American beauty. Then one must not forget the lovely blues such as horizon and overseas blue which are achieving such popularity. Later on capes and wraps will be fashioned of soft satins and taffeta, as well as the newly-revived poplin and moiré. When the wrap is of some dark or neutral tone the lining is as a general thing very vivid by way of contrast, or one of the gorgeous printed silks may be used. The cape or wrap is of a bright shade however, it is wiser to line it with satin or silk in the same tone, rather than a contrast. No trimming is required, as the lines are so graceful and the materials so lovely that they call for nothing in the way of adornment unless one might use coarse silk floss stitchery for the edges. Or the tie belt may be finished with a huge tassel of matching silk or chenille.

8847—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 7830—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 30 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5⅝ yards 44-inch georgette—¼ yard white satin for vest—4½ yards narrow ⅝ yard wide braid—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Of Russian inspiration is this charming blouse with three-piece gathered peplum and inserted vest mounted on a front-closing underbody. The skirt is a two-piece gathered model with waist-line raised three inches and closing at left side seam.

8282—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 8320—Ladies' One-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 30 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The suit in medium size requires 4⅝ yards 42-inch silk poplin. The fronts of the jacket are back in long revers framing a vest which is embroidered at the lower edge in design 12506. The revers are slashed below the belt for inserted pockets. The skirt is lapped at the side where it closes, and the waist-line is raised two inches. The lower edge is straight.

8318—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe. An attractive variation of the cowl collar distinguishes this blouse with inset tucked vest. The closing is at left side-front under a plait.

8329—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch washable satin. The blouse is slashed at center-front, and the collar may be worn high or low.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 103

8320—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch washable satin. No. 8211—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Size 26 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch rep. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Here is one of the fashionable high collared blouses that slips on over the head. The collar, however, is convertible and may be worn low if preferred. The skirt is distinguished by triple pockets at each side. The waist-line is raised two inches, and the closing is at left side seam.

8360—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch handkerchief linen—2¾ yards filet lace edging. No. 8098—Ladies' Three-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 30 waist. Size 26 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Among the fashionable blouse fabrics handkerchief linen has a prominent place, generally trimmed with hand embroidery or lace. This is a very attractive model closing on left side-front and with a long collar extending down each side of the inset vest. The simple skirt is gathered at the top and has a lap in front where the closing is arranged. The waist-line is raised two inches. At each side are applied long shaped trimming sections buttoned on to the skirt giving the effect of pockets. This skirt is suitable not alone for crêpe de Chine but it would work out equally well in washable satin, poplin, and the stunning new sports satins and crêpes.

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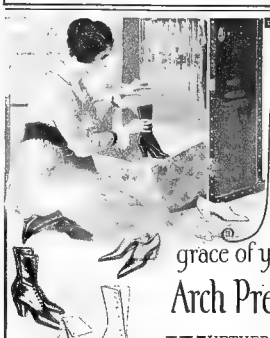

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 105

8241—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 7077—Ladies' Two-piece Tunic Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3¼ yards 36-inch dotted foulard—3 yards 36-inch satin—¼ yard fringe—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. This makes a smart afternoon frock for the stout woman. The waist is beaded in design 12461.

8180—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 36-inch linen—¾ yard contrasting linen for pipings. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The informal Summer frock generally takes the form of the one-piece model and this one will be found particularly becoming to women of full figure. The blouse buttons diagonally, the closing outlined by a long shawl collar. The sleeves are braided in design 11602.

8114—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 36-inch tricolet—2 yards 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Tricolet is one of the favored fabrics for early Summer frocks and it will work out very well in this model, the lines of which adapt it particularly to the stout woman's figure. Very new in style are the diagonal line of the blouse and uneven lower edge of the tunic. The closing is at left side-front, and the two-piece skirt is attached to the sleeveless underbody, while the three-piece tunic is attached to the waist.

8164—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 8898—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 6 yards 36-inch snow-flake voile. This is an attractive Summer afternoon frock tho it is quite simple, the only trimming consisting of a design in soutache braid where the long-waisted blouse is joined to the tunic. This braiding design is 12443. The long-waisted blouse closes in surplice style and flowing sleeves are attached at drop-shoulder line.

8850—Ladies' Sleeveless Overdress. Designed for small, medium, and large. No. 8093—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 2¾ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—3¾ yards 36-inch satin—⅝ yards braid. Length of line is given by the overdress which closes on the left shoulder and at left side-back. It hangs in simple straight lines and an unconfining girdle encircles the waist-line. A smart touch is given by the trimming of strips of braid finished at both edges with buttons. The overdress is worn over a foundation dress of satin with long waist-line.

8107—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch voile. To wear with separate skirts of taffeta, satin, or linen this is a very attractive blouse with front-buttoning vest and long rolling hemstitched collar.

8988—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—⅞ yard Georgette crêpe for collar. Bretelle sections extend over the shoulders and down under the girdle, and at the back there is a panel that is continued down to form a tiny peplum. The bretelles are embroidered along the edges in silk floss in design 12509

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 107

8837—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—⅞ yard white organdy for cuffs. Here is another attractive model in these tunic blouses, this one slashed at center-front and slipped on over the head or closed at left side-front.

8102—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch voile. An attractive model for the indispensable separate blouse, tucked on the shoulders and closing on the left shoulder and at left side-front.

8818—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. A panel front and back, oval collarless neck, and short sleeves mark this as one of the newest of the season's blouses

8165—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 8864—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. The costume in medium size requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch printed Georgette crêpe—⅝ yards 40-inch poplin—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody In this frock printed Georgette crêpe is combined attractively with silk poplin to form a handsome afternoon gown. The simple kimono blouse has short sleeves, is gathered in front and tucked at the back. The skirt is distinctly new in style with short tunic of Georgette crêpe banded in poplin and with a draped section in front that is cut in one with the two-piece skirt.

8132—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 7983—Ladies' Two-piece Tunic Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 6⅛ yards 36-inch satin—⅜ yard white satin for collar and cuffs—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. This handsome afternoon frock may be fashioned of foulard and if desired, it may be beaded in diamonds as illustrated. The extensions on the front of the blouse form the girdle.

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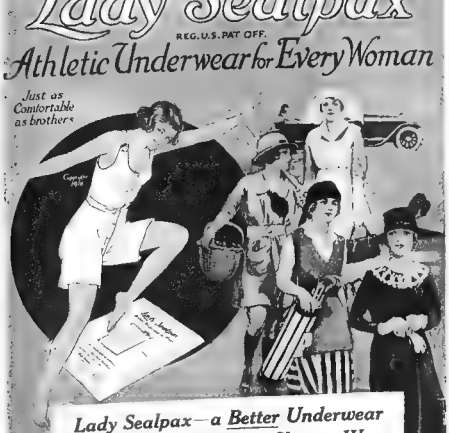

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

8111—Ladies' House-dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires for dress with center-front closing 4 yards 36-inch gingham—5/8 yard white linen for collar. Width at lower edge about 1 3/4 yard.

8149—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 3/8 yards 36-inch linen—3/4 yard 27-inch lining. Width at lower edge about 1 3/4 yard. A charming dress for afternoons on the porch is presented in this model, with a decorative touch worked out in the braiding design 11602.

8174—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 7 yards 27-inch chambray. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. A long shawl collar outlines the surplice closing and braiding is applied to the collar in design 11453.

8204—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 6 1/2 yards 32-inch check gingham. Width at lower edge about 1 3/4 yard.

8097—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2 1/2 yards 36-inch plain voile—1 3/4 yards 36-inch plaid voile Width at lower edge about 1 3/4 yard.

8102—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 5 yards 27-inch cotton rep. Width at lower edge about 1 3/4 yard. For the embroidery, which may be carried out in mercerized floss or worsted, design 12510 would be suitable.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 109

8239—Ladies' Brassiere. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3/4 yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine—3/4 yard 18-inch lace—2 yards insertion—3/4 yard ribbon. No. 8239—Ladies' Brassiere. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 1 3/4 yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine—1 1/2 yard lace banding. No. 8015—Ladies' and Misses' Boudoir Caps. Designed for small, medium, and large. Medium size requires 3/4 yard 27-inch material.

7880—Ladies' Camisole. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 3/8 yard 36-inch washable satin—2 1/4 yards ribbon. No. 8120—Ladies' Two-piece Drawers. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 1 1/4 yard 36-inch washable satin. No. 6327—Ladies' and Misses' Boudoir Caps. Designed for small, medium, and large. Any size requires 3/4 yard 27-inch material.

6082—Ladies' Camisoles. Designed for 32 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3/4 yard 36-inch washable satin—1 3/4 yard lace banding—1 yard ribbon for shoulder straps No. 8334—Ladies' Five-gored Petticoat. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 2 3/8 yards 36-inch washable satin—2 3/4 yards 6-inch lace. Width at lower edge about 1 3/4 yard. No. 8018—Ladies' and Misses' Boudoir Caps. Designed for small, medium, and large. Medium size requires 3/4 yard 27-inch material.

7819—Ladies' Pajamas. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 6 5/8 yards 27-inch figured crêpe—2 1/4 yards ribbon.

7798—Ladies' and Misses' Empire Kimono. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 4 1/4 yards 36-inch lawn—4 3/4 yards lace banding.

8363—Men's Pajamas. Designed for small, medium, and large. Medium size requires 6 1/4 yards 32-inch striped madras.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

8341—Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3 5/8 yards 36-inch linen—1/4 yard white organdy for collar—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1 1/4 yard. Simple one-piece frocks like this of linen, cotton poplin, or the new English prints are decidedly useful additions to the Summer wardrobe. The closing is on the left shoulder and at left side-front, and for the braiding that outlines the neck, design 12507 may be used.

8345—Misses' Blouse Jacket. Designed for 14 to 20 years. No. 8313—Misses' One-piece Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1 3/4 yard. The suit in medium size requires 4 1/4 yards 40-inch poplin—3/4 yard 36-inch tricolet for vest—2 yards velvet ribbon—2 3/4 yards 36-inch lining for jacket. The newest of jackets are the blouse models that open in front to show a vest of satin, tricolet, or brocade.

8337—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3 3/4 yards 36-inch taffeta—2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. Width at lower edge about 1 3/4 yard. A tucked panel is applied over the front-closing blouse, and over the two-piece gathered skirt is a tucked tunic.

8302—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4 3/4 yards 40-inch printed Georgette crêpe—3/4 yard plain Georgette crêpe for collar, girdle and trimming-bands on sleeves—3/4 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. A cowl collar, novel sleeves, and a short tunic are strikingly smart features of this charming Summer frock. Lower-edge width 1 3/4 yard. The blouse closes on the left shoulder and the underbody at center-front. The waist-line of the two-piece gathered skirt is raised one inch, and both the skirt and the tunic close at left side seam.

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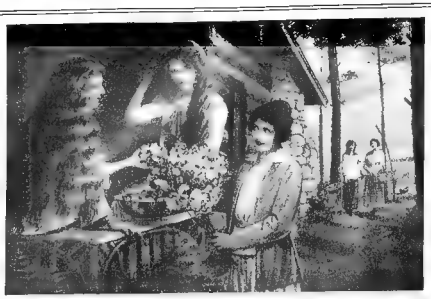

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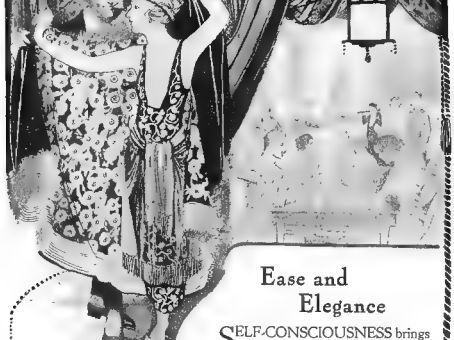

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 111

8357—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 6¼ yards 36-inch dimity. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Tucked frocks like this are very much in vogue this Summer, and they are peculiarly attractive in soft fabrics. The waist closes in front under the tucked panel, and the collar is braided in soutache for which design 11809 may be selected.

7987—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 32-inch check gingham—¼ yard 36-inch white voile for collar—1¼ yard lace edging—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard.

8128—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch linen—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Under the panel the dress closes on the left shoulder and at left side-front. Embroidered motifs are applied to the front panel and to the sides of the skirt in design 12811.

8328—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch cotton poplin—¼ yard 40-inch organdy for collar. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Over the front-closing waist is one of the fashionable panels that fastens on the left shoulder.

8373—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch organdy—4½ yards lace banding. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The closing is at the back, and the tucked waist is collarless, the V-shape neck finished with buttonholed scallops as are the flowing sleeves. For these scallops design 11661 may be used.

8832—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Delightfully frilly are the new Summer frocks of sheer filmy fabrics like Georgette crêpe and organdy. A narrow frill of Georgette finishes the long rolling collar which turns back from a surplice vest with hemstitched edges.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112

8309—Girls' and Juniors' Bathing Suit. Designed for 8 to 17 years. Size 10 requires 2¾ yards 44-inch wool jersey—½ yard 36-inch plaited foulard for collar and sash. The waist of this bathing suit is cut in one with the bloomers

8308—Child's Bathing Suit. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2¾ yards 44-inch check mohair—⅜ yard plain mohair for collar and trimming. The front-closing waist and bloomers are cut in one and over the bloomers is slipped a one-piece plaited or gathered skirt.

7849—Ladies' Bathing Suit and Cap. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch tricolet with 1⅞ yard extra for bloomers—½ yard 36-inch sports silk for collar—3 yards ribbon for girdle ⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 113

8335—Child's Play Apron. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch percale—⅝ yard 27-inch plain chambray. The apron slips on over the head, and the front and back are in panel effect shirred at the top. Two views of this apron are illustrated on the page.

8338—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2⅝ yard 32-inch plaid gingham—⅝ yard 32-inch plain gingham for trimming. The closing for this cute little dress is on the shoulders.

8362—Boys' Suit. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch cotton poplin. The trousers of this little suit button onto the blouse which has a scalloped collar. The short sleeves also are finished with buttonholed scallops. The design for the scallop is 11659.

7784—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2 yards 36-inch linen—¾ yard 36-inch white linen for waist and sleeves. The edges of the collar are finished with buttonholed scallops in design 11650.

7972—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch voile. Below a square yoke this little dress is gathered front and back and the yoke is practically covered by the cape collar which like the pockets is embroidered in design 11939.

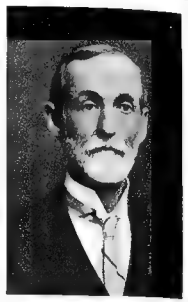
7982—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 2 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch dotted swiss—5 yards embroidery banding. The bands may be scalloped in design 11661.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

8330—Girls' One-piece Kimono Dress. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 10 requires 2½ yards 32-inch check gingham—⅝ yard 32-inch plain gingham—2 yards velvet ribbon. The dress is slashed at left side-front for the closing.

8310—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 10 requires 2¾ yards 32-inch check gingham—⅝ yard 32-inch plain gingham—1 yard 36-inch voile for waist. A fetching collar crossing in front and buttoning onto the belt is an attractive feature of this frock.

8330—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch linen—⅛ yard 27-inch lining. The dress is shirred in at the waist onto the lining to form a blouse.



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Dangerous Days

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97

"You'd better get out," said the dealer. "I'm as safe here as I'd be in Mexico City."

"Don't be too sure, son. You're not any too popular here. There's such a thing as being held up and carried over the border. It's been done before now."

"I'm sick of this hole, anyhow," Rudolph muttered, and moved away in the crowd. The mechanical piano was banging in the dance-hall as he slipped out into the night, under the clear starlight of the Mexican night, and the gate of the compound stood open. He passed it with an oath.

Long before, he had provided for such a contingency. By the same agency which had got him to the border, he could now be sent further on. At something after midnight, clad in old clothes and carrying on his back a rough outfit of a blanket and his remaining wardrobe, he knocked at the door of a small adobe house on the border of the town. An elderly German with a candle admitted him.

"Well, I'm off," Rudolph said roughly.

"And time enough, too," said the German, gruffly.

RUDOLPH was sullenly silent. He was in this man's power, and he knew it. But the German was ready enough to do his part. For months he had been doing this very thing, starting through the desert toward the south slackers and fugitives of all descriptions. He gathered together the equipments, a map with water-holes marked, a canteen covered with a dirty plaid-cloth casing, a small supply of condensed foods. In time, and in a letter to one of the Germans in Mexico City who would receive hospitably any American fugitives and ask no questions.

"How about money?" Rudolph inquired.

The German shrugged his shoulders.

"You will not need money in the desert," he said. "And you haf spent much money here, on the women. You should have safed it."

"I was told you would give me money."

But the German shook his head.

"You vill find money iv Mexico City if you get there," he said, cryptically. And Rudolph found neither threats nor entreaties of any avail.

He started out of the town, turning toward the south and west. Before him there stretched days of loneliness, days through the sand and cactus of the desert, of blistering days and cold nights, of anxious searches for water-holes that was because of the water-holes that he headed southwest, for such as they were they lay in tiny hidden cases in the adobes. Almost as soon as he left the town he was in the desert; a detached ranch, a suggestion of a road, a fenced-in cotton-field or two, an irrigation ditch, and then—sand.

He was soft from months of inaction, from the cactus whisky of Mexico, too, that ate into a man like a corrosive acid. But he went on steadily, putting behind him as rapidly as possible the border, and the girls who had laughed at him. He traveled by a pointed mountain which cut off the stars at the horizon, and as the miles behind him increased, in spite of his growing fatigue his spirits rose. Before him lay the fulness of life again. Mexico was a stake worth gambling for. He was gambling, he knew. He had put up his life, and his opponent was fate. He knew that, well enough, too, and the figure rather amused him.

"Playing against that, all right," he muttered. He paused and turned around. The sun had lifted over the rim of the desert, a red disc which turned the gleaming white alkali patches to rose. "My God," he said, "that's the ante, is it? A red chip!"

A CARAVAN of mules was coming up from the head of the Gulf of California. It moved in a cloud of alkali dust and sand, its ore-sacks coated white. The animals straggled along, wandering out of the line incessantly and thrust back into place by muleteers who cracked long whips and addressed them vilely.

At a place where a small rock placed on another marked a side trail to water, the caravan turned and moved toward the mountains. Close as they appeared, the outfit was three hours getting to the foot hills. There was a low meadow now, covered with pale green grass. Quail scurried away under the mesquit bushes, stealthily whistling, and here and there the two stones still marked the way.

With the instinct of desert creatures the mules hurried their pace. Pack-saddles creaked, spurs jingled. Life, insistent, thirsty life, quickened the dead plain.

A man rode ahead. He dug his spurs into his horse and cantered, elbows flapping, broad-brimmed hat pulled down over his eyes. For hours he had been fighting the demon of thirst. His tongue was dry, his lips cracking. But still continued to be marked with its double stones, but it did not enter the cool cañon ahead. It turned and skirted the base of the bare mountain slope. The man's eyes sharpened. He

CONTINUED ON PAGE 120

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Dangerous Days

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 119

knew very definitely what he was looking for, and at last he saw it, a circle of flat stones, some twenty feet across, the desert sign for a buried spring.

But there was something inside the circle, something which lay still. The man put his horse to the gallop again. There was a canteen lying in the trail, a canteen covered with a dirty plaid casing. The horse's hoof struck it, and it gave out a dry, metallic sound.

"Poor devil!" muttered the rider.

He dismounted and turned the figure over.

"God!" he said. "And water under him all the time!"

Then he dragged the quiet figure outside the ring of stones, and getting a spade from his saddle, fell to digging in the center. A foot below the surface water began to appear, clear, cold water. He lay down flat and drank out of the pool.

CLAYTON SPENCER was alone in his house. In the months since Natalie had gone, he had not been there a great deal. He had been working very hard. He had not been able to shoulder arms, but he had, nevertheless, fought a good fight.

He was very tired. During the day, a sort of fierce energy upheld him. Because in certain things he had failed he was the more determined to succeed in others. Not for himself; ambition of that sort had died of the higher desire to serve his country. But because the sense of failure in his private life haunted him.

The house was very quiet. Buckham came in to mend the fire, issuing from the shadows like a lean old ghost and eyeing him with tender, faded old eyes.

"Is there anything else, sir?"

"Thanks, no, Buckham."

"Yes, Mr. Spencer"

"I have not spoken about it, but I think you have understood. Mrs. Spencer is—not coming back."

"Yes, Mr. Spencer."

"I had meant to close the house, but certain things—Captain Spencer's wife expects a child. I would rather like to have her come here, for the birth. After that, if the war is over, I shall turn the house over to them. You would stay on, I hope, Buckham."

"I'll stay, sir. I ." His face worked nervously. "I feel toward the Captain as I would to my own son, sir. I have already thought that perhaps—the old nursery has been cleaned and aired for weeks, Mr. Spencer."

Clayton felt a thrill of understanding for the old man. Through all the years he had watched and served them. He had reflected their joys and their sorrows. He had suffered the family destiny without having shaped it. He had lived, vicariously, their good fortune and their bad. And now, in his old age, he was waiting again for the vicarious joy of Graham's child.

"But you'll not be leaving the house, sir?"

"I don't know. I shall keep my rooms. But I shall probably live at the club. The young people ought to be alone, for a while. There are re-adjustments— You never married, Buckham?"

"No, Mr. Spencer. I intended to, at one time. I came to this country to make a home, and as I was rather a long time about it, she married some one else."

Clayton caught the echo of an old pain in Buckham's repressed voice. Buckham, too! Was there in the life of every man some woman tragedy? Buckham, sitting alone in his west window and looking toward the sunset, Buckham had his memories.

"She lost her only son at Neuve Chapelle," Buckham was saying quietly. "In a way, it was as tho I had lost a boy. She never cared for the man she married. He was a fine boy, sir. I—you may remember the night I was taken ill in the pantry."

"Is her husband still living?"

"No, Mr. Spencer."

"Do you ever think of going back and finding her?"

"I have, sir But I don't know. I like to remember her as she used to be I have some beautiful memories. And I think sometimes it is better to live on memories. They are more real than—well, than reality, sir."

LONG after Buckham had withdrawn, Clayton paced the floor of the library. Was Buckham right? Was the real life of a man his mental life? Was any love so great as a man's dream of love? Peace was on the way. Soon this nightmare of war would be over, and in the great awakening love would again take the place of hate. Love of man for man, of nation for nation. Peace and the things of peace. Time to live. Time to hope, with the death-cloud gone. Time to work and time to play. Time to love a woman and cherish her for the rest of life, if only——

His failure with Natalie had lost him something. She had cost him his belief in himself Her last words had crystallized his own sense of failure.

"I admit all your good qualities, Clay. Heaven knows they are evident enough. But you are the sort people admire. They don't love you. They never will"

Yet that night he had had a curious sense that old Buckham loved him. Maybe he was the sort men loved and women admired.

He sat down and leaned back in his chair, watching the fire-logs. He felt very tired What was that Buckham had said about memories? But Buckham was old. He was young, young and strong. There would be many years, and even his most poignant memories would grow dim.

Audrey! Audrey!

From the wall over the mantel Natalie's portrait still surveyed the room with its delicate complacence. He looked up at it. Yes, Natalie had been right. He was not the sort to make a woman happy. There were plenty of men, young men, men still plastic, men who had not known shipwreck, and some such man Audrey would marry. Perhaps already, in France—

He got up. His desk was covered with papers, neatly endorsed by his secretary. He turned out all the lights but his desk lamp Natalie's gleaming flesh-tones died into the shadows, and he stood for a moment, looking up at it, a dead thing, remote, flat, without significance. Then he sat down at his desk and took up a bundle of government papers.

There was still work. Thank God for work.

AUDREY was in Paris on the eleventh of November. Now and then she got back there, and reveled for a day or two in the mere joy of paved streets and great orderly buildings. She liked the streets and the crowds. She liked watching the American boys swaggering along, smoking innumerable cigarets and surveying the city with interested, patronizing eyes. And, always, walking briskly along the Rue Royale or the Avenue de l'Opera, or in the Tuileries where the schoolboys played their old French games, her eyes were searching the faces of the men she met.

Any tall man in civilian clothes set her heart beating faster. She was quite honest with herself, she knew that she was watching for Clay, and she had a magnificent shamelessness in her quest. *The Daily Mail* had announced his arrival in France, and at first every ring of her telephone had sent her to it, somewhat breathless but quite confident. He would, she considered, call up the Red Cross at the Hotel Regina, and they would, by her instructions, give her hotel.

Then, on that Monday morning which was the eleventh, she realized that he would not call her up. She knew it suddenly and absolutely. She sat down, when the knowledge came to her, with a sickening feeling that if he did not come to her now he never would come. Yet even then she did not doubt that he cared. Cared as desperately as she did. The band still held.

She tried very hard, sitting there by her wood fire in the orderly uniform which made her so quaintly young and boyish, to understand the twisted mental processes that kept him away from her, now that he was free. And, in the end, she came rather close to the truth: his sense of failure; his loss of confidence in himself where his love life was concerned; the strange twisting and warping that were Natalie's sole legacy from their years together.

For months she had been tending broken bodies and broken spirits. But the broken pride of a man was a strange and terrible thing.

She did not know where he was stopping, and in the congestion of the Paris hotels it would be practically impossible to trace him. And then, too, her own pride stepped in. He must come to her. He knew she cared. She had been honest with him always, with a sort of terrible honesty.

Surveying the past months, she wondered, not for the first time, what had held them apart so long, again at the urge that had become the strongest thing in life to them both. The strength in her had come from him. She knew that. But where had Clay got his strength? Men were not like that, often Failing final happiness. They so often took what they could get. Like Chris

Perhaps, for the first and last time, she saw Clayton Spencer that morning with her mind, as well as with her heart. She saw him big and generous and fine, but she saw him also not quite so big as his love, conventional, bound by tradition and early training, somewhat rigid, Calvinistic and dominated still by a fierce sex pride.

At once the weaknesses of the middle span, and its safety.

And, woman-fashion, she loved him for both his weakness and his strength. A bigger man might have taken her. A

CONTINUED ON PAGE 121

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Dangerous Days

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120

smaller man would have let her go. Clay was—just Clay; single-hearted, intelligent but not shrewd, blundering, honest Clay.

She was one great ache for the shelter of his arms.

She had a small sense of shame that, on that day of all others, she should be obsessed with her own affairs.

This was a great day. That morning, if all went well, the war was to cease. The curtain was to fall on the great melodrama, and those who had watched it and those who had played in it would with the drop of the curtain turn away from the illusion that is war, to the small and quiet things of home.

"Home!" she repeated. She had no home. But it was a great day, nevertheless. Only that morning the white-capped *femme de chambre* had said, with exaltation in her great eyes:

"So! It is finished, Madame, or soon it will be—in an hour or two."

"It will be finished, Suzanne."

"And Madame will go back to the life she lived before." Her eyes had turned to where, on the dressing-table, lay the gold fittings of Audrey's dressing case. She visualized Audrey, back in rich, opulent America, surrounded by the luxury the gold trinkets would indicate.

Madame must be lovely in the costume for a ball," she said, and sighed. For her, a farm in Brittany, the endless round of small duties; for the American——

SITTING there alone Audrey felt already the reactions of peace. The war had torn up such roots as had held her. She was terribly aware, too, that she had outgrown her old environment. The old days were gone. The old Audrey was gone; and in her place was a quiet woman, whose hands had known service and would never again be content to be idle. She knew that, with the war, the world call would be gone. Not again, for her, detached, impersonal service. She was not of the great of the earth. What she wanted, quite simply, was the service of love. To have her own and to care for them. She hoped, very earnestly, that she would be able to look beyond her own four walls, to see distress and to help it, but she knew, as she knew herself, that the real call to her would always be love.

She felt a certain impatience at herself This was to be the greatest day in the history of the world, and while all the earth waited for the signal guns, she waited for a man who had apparently determined not to take her back into his life.

She went out onto her small stone balcony, on the Rue Dunois, and looked out to where, on the Rue de la Paix, the city traffic moved with a sort of sporadic expectancy. Men stopped and consulted their watches. A few stood along the curb, and talked in low voices. Groups of men in khaki walked slowly, stopped to glance into the shop windows. They, too, were waiting. She could see, far below, her *valet de chambre* in his green felt apron, and the *concierge* in his blue frock coat and brass buttons, unbending in the new democracy of hope to talk to a *poilu*.

Suddenly Audrey felt the same exaltation that had been in Suzanne's eyes. Those boys below in uniform they were tragic now. They were the hope of the world, not its sacrifice. They were going to live. *They were going to live.*

She went into her bedroom and put on her service hat. And as she opened the door Suzanne was standing outside, one hand upraised. Into the quiet hallway there came the distant sound of the signal guns.

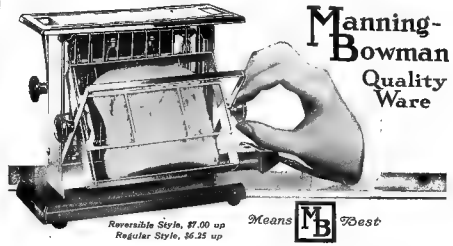
"*C'est l'armistice!*" cried Suzanne, and suddenly broke into wild hysterical sobbing.

All the way down-stairs Audrey was praying, not articulately, but in her heart, that this was indeed the end; that the grapes of wrath had all been trampled; that the nations of the world might again look forward instead of back. And—because she was not of the great of the earth, but only a loving woman that somewhere Clay was hearing the guns, as she was, and would find hope in them, and a future.

WHEN a great burden is lifted, the relief is not always felt at once. The galled places still ache. The sense of weight persists. And so with Paris. Not at once did the city rejoice openly. It prayed first, and then it counted the sore spots, and they were many. And it was dazed, too. There had been no time to discount peace in advance.

The streets filled at once, but at first it was with a chastened people. Audrey herself felt numb and unreal. She moved mechanically with the shifting crowd, looking overhead as a captured German plane flew by, trying to comprehend the incomprehensible. But by midday the sober note of the crowds had risen to a higher pitch. A file of American doughboys, led by a corporal with a tin trumpet and officered by a sergeant with an enormous

CONTINUED ON PAGE 122



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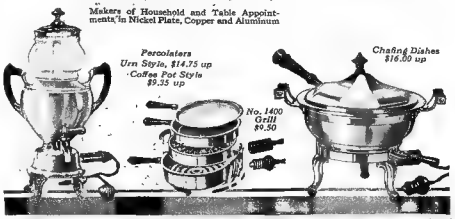

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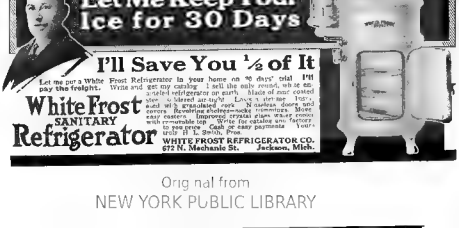
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JOHNSON SMITH & CO. Dept. A 3802, 3224 No. Halsted St., Chicago

Dangerous Days

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 121

American cigar, goose-stepped down the Avenue de l'Opera, gaining recruits at every step. It snake-danced madly through the crowd, singing that one lyric stand-by of young America. "Hasn't hasn't the gang's all here!"

But the gang was not all there, and they knew it. Some of them lay in the Argonne, or at Château-Thierry, and for them peace had come too late. But the Americans, like the rest of the world, had put the past behind them. Here was the present, the glorious present, and Paris on a sunny Monday. And after that would be home.

Gradually the noise became uproarious. There were no bands in Paris, and any schoolboy with a tin horn or a toy drum could start a procession. Bearded little *poilus* earn in arm from curb to curb marched grinning down the center of the streets, capturing and kissing pretty *midinettes*, or surrounding officers and dancing madly. Audrey saw an Algerian, ragged and dirty from the battle-fields, kiss on both cheeks a portly British Admiral of the fleet, and was herself kissed by a French sailor, with extreme robustness and a slight tinge of *vin ordinaire*. She went on smiling.

If only Clay were seeing all this! He had worked so hard. He had a right to this wonderful hour, at least. If he had gone to the front, to see Graham—but then it must be rather wonderful at the front, too. She tried to visualize it; the guns quiet, and the strained look gone from the faces of the men, with the wonderful feeling that as there was to-day, now there would also be to-morrow.

She felt a curious shrinking from the people she knew. For this one day she wanted to be alone. This peace was a thing of the soul, and of the soul alone. She knew what it would be with the people she knew best in Paris, hastily arranged riotous parties, a great deal of champagne and noise, and, overlying the real sentiment, much sentimentality. She realized, with a faint smile, that the old Audrey would have welcomed that very gaiety. She was even rather resentful with herself for her own aloofness.

She quite forgot luncheon, and early afternoon found her on the balcony of the Crillon Hotel, overlooking the Place de la Concorde. Paris was truly awake by that time, and going mad. The long-quiet fountains were playing. Poilus and American soldiers had seized captured German cannon and were hauling them wildly about. If in the morning the crowd had been largely khaki, now the French blue predominated. Flags and confetti were everywhere, and every motor, as it pushed slowly through the crowd, carried on roof and running-board and engine-hood crowds of self-invited passengers. A British band was playing near the fountain. A line of helmets above the mass and wild cheers revealed French cavalry riding through, and, heralded by yells and much applause came a procession of the proletariat, of odds and ends, soldiers and girls, mechanics and street-sweepers and sailormen and students, carrying an effigy of the Kaiser on a gibbet.

AS THE sun went down, the outlines of the rejoicing city took on the faint mistblue of a dream city. It softened the outlines of the Eiffel tower to strange and fairy-like beauty and gave to the trees in the Tuileries the lack of definition of an old engraving. And as if to remind the rejoicing of the price of their happiness, there came limping through the crowd a procession of the *mutilés*. They stumped along on wooden legs or on crutches; they rode in wheeled chairs; they were led, who could not see. And they smiled and cheered. None of them was whole, but every one was a full man, for all that.

Audrey cried, shamelessly like Suzanne, but quietly. And, not for the first time that day, she thought of Chris. She had never loved him, but I was pitiful that he could not have lived. He had so loved life. He would have so relished all this, the pageantry of it, and the gaiety, and the night's revelry that was to follow. Poor Chris! He had thrown everything away, even life. The world perhaps was better, that these *mutilés* below had given what they had. But Chris had gone like a pebble thrown into a lake. He had made his tiny ripple and had vanished.

Then she remembered that she was not quite fair. Perhaps she had never been fair to Chris. He had given all he had. He had not lived well, but he had died well. And there was something to be said for death. For the first time in her healthy life she wondered about death, standing here on the Crillon balcony, with the city gone mad with life below her. Death was quiet. It might be rather wonderful She thought. If Clay did not want her, that perhaps it would be very comforting just to die and forget about everything.

From beneath the balcony there came again, lustily, the shouts of a dozen doughboys hauling a German gun:

THEN, that night, Clay came. The roistering city outside had made of her little sitting-room a sort of sanctuary, into which came only faintly the blasts of horns, hoarse strains of the "Marseillaise," sung by an un-vocal people, the shuffling of myriad feet, the occasional semi-hysterical screams of women.

"Mr. Spencer is calling," said the *concierge* over the telephone, in his new English. And suddenly a tight band snapped which had seemed to bind Audrey's head all day. She was calm. She was herself again. Life was very wonderful; peace was very wonderful. The dear old world. The good old world. The kind, loving, tender old world, which separated people that they might know the joy of coming together again. She wanted to sing, she wanted to hang over her balcony and teach the unvocal French the "Marseillaise."

Yet, when she had opened the door, she could not even speak. And Clay, too, after one long look at her, only held out his arms. She was rather a long time, indeed, before they found any words at all. Audrey was the first, and what she said astounded her. For she said:

"What a dreadful noise outside."

And Clay responded, with equal gravity: "Yes, isn't it?"

Then he took off his overcoat and put it down, and placed his hat on the table, and said, very simply, "I couldn't stay away. I tried to."

"You hadn't a chance in the world, Clay, when I was willing you to come."

Then there was one of those silences which come when words have shown their absolute absurdity. It seemed a long time before he broke it.

"I'm not young, Audrey. And I have failed once."

"It takes two to make a failure," she said dauntlessly. "I—wouldn't let you fail again, Clay Not if you love me."

"If I love you!" Then he was somehow, in that grotesque position that is only absurd to the onlooker, on his knees beside her. His terrible self-consciousness was gone. He only knew that, somehow, some way, he must prove to her his humility, his love, his terrible fear of losing her again. his hope that together they might make up for the wasted years of their lives. "I worship you," he said.

The little room was a sanctuary. The war lay behind them. Wasted and troubled years lay behind them. Youth, first youth, was gone, with its illusions and its dreams. But before them lay the years of fulfilment, years of understanding. Youth demanded everything, and was discontented that it secured less than its demands. Now they asked but three things, work and peace, and love. And the greatest of these was love.

Something like that he said to her, when the first inarticulateness had passed, and when, as is the way of a man with the woman who loves him, he tried to lay his soul as well as his heart at her feet. The knowledge that the years brought. That love in youth was a plant of easy growth, springing up at a touch, but that the love of the middle span of a man's life, whether that love be the early love purified by fire, or a new love sowed in sacrifice, and watered with tears, the love that was to carry a man and a woman through to the end, for a new love sowed in sacrifice, and watered with tears, the love that was to carry a man and a woman through to the end, for a new love is infinitely precious gift. A gift to take the place of the things that had gone with youth, of high adventure and the lilt of the singing heart.

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THE END

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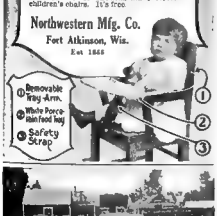

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Taking the Work Out of Housework

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

the income of the Schmaltzes and their grocery bill, and the fact that Sonias and Konikas on every block in the poorer quarters of the city were being recruited for tubercular hospitals because of insufficient and poorly prepared food. What the war did, however, was to emphasize the importance of Mr. and Mrs. Schmaltz to the world. If they were underfed, or if their home was disrupted by sickness, their output of chemical materials in the factory, very necessary to the carrying on of the war, was lessened, or they communicated their sickness to other workers. In any case, the whole scheme of things was upset.

During the Winter of 1917-1918 six visiting housekeepers went into the homes of the people of the Schmaltz neighborhood and through their investigations discovered the increasing gap between the income and the output for food of the average family. A dollar a day could not buy health for a family of five, and a dollar a day was all the Schmaltz family could spend for food. Eighty per cent. of the women of this particular neighborhood had, like Mrs. Schmaltz, followed their husbands into the factory. That meant eighty per cent. of the families living on hastily bought and hastily prepared food. Out of these conditions dawned the idea of communal cooking.

MRS. SCHMALTZ and all of her working neighbors are in the habit of taking their younger children to the day-nursery. Four nurseries in the neighborhood are always crowded to capacity. They also are patrons of the municipal co-operative bath. The older children play in a community back yard, or city playground, after school is over. Unconsciously, therefore, the community idea had been nurtured in them, but the community cook-stove was different; there was too much "home" in that. They were used, of course, to buying ready-cooked food from the delicatessen, not always good in quality, and sold at exorbitant prices, but a shining, clean kitchen, with an air of neighborly friendliness, where one's meals were cooked for one according to one's own national tastes, to be taken home; or where one could have one's meals in the cafeteria at a price that piled up no profits for a proprietor—that was so new as to upset all traditions. But in a year's time it has more than proved that there is a place for this new community development and that where now there are a straggling few, there should be hundreds of such kitchens all over the country.

Something is being done about Mrs. Schmaltz, because her need is so urgent and her powers of initiative are limited by her education and the demands upon her. Society comes to her rescue with the community nursery for her babies, with the community playgrounds for the older children, with well-appointed municipal baths, and now we see emerging the community kitchen and sewing-center. At the opposite rung of the ladder we have the woman who can easily buy for herself de luxe reproductions of all that society provides for Mrs. Schmaltz. To dodge the harassments of modern home life she can go to the expensive apartment hotel, where all things are superlatively managed and by pressing a button dinners may be served to her, clothes may be laundered and pressed, maids secured to do her bidding, all she has to do being to pay the piper to the tune of a goodly check.

BUT it is the university professor's wife, the farmwife, the married woman with a vocation, and all the great middle average of people whose domestic problem is as yet unsolved, and the solution of which must come from their own initiative. Mrs. Rich does not have to think, because she pays some one else to think for her. And Mrs. Schmaltz is of such concern to the world that some one is beginning to think for her. But the great middle class must do its own thinking and its own acting.

Women must face the fact that servants as we have known them in the past will soon be as rare as horses and buggies are now on our city streets. Does any one for a moment imagine that any self-respecting housemaid who has tasted the excitements and independence of fifteen a week as a conductorette, on a nine-hour schedule, is going back to the Joneses' family kitchen as maid of all work from 7.30 A. M. to 8 P. M. for eight a week, even with room and board thrown in? It is not the wages that she objects to. It is the conditions of work in the household, which is a story in itself. There can be no doubt that there are going to be fewer and fewer house servants until they are put on an entirely different basis.

Facing this possibility and the tremendous odds of social ills growing out of the present conditions in our homes, obviously something must be done besides making the difficulties the subject of afternoon tea-talk wherever two or three housewives are gathered together. If cooking, which is the most difficult and complicated phase of housekeeping either to accomplish

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

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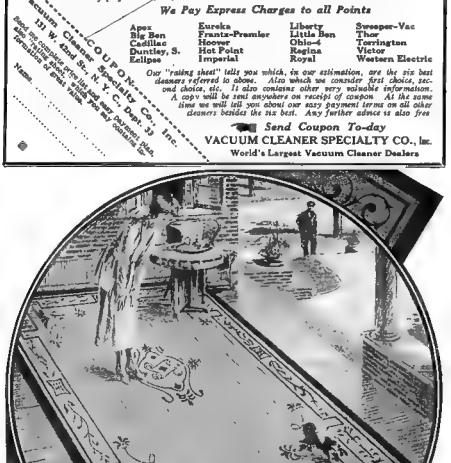

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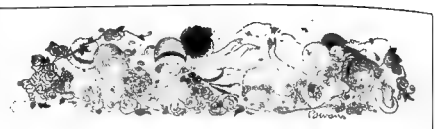

Taking the Work Out of Housework

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 123

or to direct, could be eliminated from the work of the individual home, such homes not only as that of Mrs Schmaltz, but of the business woman, the university professor's wife and—why not—of many a farmwife, a long step would be taken toward reducing the drudgery of housework.

A well-known English authority claims that the failing birth-rate can be checked by community kitchens. He says, "If by practically abolishing the private kitchen we can save one room per house, we save at least one room per home for fine children instead of poor cooking, and we largely abolish that factor of the failing birth-rate which consists in the absence of house-room for the nation's children."

A woman to manage and operate the modern home must have the intelligence of a good executive and must possess a variety of talents. Ellen H. Richards says, "The Twentieth Century housekeeper should be its managers, first of all, a scientific understanding of the sanitary requirements of a human habitation; second, a thorough knowledge of values, absolute and relative, of the various articles which are used in the house, including foods; third, a system of account-keeping that shall make possible a close watch upon expenses; fourth, an ability to secure from them the best they have to give and to maintain a high standard of honest work."

How many women have the background, the training, and the aptitude that fits them to fulfil all these requirements? Is it any wonder that we have a great deal of bungled housekeeping, bad cooking, and waste of earnings, with all the disastrous results?

By all means, the co-operative kitchen if it will save us from some of those results. Is there anything so radical about having meals cooked outside of the home and sent in when we already are accustomed to having so many of the things that enter into the meal prepared outside? Or when we consider that we invite an ignorant stranger into our homes to do the cooking?

Cooked Food Services Start

IN VARIOUS large cities some such experiment as that of the community kitchen in St. Louis is beginning to appear. In New York City there are two or three beginnings of the centralized kitchen service which cooks meals and delivers them to households. In Philadelphia similar experiments are starting. Princeton, N. J., has a well-developed cooked food service and so has Montclair, N. J. The idea has been tested out successfully in Chicago and several kitchens are being started there. In Washington, D. C., the foundation has been laid for a central kitchen to do the cooking for families of official circles. In many of the European countries, particularly the Scandinavian countries, such kitchens have been successfully operated for years, more especially among the industrial population.

In many places throughout this country the same energies that went into community canning might turn toward establishing central kitchens which will be for the preparation of food daily for homes in the neighborhood as well as for the preparation of food during the canning season.

By all means, co-operative kitchens for all those who need them and want them, and the number in our complex life is growing. Balanced against the advantages they offer, one must consider a few sacrifices of individual tastes and whims of appetite, not always wise guides, perhaps, but nevertheless deeply rooted in human nature. There can never be in the co-operative kitchen the same measure of flexibility that there is if food is prepared in the family kitchen according to individual tastes and conditions. And there is a great deal to be said for the social and educational value of the preparation of food within the family, where it is prepared with skill and knowledge and with willingness. It is the old story of the pies mother used to make. It is not only the pies, but what goes into the making of them.

But one must weigh against these factors all the advantages to be gained from the community kitchen. It is not likely, perhaps, that all women nor even an overwhelming majority of them, if the conditions surrounding the preparation of food were simplified, would forego entirely the pleasure of personally superintending the preparation of the daily food of those nearest and dearest to them and the satisfaction to be derived from their appreciation and their well-being. But it is the drudgery of having to prepare the meals twice and three times a day, in kitchens and with tools which are neither interesting nor inspiring that irks women. If there were the co-operative kitchen for those days when they did not feel like preparing the family meals or when other duties pressed too heavily, they could find relief by an order over the telephone.

It is a matter of opinion whether we shall ever wholly outgrow the individual kitchen. Personally I do not think so, or certainly not for so long a time that it is beyond the need of present calculations. There will always be a proportion of families for whom no outsider can cater, not the most proficient expert.

What, then, does one see on the domestic horizon to meet all the conditions and demands of American homes of the future? It seems likely that we shall have these four changes:

First—Centralized kitchens, with a sliding scale of service, from which one can order either a whole meal or any part of it.

Second—A system of labor which will provide trained household specialists, cooks, cleaners, market specialists, house managers, available for part or full time, and who should work on the same basis and under standards equally exacting as any other class of skilled labor.

Third—Bureaus of information for every city and country community, where the housewife can get expert advice and direction in all questions of home economics. These bureaus might be separate or incorporated with the central kitchens and they should be experiment stations exactly like the agricultural experiment stations, where new problems of nutrition, new household inventions and devices could be passed upon and the results made available to home-makers. (The Department of Agriculture has already made a start toward these with the home demonstration bureaus.) See PICTORIAL REVIEW for April and page 50 of this issue.

Fourth—Radical changes in the building of our homes so that much of the heating and care for a group of houses could be done from a central plant, and great perfecting of household labor-saving devices so that either as individual or co-operative property such devices may be available in the home.

Is it too much to ask that the home should invite the same inventive concern, the same economic scrutiny as the factories which make our shoes, our automobiles, or the steel for our ships? The house is the factory in which human beings are developed for whom shoes, automobiles, and ships are needed. And yet we live on in homes which cramp and injure growing children, which exhaust the energies of women, and foster disease and social discontent, while we put our skilled effort into the perfecting of industrial plants.

Is it not time that we stop haggling over the gradual disappearance and incompetence of the servant girl and call in science to be the handmaiden of the home? We have just made a small beginning with our vacuum cleaners, electric fans, dumbwaiters, and fireless cookers. Let us look forward to houses which are so built that they will contain no lodging-place for dust, air that is cleansed and germ-proof, warmed or cooled by electricity, refrigerators that need no ice, stoves that may be set to start and stop cooking automatically, requiring no supervision, mechanical dishwashers, mechanical washing and ironing devices; in fact, to an entire simplification and beautifying of all the processes of home-making?

Call in the Experts

WHEN the housewife demands these things, they will come. Do the women of the world want to take the drudgery out of housework and turn it into the most skilled of all industries and arts? It is up to the housewives, and the American housewife may lead the way for the world. The first victory will be when she stops complaining and realizes that conditions need not be as they are to-day. Let her call to her bidding architects, engineers, scientists, inventors, economists, artists, manufacturers, and, by no means unimportant, advertising and publicity experts, to make known her needs.

If only a part of the awakened consciousness and released energies of the women of America which have gone into food conservation, community canning, canteen work, and Red Cross knitting and bandage-rolling could be applied to the vast problem of better home-making, we would within a few years have carried out social ills than all the legislation that could be enacted.

All of the new wires of quick communication, all the methods of publicity and education opened up by war emergency work-exhibits, advertising, motion-pictures, demonstrations, the mouth-to-mouth message—should be utilized for passing on word of this great campaign. Less time travel faster than prairie fires if behind them blows the wind of a great human need. Agitation plus education is needed. But the women of America put into the job the same passion they have put into the winning of the war, since this, too, is for the saving of human lives. Now that the cause of democracy has been won, what is needed is some Marshal Foch on the domestic firing-line to organize the scattered forces of discontent and lead the campaign for new home-making which will safeguard the family.

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The Bride of Bacoor

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

That night Thompson went to his bed in the commandancia well pleased with his strategy. He had laid the ghost and released the Bride from her years of vigil. As he lay musing on his cot he suddenly noticed a shadow passing to and fro across his threshold. He could hear the subdued patter of bare feet on the veranda.

Seizing his pistol, he investigated, and found the gaunt old woman doing sentry-go by his door. Smiling her ghastly smile, the old witch waved her hand and ordered him back to bed.

"You are a good man," she said. "You brought my Francisco back to me. I will watch and see that no harm comes. You may sleep in peace. I will always be here to watch over you."

This was more than Thompson had bargained for. He finally drove her from the veranda, but looking out of his window saw her take her post under a guava bush, staring into his room. She would not budge until the morning light came.

You see, the Bride had become accustomed to night-walking. It was her one great occupation in life. So she had transferred her attention from her ghostly lover to the poor lieutenant of Scouts. She had discarded the white garments of the bride, and now wore the somber attire of a married woman, with the black mantle draped over her head. Standing grimacing outside the window, waving her thin arms in the moonlight, she looked for all the world like some evil harpy gloating over a victim. But the words she crooned were songs of love and pledges of protection.

POOR Thompson was distracted. He had laid the ghost, but inherited a first-class "she haunt." He was hag-ridden, and his nights were made sleepless by the specter which kept guard over his bed.

For a time he tried to keep the thing secret, but the story got out and he came in for much jostling from his friends, especially Hawes, who declared it was the joke of the season. When visitors came to the commandancia by night, they would always be met by the limping old witch demanding their business and asking why they had come to disturb the slumbers of the master.

The haunted lieutenant tried sleeping out in the quarters of his friends, but after one trial they would have none of him. Always old Dolores would find him and come mooning around the house, or unexpectedly reach through a window with her talon hand to draw the sheets back over his shoulders and pat him an affectionate good night.

It was more than even a normal healthy young officer could stand. Finally poor Benny gave up in despair, surrendered his fine station and asked for a transfer to an inland town. They sent him to Indang, which is sixty miles or more from Bacoor.

For four nights he slept in peace, and then he was awakened by the terrorized native sentry, and found the Bride squatting on her heels in the doorway waving a friendly greeting. Young officers can not get a transfer every time they want one, therefore Thompson was doomed to abide with his ghost for many months.

There are many reasons why a healthy young man should find it awkward to be haunted. For instance, there was a beautiful young mestiza woman in Indang who fell in love with Thompson. One night the garrison was aroused by screams coming from his quarters. But I will leave that part of the story to Hawes. He really makes it very laughable.

AFTER that the woman shunned Thompson as if he had the plague, and it was rumored about that he had sold his soul to the devil. This dreadful charge, however, had its compensations, as the natives ever after went in great awe of him and gave him slavish obedience. They said he was *aniing-aniing*, and jumped to do his bidding.

Because of this the lieutenant won great reputation in the islands during his work with the natives. Wherever he went, the sanitary code was lived up to as a creed, and the children crowded the schools. His district was the most orderly in the islands, because he was *aniing-aniing* and it was damnation to oppose his commands.

The strangest part of it all was the effect all this had on Thompson. His was no conventional ghost of evil, which could be banished by bell, book, and candle. It was a kindly old war-lock with nothing but a great love in her heart. After suffering for a while he became resigned to his fate and really developed an affection for the old woman. People said he was queer because he drew away from the society of his kind. He spent more time with the natives than was good for him.

It was only last year that Thompson did the great work which brought him promotion. He now sits in the councils of the high-rankers. More truthfully speaking, it was Thompson and Dolores who did the work.

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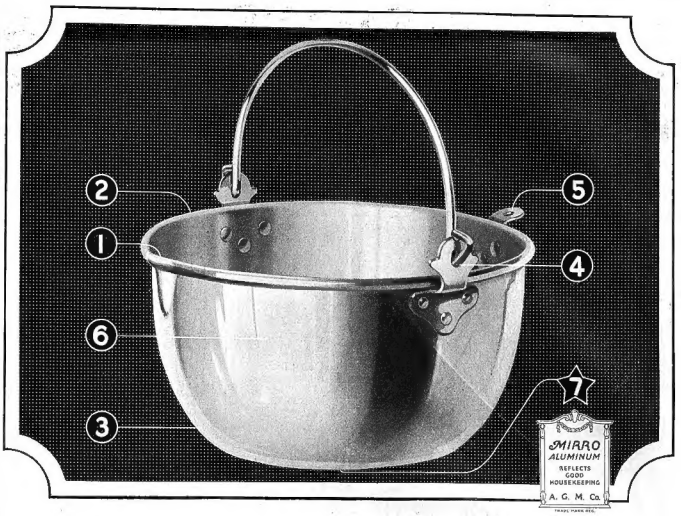

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The Bride of Bacoor

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 125

It was the time "The Devil's Breath," the black smallpox, swept over Cavite Province, striking the natives down by hundreds. The natives fled like stampeded cattle, back and forth along the roads, spreading the pestilence in the villages.

Thompson called for more doctors and hospital corps men, but help was not to be had. His was not the only district in which the army was fighting the plague. Almost single-handed, Benny made his fight.

Night and day he worked, caring for the sick and burying the dead. Within a few days he literally vaccinated thousands. He established a pest-house and isolation-camp for the exposed. The town was quarantined and even the church was closed and the frightened people forced to do their praying in their homes. Wherever he went, Dolores was by his side exhorting the people to obey his commands. His laws were kept without guards or punishment. The natives did not understand the strange ways of the white man, but they feared and also trusted him.

When the men of the medical corps finally found time to come to his aid, their work was done. Thompson had stopped the plague. What is more, he reported the lowest mortality record of any district in the province. The medicos were extravagant in their praise and commended him in their reports.

With help at hand Thompson treated himself to the first night's rest he had had in many weeks. That evening he twisted and tossed upon his bed, scorching with fever. His eyelids seemed to be sand-papering his eyes. Thinking that he was only worn and exhausted by his labors, he did not send for the doctor. Before midnight it was too late. He had passed into the blackness of delirium. Dolores watched through the night by his side.

WHEN morning came, the doctors came seeking him and found the bed empty and the house deserted.

I have always thought that Dolores must have had aid from the natives in what she did. In the late night hours, she had spirited him from his quarters to a lonely bamboo hut, hidden in a ravine in the hills. For many days he lay there, his mind in darkness, while Dolores fought alone against "The Devil's Breath."

In an earthen *olla* she brewed outlandish concoctions of weeds and herbs. She anointed his fevered body with greasy salve and fed him wads of bruised madera leaves. In the corners of the shack she kept platters of some stinking liquid, which made the nostrils smart and the eyes water. There must have been some merit in the stuff, however, for the flies and mosquitoes swarmed outside the hut, none came in where Benny lay.

When Thompson came groping back into consciousness, he thought for a moment that he had been transported to the infernal regions on the wings of the plague. Haggard and hawk-nosed, old Dolores squatted over the caldron, stirring the mess with a stick and droning the counting-song which marks the passage of the minutes. Over the door hung a wooden cross and sticking in the cracks in the floors were the smoldering bamboo sticks which drive away evil spirits.

Thompson has since told me of those anxious days when, lying helpless in the sweating jungle, he was nursed back to life by a crazy woman. How she stood the physical strain was a miracle. Night or day she refused to sleep. When he pretended to sleep she would squat by his side muttering some ancient Tagalog song, telling her rosary, or making mystic passes with the good-luck charm that hung about her neck.

Meantime the Department of Southern Luzon was wildly excited at the strange disappearance of a promising young lieutenant. Several troops of cavalry were kept prowling the hills and roads. A large reward was offered for information leading to the rescue of the officer.

THOMPSON says that every native in the district of Indang must have known exactly where he was hidden, yet not one claimed the reward. At last the search was ended when Benny came walking on unsteady legs through the gate of the post hospital, with Dolores trotting at his heels.

When his story was told, the doctor stormed and raged. Declared that it was a miracle that Benny was not dead. Dolores had violated every canon of the medical law. He seemed to overlook the main point: that Thompson was healed, and without a scar.

When he was stronger, the lieutenant was given a month's sick leave and told to go and play in Manila until the flesh came back to his bones. He left strict orders that Dolores was to be cared for and treated kindly until his return.

His leave was only three days old when he learned that Dolores was dying. Bankrupting himself and his friends he confiscated a noted specialist and sped back to Indang. The noted specialist said it was too late and seemed put out because his patient was only an old native woman.

Dolores seemed to sense his presence the moment Thompson entered the room. She stretched out her gaunt arms, whining eagerly like a restless child. Hour after hour Benny knelt by her bed. It was uncanny to watch her hand, groping constantly up and down his arm, caressing his hands.

Benny bent low over her, crooning the native chants she had taught him or murmuring the incantations which no white man has any right to know. As he chanted, she smiled. It was a wonderful smile for one so old and wrinkled. She was smiling when she died.

When Thompson came out of that room he reeled and lurched like a drunken man. His feet were "asleep" and his arms numb from kneeling motionless so long.

EVERYBODY said it was the biggest funeral ever seen in Indang. The bamboo band marched before, playing a dirge; the bell tolled for hours, and hundreds marched with bared heads. Benny Thompson paid for the funeral.

Hawes's version of this story is more popular and much more humorous than mine. He somehow it fails to amuse me.

It is probably because I remember the Bride of Bacoor as I saw her years ago, peering with pleading eyes into the faces of the passers-by, asking for her lover. I always picture her as she was then, standing youthful in the moonlight, dressed in her white tapis, and the piña-cloth pañuela with the marks woven in the corners, the mystic little marks that bring good luck.

The Kidnapped Memorial

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

"Yes," said Mr. Gale. "'Tention!"

The old drummer, his eyes opening wider and wider, turned forward from the knees, and held himself up only by trembling bent arms. Two men in the crowd caught him. "Go on!" he groaned. His drumsticks clattered on the ground.

Uneasily exchanging glances, the other old men waited. Each face said, "Risky business. Hot day. We might collapse, too."

The clergyman slipped the drum-belt over his own head, picked up the sticks. "Play, confound you, Lansel!" he snapped at the pompous bunker-fler, and together they rolled into crude version of "Marching through Georgia."

The squad straightened its lines and marched on, without even an order from Mr. Gale, who, at the head of the procession, was marveling. "I never did expect to march to that tune!"

The two motor-cars shot from Joralemon to Wakamin, with steering wheels wrenching and bucking on the sandy road, and old men clinging to seat-edge and robe-rack. They stopped before the Tiffany cottage.

Mrs. Tiffany sat on the porch, her blue bonnet lashed to her faded hair, with a brown veil, a basket of flowers and a shoe-box of lunch on her knees. As the cars drew up, she rushed out, with flustered greetings. The old men greeted her elaborately. One who had known Captain Tiffany, became the noisy spokesman. But he had little of which to speak. And the whole affair suddenly became a vacuous absurdity. Now that Mr. Gale had them here, what was he going to do with them?

The quiet of the village street flowed over them. This was no parade; it was merely nine old men and an old woman, talking in the dust. There was no music, no crowd of spectators, none of the incitements to display which turn the ordinary daily sort of men into one marching thrill. They were old, and tired, and somewhat hungry, and no one saw them as heroes. A small automobile passed; the occupants scarce looked at them.

The unparading parade looked awkward, tried to keep up brisk talk, and became dull in the attempt.

They were engulfed in the indifferent calm of the day. After the passing of the one automobile, there was no one to be seen. The box-elder trees nodded slowly. Far off a rooster crowed, once. In a vacant lot nearby a cud-chewing cow stared at

CONTINUED ON PAGE 127

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The Kidnapped Memorial

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

them, dumb and bored. Little sounds of insects in the grass underlaid the silence with a creeping sleepiness. The village street, stretching out toward the wheat-fields beyond, grew hotter and more hazy to their old eyes. They all stood about the cars, plucking at hinges and door-edges, wondering how they could give up this childish attempt and admit that they were no parade but just an unnoticed group of grannies. A sparrow hopped among them unconcernedly.

"Well?" said the clergyman.

"Wel-l——" said Mr. Gale.

Then Jimmy Martin strolled out in front of his house.

He saw them. He stopped short. He made three jubilant skips, and charged on them.

"Are you going to parade?" he shrilled at Mr. Gale.

"Afraid not, Jimmy. Reckon we haven't quite got the makings. The young people don't appear to care. Reckon we'll give up."

"No, no, no!" Jimmy wailed. "The Scouts want to come! The boys care!"

HE DASHED into his house, while the collapsed parade stared after him with mild elderly wonder. He came back to the gate. He wore a Boy Scout uniform and a red neckerchief, and he carried a cheap bugle.

He stood at the gate, his eyes a glory, and he blew the one bugle call he knew—the Reveille. Wavering at first, harsh and timorous, the notes crept among the slumberous trees, then swelled, loud, madly imploring, shaking with a boy's worship of the heroes.

Another boy ran out from a gate down the street, looked, came running, stumbling, panting. He was bare-headed, in ordinary knickers unbuckled at the knees, but in his face was the same ageless devotion that had made a splendor of the mere boys who marched out in '64 and '65. He saluted Jimmy. Jimmy spoke, and the two of them, curiously dignified, very earnest, marched out before the scatter of old people and stood at attention, their serious faces toward Woodlawn and the undecked graves.

From a box-elder down the street climbed another boy; another from a crab-apple orchard; a dozen others from drowsy distances. They appeared like suddenly disturbed ants. They could be heard calling, clattering into houses. They came out again in Scout uniforms; they raced down the street and fell into line.

They stood with clean backs rigid, eyes forward, waiting to obey orders. As he looked at them, Mr. Gale knew that some day Wakamin would again have a soul.

Jimmy Martin came marching up to Mr. Gale. His voice was plaintive and reedy, but it was electric as he reported, "The Boy Scouts are ready, sir."

"Tention!" shouted Mr. Gale.

The old men's backs had been straightening, the rheumy witness of disappointment had gone from their eyes. They lined out behind the boys. Even the Wakamin stableman seemed to feel inspiration. He sprang from his car, helped Mrs. Tiffany in, and wheeled the car to join the procession.

FROM nowhere, from everywhere, a crowd had come, and stood on the sidewalk, rustling with faint cheering. Two women hastened to add flowers to those in Mrs. Tiffany's basket. The bedridden town had awakened to energy and eagerness and hope.

To the clergyman Mr. Gale suggested, "Do you suppose that just for once this Yankee fife-and-drum corps could play 'Dixie'?" Instantly the clergyman-drummer and the banker-fifer flashed into "Way Down South in the Land of Cotton." The color-bearer raised the flag.

Mr. Gale roared, "Forward I M——"

There was a high wail from Mrs. Tiffany: "Wait! Land o' goodness! What's Decoration Day without one single word, and you men folks never thinking——"

She ran into her house. She came out bearing in her two hands, as tho it were an altar vessel, the saber of Captain Tiffany.

"Mr. Gale, will you carry a Northerner's sword?" she asked.

"No, ma'am, I won't!"

She gasped.

He buckled on the sword-belt, and cried, "This isn't a Northerner's sword, any more, nor a Southerner's, ma'am. It's an American's! Forward! March!"

Portrait of President Wilson

IN THE July issue a full-page portrait of President Wilson, in full colors, painted especially for our readers. Be sure to get it.

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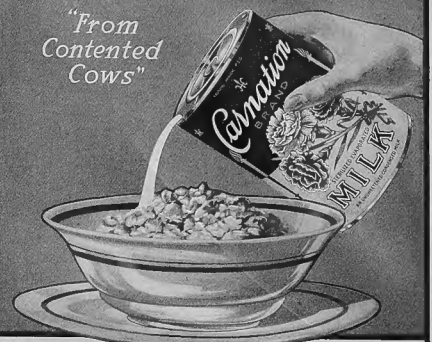

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4 even teaspoonfuls cocoa, 6 teaspoonfuls sugar, 3 cups boiling water, 1 cup Carnation Milk, 1-4 teaspoonful salt. Mix cocoa and sugar in a cup. Have water boiling. Heat cocoa pot by allowing hot water to stand in it a few minutes. Heat Carnation Milk by standing cup of Carnation Milk in basin of hot water for five or more minutes. Pour a little boiling water into cup of cocoa and sugar to dissolve them. Pour into cocoa pot, add remainder of water boiling hot, then the hot Carnation Milk and salt. Serve at once. (For chocolate, use two or three times as much cocoa as above.)

Boiled soft Custard

3-4 cup Carnation Milk, 1 1-4 cup water, yolks 3 eggs, 1-4 cup sugar, pinch of salt, 1 teaspoonful vanilla. Heat Carnation Milk and water. Beat eggs, sugar and salt. Add slowly to milk, flavor and cook in a double boiler until a coating forms on spoon.

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The Sunshine and Rain of Music

By CHARLES D. ISAACSON
AUTHOR OF "FACE TO FACE WITH GREAT MUSICIANS"

SOMEBODY once asked me what I thought were the most beautiful buildings in the world, and I smilingly replied, "The castles in the air." In saying that, I was guided by my own experiences—the loveliest specimens I ever knew were those my imagination pictured. A celebrated author said that the best parts of traveling around the world were the preparation and the memories. The reality never measures up to the dream.

Then, of all gardens, our music garden is the paragon of retreats. Nobody can see it but ourselves (it's all part of our inner persons) and there are no taxes on it, no rent to pay, and we can use it just as we like. It's the beauty spot of the imagination.

Having acquired the habit of adjourning all house-work promptly at three o'clock, or some equally agreeable time, thus taking a sojourn in the music garden for not less than fifteen minutes, the cultivation of that haven has been going on in a steady way, so that we can see it improve every day!

We forget the material things of life completely when we take our musical excursions. Pots and pans and sewing-machines, dusting, scrubbing, laundry, and the baby's crib—farewell, for a little while. We are no longer housewives; we are no longer workers; we are just dreamers and spiritual gardeners. We sing, we listen to the music of our phonograph or player-piano. We play ourselves, or bring the little ones to do it for us.

In our music garden we have planted flowers of various crops; some to live forever and some to decorate our landscape but a little while. Some songs we know are but of the moment; some we can not yet appreciate; some are simple as the tiniest leaf of grass; while some which will come to us later in the career of our music gardening, will be the most important and gracious of symphonies and operas.

Oh, it is coming to be a wonderful place. The sunshine is warming the young seeds and the rain is filling the roots and strengthening them. Nourished, the shoots sprout through the earth, and tenderly we see our beautiful ideals approach the blossoming time.

What is the sunshine of our music garden? What is the rain?

The sunshine is the blooming of understanding. The rain is the flowing of great torrents of music.

Now sunshine of understanding is when you come to know at last that there is a deeper significance to good music than the mere sound of the notes. That music is pretty," you say, and do you think that is all there is to it? That music is pretty, yes, but as you sit in your music garden, how much more there is to the littlest phrase of song.

The Story Back of Melody

LET us take a violin composition which nearly everybody in the world has heard. It is called "Traumerei," which means "Dream Song." Picture a mother singing her little one to sleep. On the wings of imagination the melody carries you off and you see the divine face of the mother sitting at the cradle, singing a lullaby to her beloved infant. Your imagination goes further. What is the story of the mother? What kind of a mother is she? Who is the father? Where is the father? Perhaps he is out on the sea in a storm. At home, the little fairy sleeps out brightly and the mother heart is plucky. The little one must sleep. And suppose the father never comes home? What of the next time that the lullaby is sung?

Or in quite a different frame of mind, your imagination tells you that "Traumerei" is the song of a serenade—maybe Romeo stands beneath the window of his Juliet. The bright moon is shining. You can hear the sound of the guitar.

Or maybe it is an old lady you see, who sits out in the moonlight and dreams of the days of her youth, when grand-daddy first called on her and whispered softly his words of love.

That is "Traumerei." In your music garden you have drawn the curtain on the things that are; and a whole theater rises up for your amusement. Indeed another world. There are actors and actresses to play at your command. Your imagination will say what is to be the plot of the play; but no matter how often you hear "Traumerei," no matter how varied the setting, always the mood will be the same—restful, with a tender wistfulness.

Do you begin to gain a little bit of the meanings of music? The sunshine is starting now to warm the earth in your little garden. And better flowers will now take root and blossom.

You will learn in time that music is the most potent of medicines and mental curatives.

Think of it! Music can make the worst invalid forget his pain. I will tell you the story of a hospital concert. It was one of many which I have carried on in my work in administering music as a medicine, as a relief for pain.

Five hundred invalids, children, and old folk had come to the concert. They were in roller chairs; their faces were worn with pain and sickness. In the air was the odor of medicines and bandages.

The artists were affected by the sight. I could see that they were ready to break down. We had included some melancholy music when planning our program, but we agreed to do only the happy things. The violinist played that wild "Gypsy Dance" of Nachez. The whole atmosphere changed; the faces lightened; the pain was soothed; the aches were forgotten. The sick bodies moved with the rhythm; sunshine permeated the room. The pianist played a lovely Chopin ballade, the invalids grew merrier still. When the soprano, during one of her songs, came to the words "I love you," she turned to some crippled men at the side and sang it to them with such feeling and sincerity they positively blushed and were sent flying by the unexpected compliment.

Music Is an Effective Medicine

IN THE course of the concert I urged the listeners to let their imaginations run during the music. With all respect to the doctors, I believe that more music of this sort would make a need for less medicine."

"We were dancing, figuratively," one smiling, bobbling invalid said to me, and another insisted that during the recital she had had her first positive relief from pain since she had entered the home.

"Please come again," they begged, "and soon; but next time make it last longer. Don't be afraid you will tire us; you rest us and soothe our ills." Some day the doctors will understand the powerful influence of music in medicine.

An invalid at home ought to have plenty of music at his disposal. Children should be born with melody and raised on it through childhood. What I wish to emphasize particularly, is that this is a way to erase suffering, or at least to alleviate it.

In Sing Sing prison, a concert of fine music can make the hardest of the hardened criminals cry. I will tell you the story of a recent prison concert. I glanced over the sea of faces—eighteen hundred inmates, who showed a fine appreciation and understanding of the finest music, equal to that of any audience in Carnegie Hall.

They listened to number with such quiet seriousness that one might have imagined them asleep until the thunderous applause showed how alert were their faculties and how closely they were attuned to the message of the composer.

I glanced over the sea of faces, many of them cruel and shrewd and crafty. To have watched that hardness and cruel look melt under the power of our music was the most eloquent proof of the fineness latent in every heart. These faces grew tender and soft and I saw many tear-stained cheeks.

I had urged them to let the music do more than sound beautiful to them, to let it cast its spell over them without restraint and to let into their minds the lovely pictures which that music would arouse. Many of the men confessed what they had seen and felt during the playing of the violin and piano. Told in fragments, the stories were tragic documents of anxiety to get on the right road at last. Some interpretations were of the prison life. One composition made a man think of the woe of solitary confinement. Another was brought to a memory of his mother. Another heard his sweetheart of the long ago singing to him as she had in Italy in happier days. Another imagined he was out in the woods with beautiful nature all about him, and still another was made to feel that he was fighting Uncle Sam's cause in the front ranks.

DURING the playing of a violin group, I went down midway in the audience. A chap came in just at that time and sat a few seats behind. "Gee, you missed something," said a voice. "Some fiddle music and it went right through you. Made me all softy!" That is the sunshine. Let it in, and watch your garden grow.

"Mistress Mary, quite contrary, how does your garden grow?
With cockle shells and silver bells and pretty maids all in a row?"

This is the way your garden will grow, and your children and your family will grow along with it, and thus will the rain of constant usefulness flow into the earth and make it still more flourishing. Indeed, as you go on in this way, you will be providing music for composers.

Let me tell you of your own place in the world of music, no matter how little you have known of music, right out of the mouth of that great singer, John McCormack. "There are no common people. I object most strenuously to the idea that a man must love 'Parsifal' to be worthy of living. It's all a question of taste and development, and I claim that a love of music in any form is a mark of taste and refinement."

Now, what do you think of all this musical idea! Are you already glimpsing the tremendous usefulness of it all to you—in entertainment and culture? Write me and tell your own ideas; just what kind of music you're beginning to enjoy; what the different melodies tell you. I want to publish your letters, and I am glad to answer any of your questions. If you strike a snag, let me try to clear it away for you. In the meantime, "Weigh yourself" as you go along with the musical idea, or rather, watch your garden grow. See the weeds plucked out and the finest flowers bloom instead.

In other words, just see how your taste for music changes as you go along. You can't go backward. Then let us take on record of any who went from a grand opera mind to a ragtime habit, from symphonic heights to jazz-band depths. It is interesting to observe yourself. What kind of music did you like in the beginning? What kind do you like now? What kind will you like two years from now?

Time Will Develop Your Musical Taste

YOU new and prospective owners of phonographs and player-pianos try this plan. Keep a musical diary. Jot down your first selections, "The Delirious Rag," "Hello, Hawaii, How Are You?" "Temptation Rag," "All for the Girls." Then you come along with dear old-fashioned Irish songs, "Come Over to Dover," "What's the Use of Going Home?" These songs have their "pep." They have their "snap." But how quickly you grow tired of them. Perhaps you break the restraint and add "Blue Danube Waltz," "Mother Machree," "The Rosary," "Annie Laurie," "Abide with Me," "La Paloma." These are beautiful and somehow or other they come back to please you again and again.

Perhaps little later steps out to the opera, come "O Celeste Aïda," and the Sextet from "Lucia," the prolog from "Pagliacci," the "Barcarolle" from the "Tales of Hoffman," the "Miserere" from "Il Trovatore." In orchestral work, perhaps, you add the "William Tell" overture, "The Peer Gynt Suite," the "Chimes of Normandy" selection, the "Minuet" of Paderewski.

Ah, the days are prospering. Taste is getting better. The higher grades of music give us more pleasure! Thus does taste change. It changes as you hear music. It changes as you get a little bit of a sip of the finer things.

Keep a musical diary. Enter each song selection or solo you hear or buy or play. Jot down the soloists, directors, composers, so you will be able to see not only how your taste has changed, but that you may survey your "musical treasures."

Did you ever feel more like listening to music, now that peace is with us? The discordant, inharmonious voice of war is stilled. Be happy, says the Spirit of the moment; sing, play on, go live your life in the midst of music and her sister arts.

This is the third article of the series. Next month Mr. Isaacson will show how the Community Singing idea develops from music in the home.

Let Mr. Isaacson Answer Your Queries

ANY query of a musical nature may be addressed to Mr. Isaacson, who will answer your letter either through this department, or personally, if you send self-addressed envelop. Here are some typical questions:

"Is my child too young to learn?" "Should my boy (in view of certain given facts) study the piano?" "How may I keep up music and do my housework?" "What shall I do with my girl, who won't practise?" "How can I get my voice tested?" "Suggest a program for our club," Etc.

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